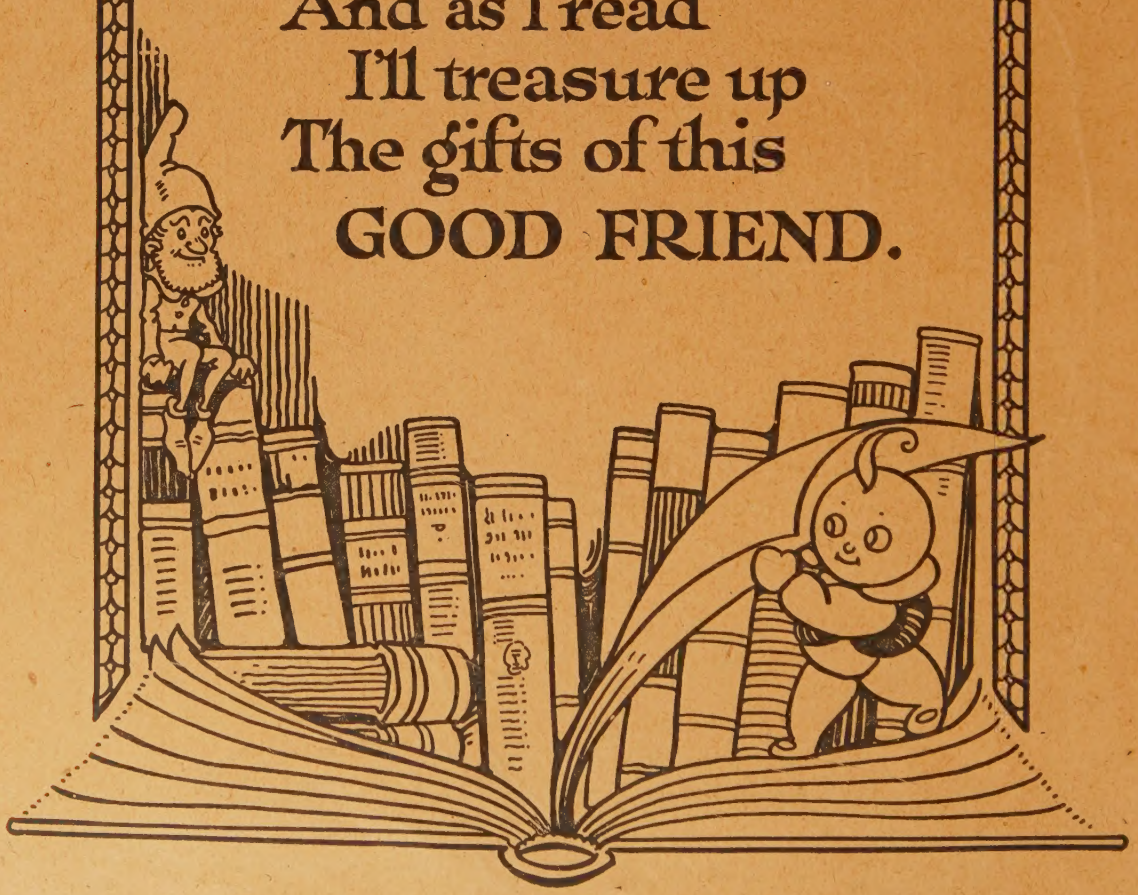
JOHN MARTIN'S BIG BOOK
George Carlson
No. 5
FOR LITTLE FOLK

MY BOOK

THIS Big Book is a friend to me
And you may love and use it.
But I am sure as sure can be
That you will not abuse it.
This book holds treasure real and true,
But thoughtful care must earn it.
Respect my book I beg of you,
And in good time return it.

Signed Iris Leslie Rainey.

I'LL turn the pages
of My Book
From this page to the end,
And as I read
I'll treasure up
The gifts of this
GOOD FRIEND.



JOHN MARTIN'S BIG BOOK

FOR LITTLE FOLK

5

JOHN MARTIN'S BOOK HOUSE
33 WEST 49th STREET - NEW YORK
AND
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
BOSTON and NEW YORK

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ABOUT BOOKS and FRIENDS

A LETTER from John Martin

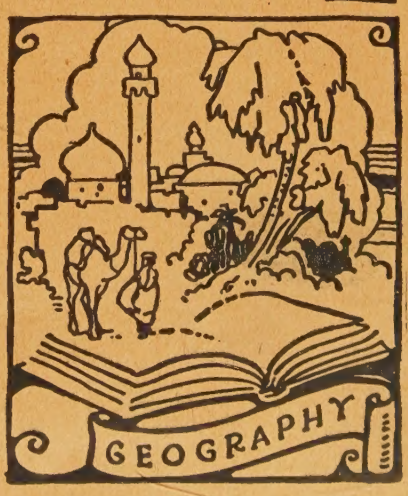
MY DEAR CHILDREN:

I hope you will want to read this little letter sometime if not now, because I want to tell you how I feel, and want you to feel, about all GOOD BOOKS. This letter is part of this book, isn't it? And my letter is made up of WORDS so connected that they give you THOUGHTS TO THINK. It is so also with books. They, too, are made with many words making THOUGHTS of stories, of fun, of wisdom, and goodness.

As I write this letter in words, my love and loyalty and good wishes for your happiness take the form of a letter to you. No time or place can change the life of my THOUGHT for you. With books it is just the same. The thoughts in them are LIVING. Good books are friends whose THOUGHTS live for you always. Is this not fine and beautiful?

I want you children really to LOVE your books, not only this one which we have made for you but all good books, because they hold LIVING THOUGHTS that are lovingly given to make you finer, happier, and wiser. There are THOUSANDS of these BOOK FRIENDS, and they wait to love and serve according to your need or longing.

Each Book Friend holds and guards the living word-thoughts of some one who lives or has lived. Those thoughts will never die. In GOOD BOOKS these living thoughts go to make your books real treasure places. Oh, what riches we all may find and freely take! With all



this living friendship and wealth given to you by these BOOK FRIENDS, do you not want to be as kind and gentle with books as you are with other living playmates and friends?

Some day when in the mood, stop and think who these Book Friends are. Call them by name. Some people have very few such friends (they are to be pitied), some have many (they are surely fortunate).

With many such friends you journey to Fairyland; by some you are introduced to heroes who have served and fought for what is right and beautiful; some take you to strange lands and show you how life goes with other peoples; some carry your heart along with their inspired hearts into sacred places, and you grow great in your thought after these journeys—the poets especially have this magic power.

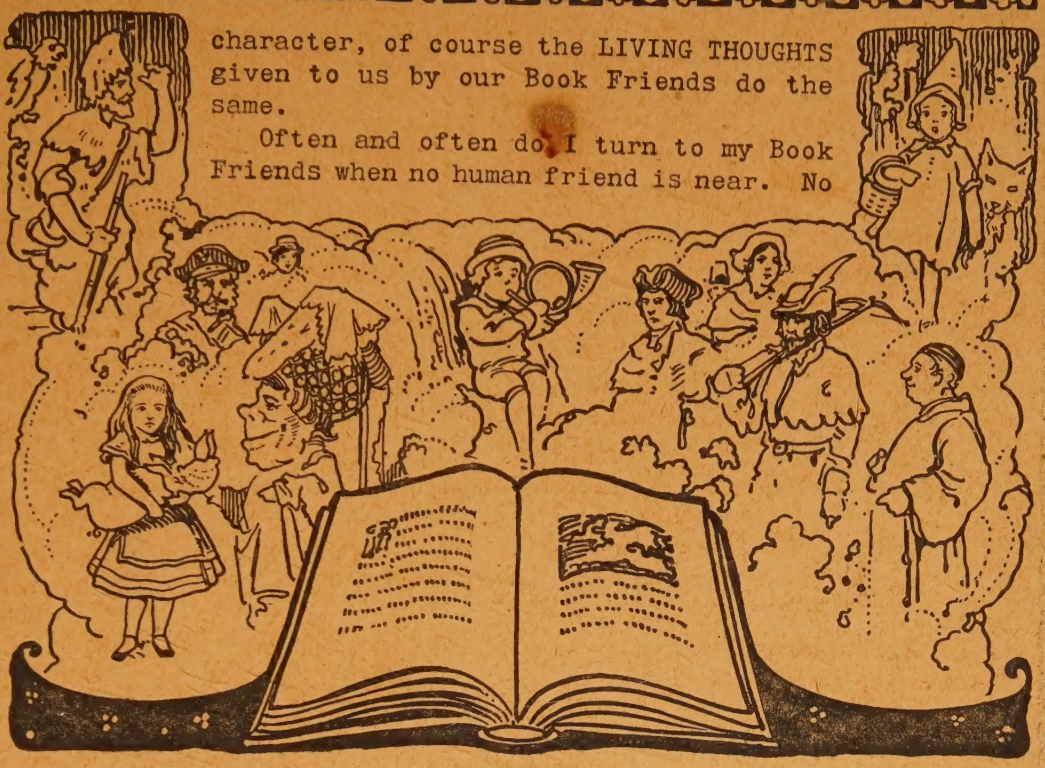
Some books—the Bible being the greatest of all—tell you

of God, God's goodness and the great universe He has made for His children; you are God's little children and are never separated from His thought or the thoughts in Godly Books.

I cannot begin to tell you of the many kinds of friends you have in GOOD Books. I have always said that the boy and girl who truly loved and respected good books could never be very bad or grow to be a bad man or woman. Since our loving human friends of every day help to make our happiness and

character, of course the LIVING THOUGHTS given to us by our Book Friends do the same.

Often and often do I turn to my Book Friends when no human friend is near. No



matter what my need or my mood, they never disappoint me. Often I long to play with you, but as I cannot find you I immediately say, "Then I will play with the friends of my little friends," and I am very sure to call for "Alice" and out she steps from her "Wonderland." Oh! the twisty questions I ask her and how bothersome is "The Duchess." Then I chat with "Robin Hood" and "Friar Tuck" and match wits and quarterstaffs with both. I tease "Robinson Crusoe," tramp with "David Balfour," and nap with "Little Boy Blue." My fun and adventures with these friends and a thousand more would fill more pages than is right for me to take in this letter.

You see how alive these Book Friends are. Next to playing with you, they give me some of my happiest days. And are not these friends of mine your friends, too? Friends in common surely take me very near to you. Yes, they are good friends and deserve our love and have every right to our respect. We are not rough and unkind to living friends whom we respect, and how can we be so to those whose THOUGHTS are living? I believe that books do have feelings; surely the Thoughts that live in our books feel it when we break their backs and soil or tear the pages on which Good Thought is recorded. At least, I know it hurts us to be cruel or disrespectful to any one who is deserving of love and respect.

With just a few more lines I will end this serious little letter. In all I have said about books, I hope you understand that I mean GOOD BOOKS. I have said nothing about evil books, for I know you do not have them and that your Mothers are as careful about your BOOK FRIENDS as they are about your playmates.

Nothing soils the heart and twists the mind into such evil shapes as the poison of evil books.

EVERY TIME YOU MAKE (OR GET) A GOOD BOOK FRIEND TRY TO THINK THE FOLLOWING THOUGHTS

FIRST—My Book is full of Living Thought.

SECOND—My Book is made for me by those who love me and wish for my good and happiness.

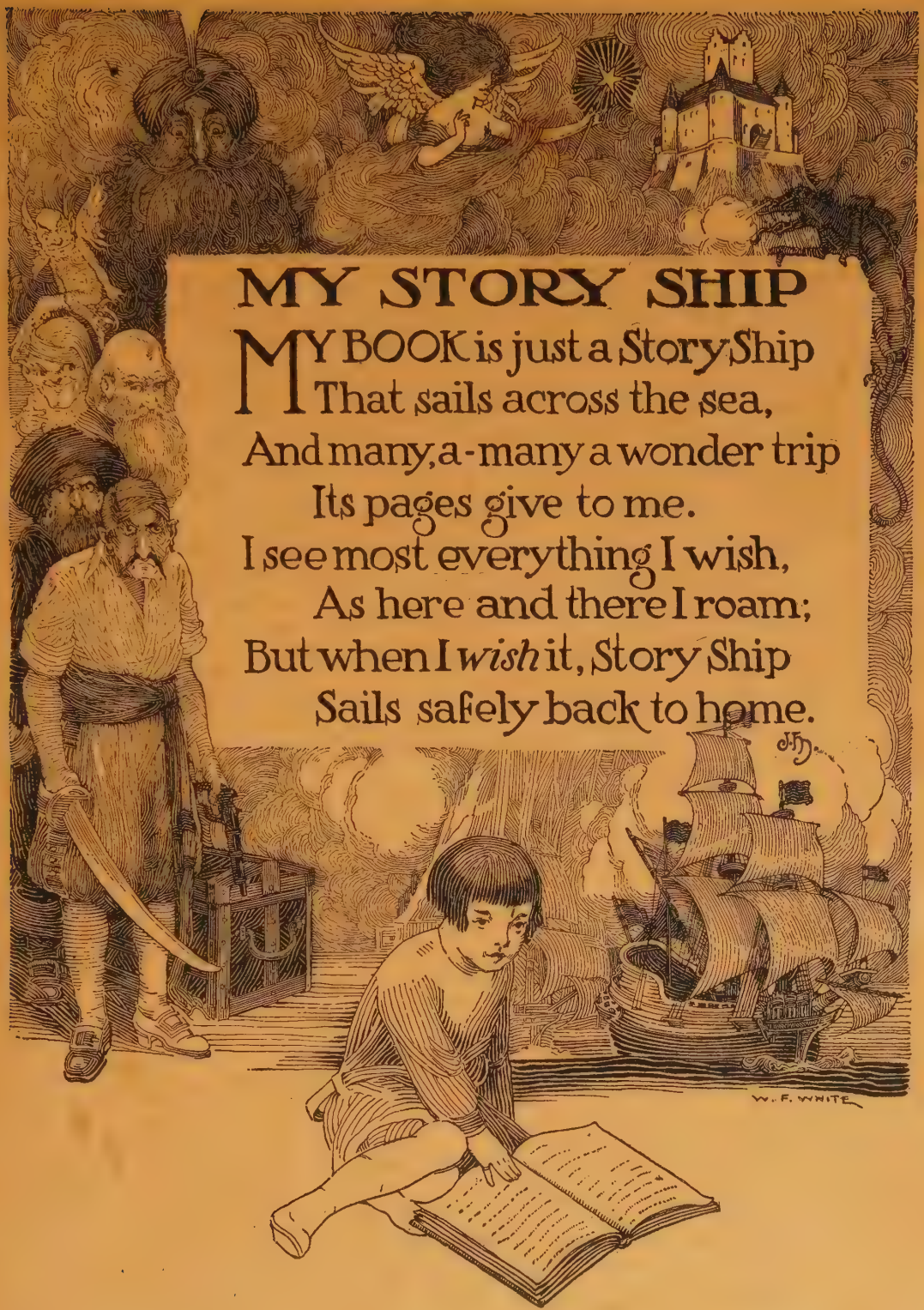
THIRD—My Book speaks to me from its clean pages; my eyes see and my ears hear the living THOUGHT WORDS of those who love me.

FOURTH—It is not kind to abuse any one or anything that is a FRIEND

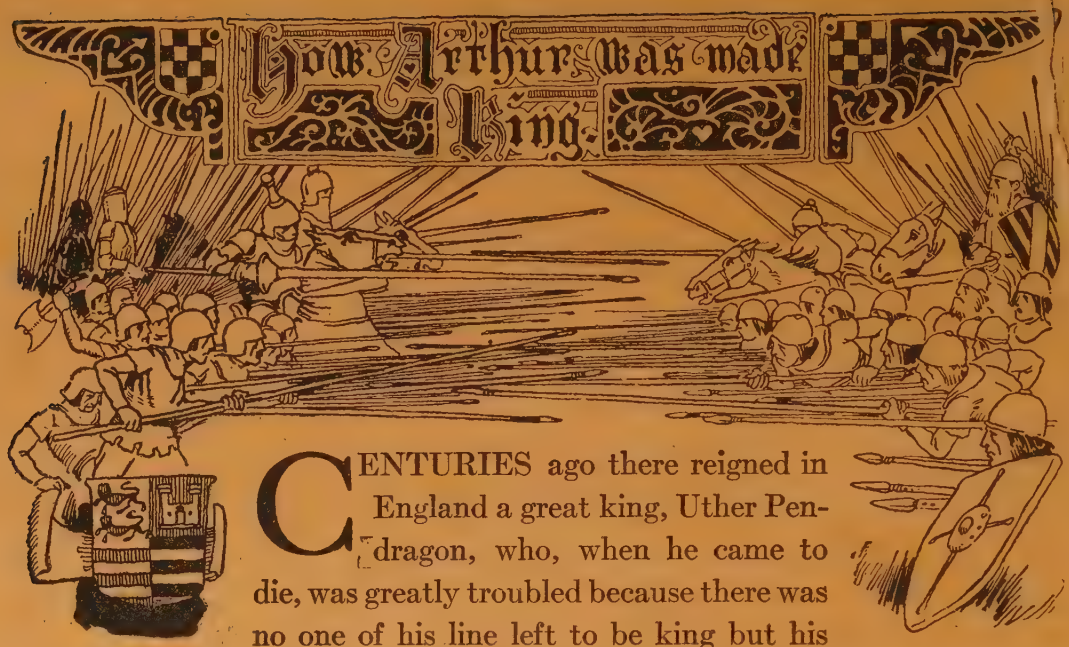
Now, little friends, good-bye for a while, and try to feel that every page in this, Your Book, and all other Book Friends, holds the loving and LIVING THOUGHTS of true friends.

Be kind to your books, love them, cherish the thought in them, and believe that we who have made this Book for you have put the best of our hearts into it for you and your happiness.

EVER YOUR LOYAL FRIEND.


MY STORY SHIP
MY BOOK is just a Story Ship
That sails across the sea,
And many, a-many a wonder trip
Its pages give to me.
I see most everything I wish,
As here and there I roam;
But when I *wish* it, Story Ship
Sails safely back to home.
W. F. WHITE

How Arthur Was made King



CENTURIES ago there reigned in England a great king, Uther Pendragon, who, when he came to die, was greatly troubled because there was no one of his line left to be king but his tiny son. Many great men in the kingdom wanted to be kings themselves and Uther feared some harm would come to the little son, so he called two of his faithful knights to him and commanded that they take the baby and place him in the hands of some one who would see that he was safely cared for. Then Uther Pendragon died.

Fifteen years of warfare followed. Because there was no king, the great men of the kingdom fought among themselves, each wishing to rule. So the land was laid waste and the poor people suffered.

At that time there lived in England a wise man, named Merlin, who was also a magician.

"Among all the men of this land there is one who is the rightful king of England, and who can stop these wars and this bloodshed," said Merlin. "I will prove by my magic who that one is." So Merlin advised the wise men of the kingdom to send word throughout the land that at Christmas time there would be held in London a great tournament to which all lords and knights and men of high degree were commanded to appear.

Heralds were immediately sent here and there through England proclaiming a wonderful tournament to be held at Christmas time in London. And, to make the tournament more wonderful, they proclaimed that at this time it would be learned who should be king.

The message caused so great a stir that for days before Christmas

Merlin

the roads leading to London town were crowded with great processions of knights, and squires, and men at arms, and lords of high degree. The sun shone on bright pennons floating in the frosty air from glittering spears, and its rays sent flashes from helmets and armor as the knights rode to take part in the tournament.

Among those who rode was a brave and honorable knight, Sir Ector; with him were his son, Sir Kay, and his foster son, Sir Kay's squire, a lad of fifteen, red cheeked and golden haired, named Arthur, not yet old enough to be a knight.

When they reached the outskirts of the city, servants pitched their tent, a gorgeous one of green satin with a banner floating above it, bearing Sir Ector's arms, a black dragon. Then they made their way with other lords and great men to the church to listen to the Christmas service. It was a wonderful and solemn service. Scarcely had the last notes of the chanting died away when those gathered there raised their eyes to see a strange thing. Beside the altar in a space which had before been empty stood a huge block of stone and upon it an anvil of steel, and strangest of all, from the anvil projected a sword, such as they had never seen before. The early rays of sunlight struck its glistening blade of blue steel and its golden hilt encrusted with jewels. About the stone in letters of gold was written: "*Whoso pulleth this sword out of this stone and anvil is rightwise born king of all England.*"

As they read the words, the great gathering of knights surged forward to the stone, each eager to prove that he was the rightful king. One at a time they strove to draw the sword from the stone. But, though each knight pulled and twisted and strained with arms strong from wielding spears and battle axes, the wonderful sword could not be budged.

"The rightful king is not here," said Merlin at last.

In disappointment they fell back.

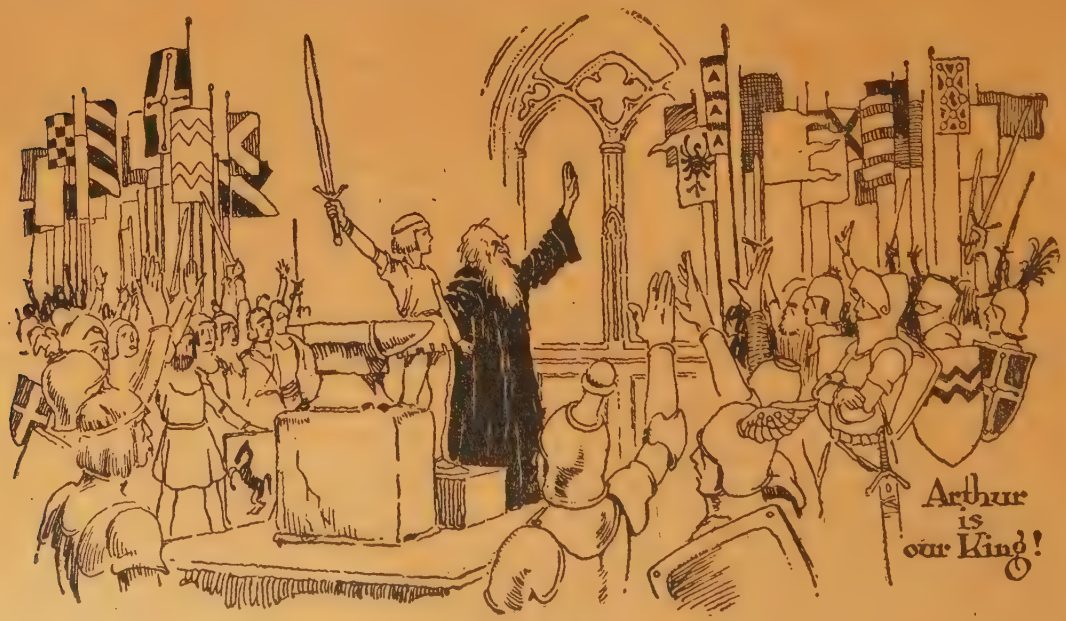
"But let us try again," they cried. So it was proclaimed that at New-Year's day another trial should be made.

On New-Year's day Sir Ector and Sir Kay and the boy Arthur once more rode to the tournament. As they neared the field, Sir Kay discovered that he had left his sword in the lodging where they had spent the night and, turning to Arthur, commanded that he ride back and bring it to him. But when Arthur reached this lodging, he found it locked. Great would be Sir Kay's disappointment if he could not take part in the jousts and tournaments of that great day and well did Arthur know it. Suddenly he spurred his horse ahead. Kay should have a sword!

Arthur rode fast to the churchyard where stood the huge stone and anvil with the wonderful sword in it. The yard was empty, for all the knights were at the tournament and the time for the trial had not yet come, so he put his hand to the sword and smoothly, easily, it slipped from its strange sheath. Still thinking of Kay and his needs, Arthur gave no thought to the strange thing he had done but hurried back to Kay with the prize.

Now Sir Kay was not as honest and unselfish as his foster brother Arthur, and as the boy gave him the sword, there flashed quickly through his mind the guilty thought that here in his hand was the sword which would proclaim him, Kay, king of England. He hurried to his father. "See, father," he said craftily, "I have here the sword of the stone, which makes me King of England."

But Sir Ector knew to his sorrow that Sir Kay did not always tell the truth. He looked at Kay with a straight, searching look.



"How came ye by this sword, Kay?" he said. And Kay could only tell the truth.

"Arthur gave it to me," he answered.

This was still more wonderful. Sir Ector, greatly puzzled, sent for Arthur and together they went to the churchyard where stood the empty anvil. Sir Ector slipped the beautiful glittering sword back into the anvil and bade the youth pull it out.

And Arthur drew the sword out, smoothly and easily, even as he had pulled it out when he wanted it for Kay.

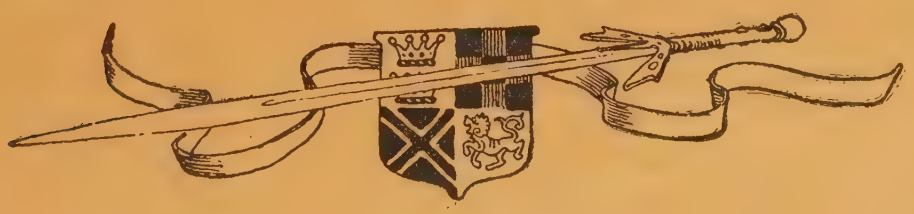
Then Sir Ector knew that this boy whom he had loved and cherished for years as his own was the rightful king of England. This must be the son of Uther Pendragon! He recalled how, fifteen years before, an old man had brought Arthur, then a tiny baby, to the castle gate and asked that Sir Ector raise him and love him and care for him. This Sir Ector had done without a question.

When Merlin was told of the strange happening, he called the great company of lords together for the trial, and there, before them all, Arthur pulled the sword from the anvil again and again, and though they tried again and again, not one of them could do it. Many of them were so angry that they asked that the trial be put off again until Candlemas, but still none but Arthur was successful. And after the trial had been repeated at Easter and at Pentecost time, the people grew impatient.

"Arthur is our king," they said. "We want none other but Arthur." So then the lords and knights gave in and Arthur was crowned King of England at London.

But even yet only Sir Ector and a few faithful ones believed the truth, as Merlin told it to them, that Arthur was the true son of Uther Pendragon, and so those others who had wished to be king made war upon Arthur. But he defeated them and for many, many years ruled wisely and well.

ELEANOR FAIRCHILD PEASE.

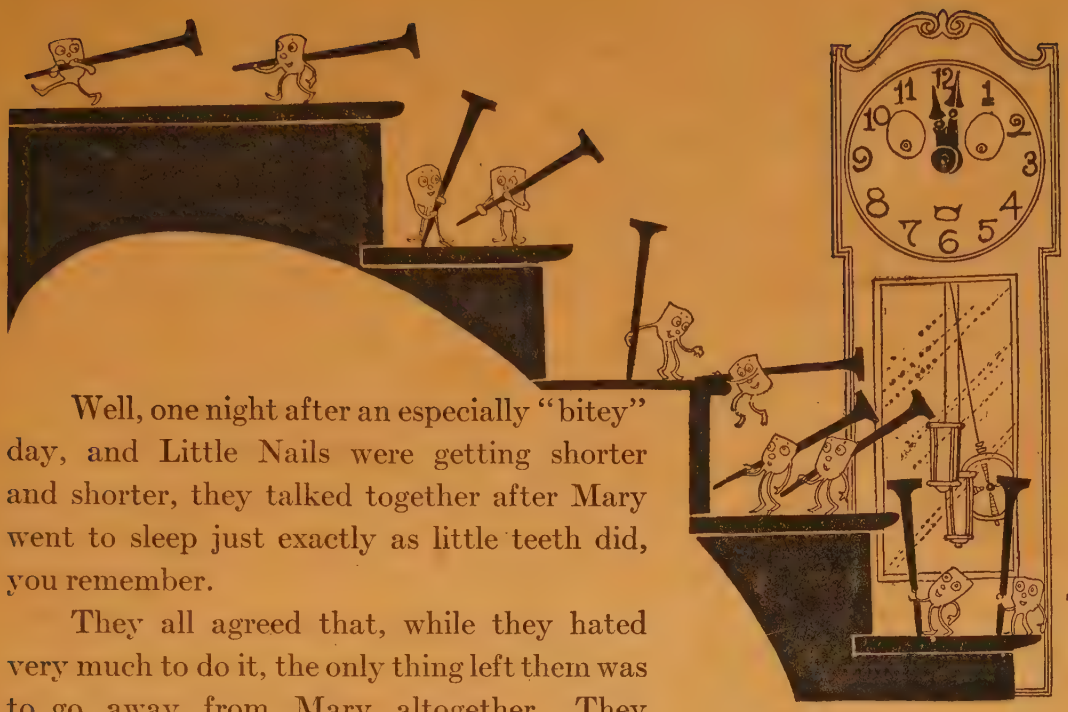


MARY'S TEN LITTLE NAILS

OH CHILDREN, I have a sad, sad story to tell you about Mary Brown. Get your hankies ready for you are very sure to cry over it just as I have done while writing it; but all that I have wept and all that you will weep is nothing to what Mary's dear precious mother wept over just this one bad habit of Mary's. Can you guess what it was? It wasn't her teeth—oh no—Mary always brushed them three times a day now. No, she didn't cry when her hair was combed. You never can guess, so I will tell you. *She bit her finger-nails.* Bit them just as though she hated them. Never kicked them nor slapped them but just bit, bit, bit all the time. She wouldn't have thought of biting her arm, or her fat little leg, or her fingers, because they would cry back to her, "You hurt me," and she would have stopped; but, you see, Little Nails couldn't talk back to Mary, they weren't made that way. Just the same you needn't think it didn't hurt them. Often and often after Mary had gone to sleep they would cry and cry, they were so sore and hurt.

At last they decided that they themselves *must* do something to make her stop, for she was fast spoiling their good looks and usefulness. They wanted to keep Mary's finger tips protected and help her to pick up things, but goodness! they couldn't when there was so little of them left.

Mary's mother had tried to make her stop until she was in black despair, and Mary's father had tried and tried until he was in blacker despair. He said he could run a bank, but when it came to persuading a little girl to stop biting her nails, blest if he could.



Well, one night after an especially "bitey" day, and Little Nails were getting shorter and shorter, they talked together after Mary went to sleep just exactly as little teeth did, you remember.

They all agreed that, while they hated very much to do it, the only thing left them was to go away from Mary altogether. They had been the nicest, best behaved nails they knew how to be, but she had never, never been kind to them since they could remember.

Quickly and quietly they crawled down the front stairs, leaving Mary still sleeping. Just as they were about to pass out of the door, Thumb Nail stopped and whispered something to the other nine. "What an idea!" said Little Finger Nail as they all turned kitchenwards. After some time they appeared at the front door again and passed out together into the night.

When Mary awoke in the morning, she rolled over and began to rub her eyes with her hands. Some way they did not feel natural. She looked at them, and oh, horrors upon horrors, upon horrors! what had happened!

"Mother, Father," she screamed running from her room.

"What *can* have happened now?" exclaimed Mother. She had only just recovered from the shock of seeing her Mary toothless, and her Timmie turned into a vegetable garden. Then Mary burst into the room, every finger stretched straight out in front of her. "Look! look!" she shrieked, and mother gave another scream, for where Mary's once beautiful nails had been now were hard steel shingle-nails!

Of course they looked everywhere—no use—not a trace could be found of Little Nails except a note under Mary's pillow which said:

Dear Mary: We love you and hate to leave you, but you haven't treated us at all well. We know a little girl who is just pining for fine looking nails, as we should be if taken care of, so we are going to her, we think.

Ten Little Nails.

P. S. We are leaving you these shingle-nails to take our place.

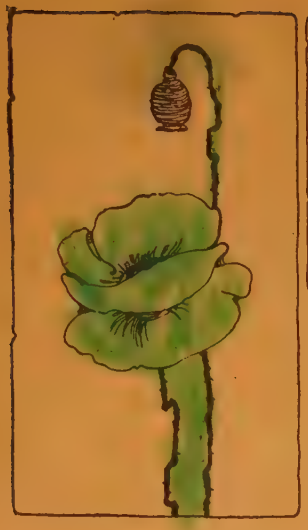
Mary cried, and mother cried, and father walked the floor, and Timmie didn't tease her, which was a good deal for Timmie.

You'd be surprised to see how much Mary missed her nails. She couldn't pick up a thing; couldn't dress or undress herself; she couldn't button or unbutton; she couldn't write and, worst of all, she couldn't play on the piano which Mary really loved to do. Mother never had to say to *her*, "Mary, come, come Mary, and do your practising," as she had to with—oh, but I mustn't tell of him.

Every time Mary started to bite her nails, the sharp shingle-nail points stuck into her tongue, and she soon learned to let them alone entirely. At the end of a week she was a much sadder and wiser little girl.

All this time Little Nails, from somewhere I shan't tell of, watched her and felt sorry for the little girl's suffering. Every day they saw how much she missed them, and how hard she was trying to be brave and cheerful, for she knew it was her own fault, not anyone else's, that they had left her. By and by they began to feel desperately sorry for her and concluded she had suffered long enough, so, one day, while she was eating dinner, they crept quietly back to their place on her nice little hands. They came so quietly that at first Mary didn't notice, but she felt the difference and looked, and oh joy! you never, never, *never* saw such happy people as Mary Brown and all her family. She hugged her nails, and kissed them, and patted them, and held them up to her face, and whispered to them, "Dear Little Ten Nails —I know now how much you do for me, and I'll always, always take care of you and never bite you again." To the best of my belief she never has, for, goodness knows whether they would come back again, and what little girl would want to go through life without finger nails?

LAURA CHADBOURNE PUFFER.



WHAT *the* VOICE SAID

ONCE upon a time there was a little brown seed not much larger than the head of a pin, buried deep in the heart of Mother Earth. Now this little brown seed didn't know what it was put there for, and it just lay where it was and would have rotted away but one bright Spring morning it heard a voice whispering over and over again, "Obey, obey, obey."

The little brown seed was so little and so foolish that it didn't know what obey meant, but as, day after day, this voice kept saying "Obey, obey, obey," the little brown seed began to wonder what it could mean.

There was no one near to ask so it thought it would move around and find some one. It pushed and pushed the earth in the softest part, (and that, you know, is near the top). The little seed grew warm and thirsty and was very glad to drink the moisture from Mother Earth. The moisture had always been there but the little brown seed had never worked before so it had never thought about drinking. It pushed and pushed, but in vain; it could not move.

"Oh, dear! What shall I do? I can never move from this spot, and I'll never find out what *obey* means."

"Send me," said a voice close beside the seed.

"Who are you?" and the little brown seed looked eagerly around.

"I am the little baby plant you had wrapped in your brown coat. I thought you would never give me any water to make me grow, but one day you did and then when you pushed, out I popped. Now, if you would only drink some more water and help me to change my starch to sugar, I could grow until I found the beautiful outside world."

"Well," said the little seed, "I will do what you want me to if, when you get to the top, you promise to find out what *obey* means."

The little plant promised, and the seed worked hard, giving up all the food stored in its brown coat, and sending down little roots to hold the plant in place. Each day the tiny sprout grew a little higher and finally reached the top.

"I am so small," thought the little plant, "no one will notice me. The other plants are so big and have such beautiful flowers. I must grow."

Higher and higher it grew. Presently a bud appeared and then in a few days a beautiful flower blossomed. The little plant was very happy and nodded to the other flowers and played with the sunbeams, forgetting all about the promise she had made to find out the meaning of obey.

One day a big dusty bee came for some nectar, and the little plant remembered her promise and asked him what obey meant.

"Obey?" replied the friendly bee. "Oh, that means to do as you are told."

"But," said the little plant, "no one has told me to do anything. I do not have to obey any one, besides, my work is over. I am a beautiful flower; what more could I do?"

"You have lots of work to do, and if you are idle now, you won't have any seeds to leave behind."

"Seeds!" replied the flower, "why, I do not know how to make seeds, and even if I did, I am afraid my beautiful flower would be spoiled."

The bee was disgusted with such a silly vain flower and felt like flying away without helping her, but remembering how much nectar the flower had given up, decided instead to stay and tell the vain flower how to grow the seeds.

"This pollen that you see on my legs," said the bee, "I have brought you from another flower for that will make your seeds stronger than if the pollen on your own stamens was used. This pollen that I will drop on the stigma contains little half seeds that will finally go down the tube called the pistil to a place in the calyx. There they will find other half seeds. These little half seeds will grow together and you must feed them well and take good care of them so, when North Wind comes to plant them, they will be ready to go. When you do all this, perhaps you will know what obey means," and away flew the bee.

The little plant sighed when it thought of so much to be done and of losing its pretty blossoms. The little roots heard there was more work for them and started at once sending the best food up to the seed babies. The flower dropped its petals; the stamens withered, and the little plant was not at all beautiful, but she forgot about her looks, she was so busy protecting and helping the seed babies grow.

She covered them carefully; rocked them gently, and fed them just what they needed to make them strong. By and by they were ready. The Mother plant kissed them good-by, well knowing they had warm coats, nice lunch baskets, and little sails to travel fast; for had she not made all these things for them, herself?

After the seeds had gone, the little plant felt very lonely and soon lay

down on Mother Earth to rest. She was just going to sleep when she thought of what the little seed had said about obey.

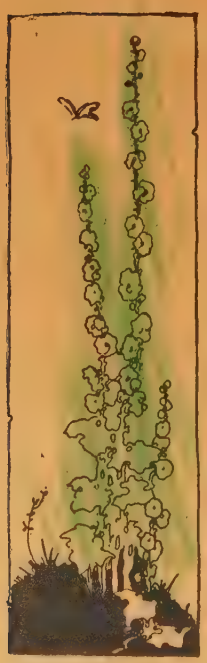
"Ah!" thought the plant, "the little seed never found out what obey meant and I don't think I will either for all the world seems to be going to sleep, and I am so tired I cannot stay awake much longer." Just then she heard a familiar buzzing and looking up saw her old friend the bee. The bee, too, was tired and stopped to rest.

"Now," said the plant, "will you tell me what *obey* means for I have done as you told me."

"Then you have obeyed, but you have followed a much higher law than any I could give you," said the wise little bee. "You have obeyed your Heavenly Father for He made you and made you to do your work. If you had played during the Summer hours, you would not have done His will."

The plant thanked the bee and watched him fly slowly away. Then cuddling down among the soft brown leaves she went to sleep, happy and contented; knowing that she and the little seed had carried out their Creator's plan and obeyed the voice that had whispered so long ago to the little brown seed.

GRACE E. WILSON.



GROWING.

LITTLE seeds keep growing, growing,
Little hands keep finding ever;
Little thoughts keep reaching outward,
Little hearts stop searching never.

Little wishes change to longings,
Little needs to great desires;
Little huts turn into castles,
Little sparks to inner fires.

All at first is very little,
But dear God keeps on bestowing
Love within and all about us
Just to keep us growing, growing.

J. M.

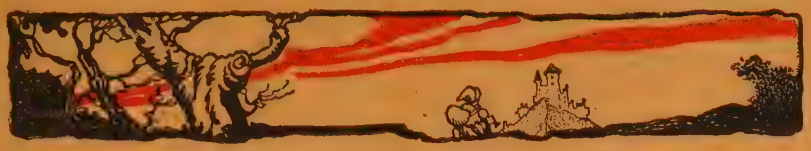
THIS is Roarin' Rob, the Captain
Of the jolly pirate crew.
If he ever sees you pouting
He will get right after you.
See the *monstrous* sword he carries!
Roarin' Robert pulls it out
Just to chop to mincy mince-meat
Every sort of sulky pout.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

E was found faithful over a few things and he was made ruler over many; he cut his own trail clean and straight and millions followed him toward the light. He was frail; he made himself a tower of strength. He was timid; he made himself a lion of courage. He was a dreamer; he became one of the great doers of all time. Men put their trust in him; women found a champion in him; kings stood in awe of him, but children made him their playmate. He broke a nation's slumber with his cry, and it rose up. He touched the eyes of blind men with a flame and gave them vision. Souls became swords through him; swords became servants of God. He was loyal to his country and he exacted loyalty; he loved many lands, but he loved his own land best. He was terrible in battle, but tender to the weak; joyous and tireless, being free from self-pity; clean with a cleanness that cleansed the air like a gale. His courtesy knew no wealth, no class; his friendship, no creed or color or race. His courage stood every onslaught of savage beast and ruthless man, of loneliness, of victory, of defeat. His mind was eager, his heart was true, his body and spirit, defiant of obstacles, ready to meet what might come. He fought injustice and tyranny; bore sorrow gallantly; loved all nature, bleak spaces and hardy companions, hazardous adventure and the zest of battle. Wherever he went he carried his own pack and in the uttermost parts of the earth he kept his conscience for his guide.

RESOLUTIONS
ADOPTED BY THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF
THE BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA

The whole world's full of such as he.



Vision

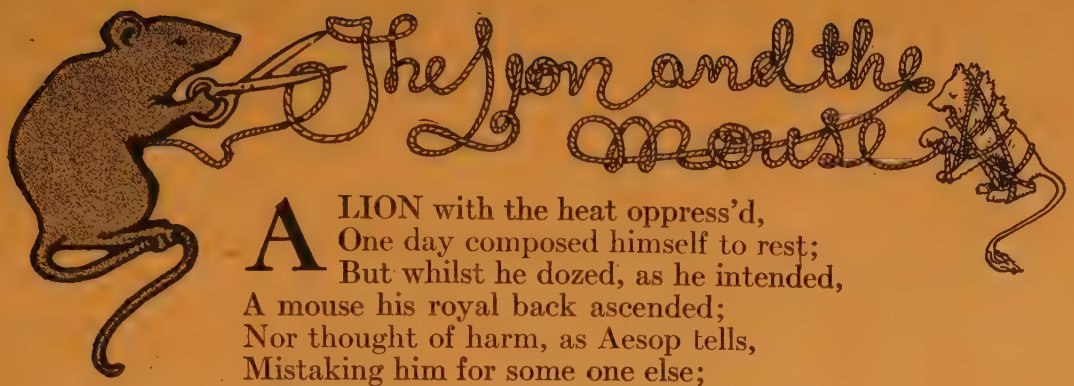
THREE crows sat high in a wayside tree,
And they quarrelled and grumbled miserably.
"Now look at that man," cried one of the three,
"By the pack on his back I can plainly see
He's a robber, bent on some villainy
And the whole world's full of such as he."

A bluebird sat in his leafy bower,
And his voice poured forth in a golden shower.
"God bless my friend of the road," sang he,
"By the pack on his back I can plainly see
He's a good man bent on some charity,
And the whole world's full of such as he."

JUSTIN C. GRUELLE.

THE LION AND THE MOUSE

PERHAPS I am a tiny mouse;
My voice a little squeak,
But I can show the patience and
The *wisdom* of the weak.



A LION with the heat oppress'd,
One day composed himself to rest;
But whilst he dozed, as he intended,
A mouse his royal back ascended;
Nor thought of harm, as Aesop tells,
Mistaking him for some one else;
And travell'd over him, and round him
And might have left him as he found him,
Had he not—tremble when you hear—
Tried to explore the monarch's ear!
Who straightway woke with wrath immense,
And shook his head to cast him thence.
"You rascal, what are you about?"
Said he, when he had turned him out.
"I'll teach you soon," the lion said,
"To make a mouse-hole in my head!"
So saying, he prepared his foot
To crush the trembling, tiny brute;
But he, (the mouse) with tearful eye,
Implored the lion's clemency,
Who thought it best at last to give
His little pris'ner a reprieve.

'Twas nearly twelve months after this,
The lion chanced his way to miss;
When pressing forward, heedless yet,
He got entangled in a net.
With dreadful rage, he stamped and tore,
And straight commenced a lordly roar;
When the poor mouse, who heard the noise,
Attended, for she knew his voice.
Then what the lion's utmost strength
Could not effect, she did at length;
With patient labor she applied
Her teeth, the network to divide;
And so at last forth issued he,
A *lion*, by a mouse set free.

Few are so small or weak, I guess,
But may assist us in distress,
Nor shall we ever, if we're wise,
The meanest or the least despise.

JEFFREYS TAYLOR.
(About 1820.)

THE COURTSHIP *of* MILES STANDISH

A Thanksgiving Moving Picture

THIS motion picture is one which can be given by children on Thanksgiving afternoon. It is taken from Longfellow's poem, *The Courtship of Miles Standish*, and is especially suitable for Thanksgiving because it is about the Pilgrims of Plymouth.

One end of your living room may be used as a stage. Stretch a sheet across the room, from four to six feet from the back. Have a bright light in the very back, at the centre, three or four feet from the floor. The room in front of the screen should be dark.

The play takes place behind and quite near to the screen. In playing keep your side always to it, so that your features will show in the shadow picture you make. All the actors should read the poem through several times so that they will know it well. Act just like a moving picture actor, using many gestures and moving your lips when you pretend to talk.

The characters are:

CAPTAIN MILES STANDISH
JOHN ALDEN
PRISCILLA
ONE OR MORE PILGRIMS
ONE OR MORE INDIANS

As the costumes do not show except in outline, you need pay no attention to their color and material. The Pilgrim men wear knickerbockers or girls' bloomers, bound around the bottom with a bandage which, in the shadow will give the effect of high boots. They wear Norfolk jackets. Make large brims out of pastboard boxes and slip them over soft hats, with the crowns poked up as high as possible. Priscilla wears a dress with a long, full skirt, a kerchief, and a cap, which can be made out of a handkerchief. The Indians wear play Indian costumes with headdress of feathers. The Pilgrims may carry guns and the Indians bows and arrows.

The stage properties are two high back chairs, a spinning wheel, a pad, a quill pen, a snake skin, arrows, a powder horn, and bullets. Most of them can be made of cloth or pasteboard. If you have no spinning wheel, a clever boy can make something that will do very well by attaching a bicycle wheel to an overturned chair. The wheel should be free to spin.

Between the parts, you had better put out the light on the stage and turn on the light before the screen which will show the audience that the preceding part is ended, as well as give you time to change the furniture.

One child reads the lines in the column marked "To Be Read." This reading corresponds to the explanations cast on the screen in a moving picture. It would add much if selections from the poem could also be read. Mother or teacher will help you make selections.

The parts look very short on paper, but, as you practice, you can put much expression into your pantomime and thus lengthen each scene as long as you wish. Remember, moving pictures must be acted slowly!

The reader announces to the audience:

"(*Family name of actors*) *and Company present the motion picture, 'The Courtship of Miles Standish,' taken directly from Longfellow's immortal poem and produced on the screen for the first time in America. The cast is—*" (*Then give the names of the characters and the children taking part.*)

TO BE READ	TO BE ACTED
PART I	
John Alden writes home to England, telling much about Priscilla.	There are two old fashioned chairs behind the screen at right angles to it. John Alden enters with pad and long quill pen. He sits and writes.
CAPTAIN Miles Standish has something weighty on his mind.	Enter Miles Standish. He paces up and down the floor, deep in thought. Alden continues to write. He speaks to Alden who puts up his writing.
Miles Standish wishes to marry Priscilla. Instead of going to her himself, he sends John Alden to ask her for him. Alden, who is also in love with her, objects, but finally consents to go.	Standish makes the request. Alden objects, trying to persuade him to go himself. Standish refuses. Alden in distress finally goes. (They should use their hands in arguing.) Standish goes off one side, Alden the other.

TO BE READ

PART 2

TO BE ACTED

PRISCILLA takes up her spinning.

Priscilla enters, goes to side of stage and gets spinning wheel. She sits before it and spins. Alden enters and stands looking at her for a minute. She looks up, sees him, runs to him, holding out her hand.

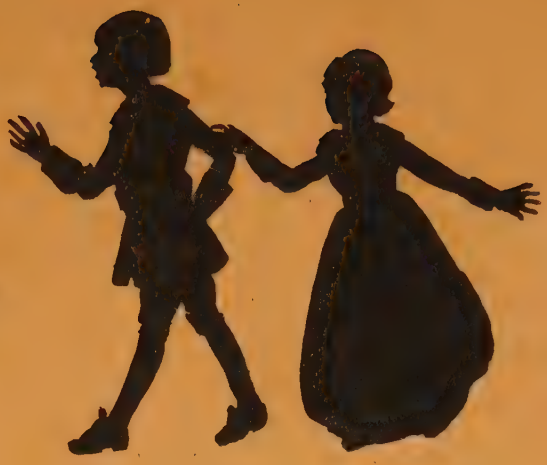
"I knew it was you when I heard your step in the passage, for I was thinking of you, as I sat there spinning and singing."

Alden gives her a bunch of flowers. They sit and talk.

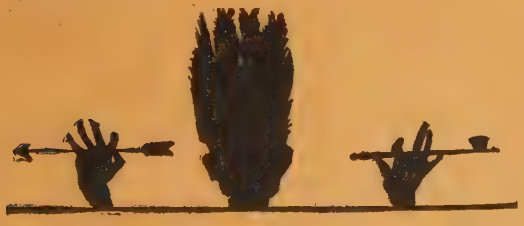
Alden asks for her hand for Captain Standish.

At first, he is awkward and lets her do the talking. Then he starts. She holds forth both hands as if to say she does not want to marry the Captain. He leans over pleading earnestly. At last she rises, looks at him and speaks. Alden looks at her, starts to go forward, then stops and rushes toward the door. She runs after him as if to call him back, then changes her mind, puts back spinning wheel and goes off.

"Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"



TO BE READ	TO BE ACTED
PART 3	
Back in the house of Standish and Alden.	Enter Standish. Sits. Enter Alden. He tells the story. Standish listens quietly.
"Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" she said.	At the words Standish jumps up and rushes upon Alden, very angry. Takes out sword as if to kill him; then stops, but gesticulates and talks angrily.
"Let there be nothing between us save war and implacable hatred," said the Captain.	Standish speaks and Alden backs away from him. Enter Indian. Standish goes to him and they talk by signs.
The Indian gives Miles Standish a rattlesnake, the challenge of warfare.	(This part is changed from the poem because the council would be difficult to do.) Indian gives Standish skin, which he looks at a minute. Then in anger, he pulls out the arrows which have been put in the skin, and throws them from him. He gets powder and bullets with which he fills the skin.
Miles Standish accepts the challenge by filling the skin with powder and bullets.	He hands skin back to Indian. Indian goes out. Standish takes his sword and belt, and without looking at Alden he goes out. Alden, his head in his hands, goes off crestfallen.



TO BE READ	TO BE ACTED
PART 4	
Standish fights with the chief, Wattawamat.	Standish and Wattawamat meet and exchange gifts as described in the poem, part 7. Only the two need be shown, though it would be better to have spectators. Then they suspect each other and quarrel.
Standish and Wattawamat, suspicious of each other, quarrel and fight.	Standish and Wattawamat fight and Standish overcomes the Indian who falls to the ground.

PART 5	
Some months later.	Priscilla comes on with her wheel and goes to spinning as before. Enter John Alden. They talk. She beckons him to hold her skein for her. He does so while she winds it. Enter a messenger.
Miles Standish is dead.	The messenger speaks. For a moment they sit still, silently overcome with grief. Then Alden puts his arm around Priscilla and leads her off.

TO BE READ TO BE ACTED

PART 6

The wedding day.

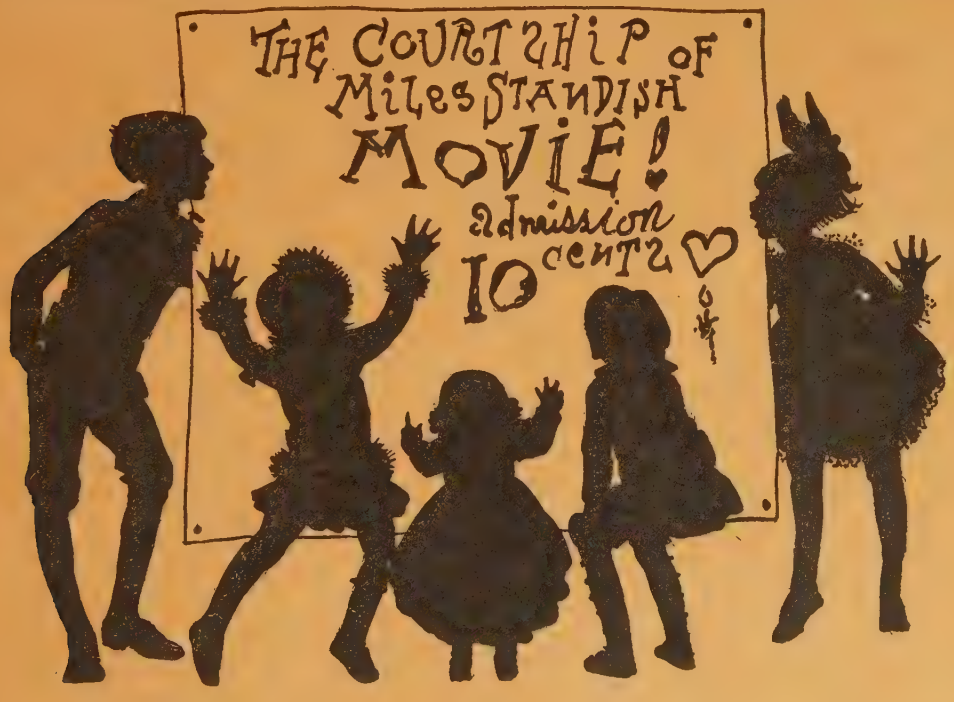
Enter the elder. Stands, facing side, at right with prayer book in his hand. Enter Alden and Priscilla, and stand before him so that they both cast shadows.

As the service is ended, a form appears on the threshold.

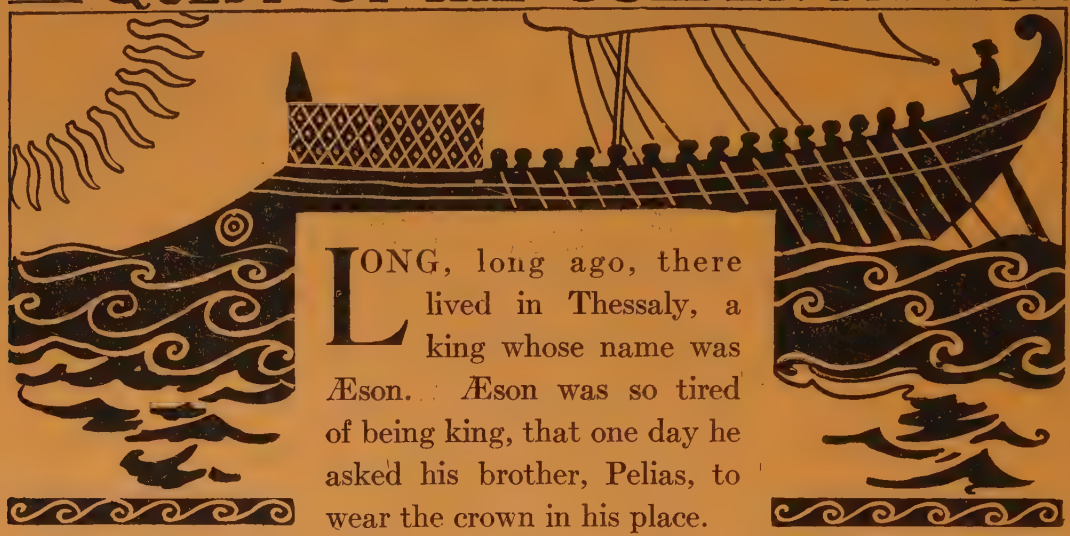
Standish, who has not been killed asks forgiveness, and wishes all joy to the bridal couple.

Enter Standish. All start in amazement. Then Standish goes to Alden and grasps his hand. All go off happily.

MARGARET C. GETCHELL.



The QUEST OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE



LONG, long ago, there lived in Thessaly, a king whose name was Æson. Æson was so tired of being king, that one day he asked his brother, Pelias, to wear the crown in his place.

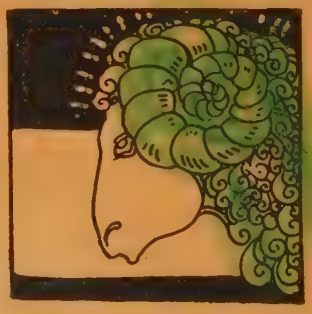
Now Æson had a son, whose name was Jason. When Æson gave his crown to Pelias he said,

"Pelias, my brother, thou canst be king until Jason, my son, is a man. When he comes and asks thee for the crown, thou must surely give it to him." And Pelias promised that he would.

Many years later, when Jason became a man, he asked his uncle Pelias to give him his father's crown, so that he could be king.

Now Pelias pretended to be quite willing to give Jason the crown, but he really wanted to be king himself. So he told Jason that in the kingdom of Colchis there was the fleece of a Ram, which was pure gold. He said that this beautiful golden fleece really belonged to Jason but that some one had stolen it and taken it to Colchis. The king of Colchis kept it in a grove, and a dragon who never slept, watched over it night and day.

"What a splendid adventure," said Pelias to Jason, "to go in quest of the golden fleece! How wonderful, to outwit the dragon who never sleeps and bring the golden fleece back to Thessaly!"



Pelias thought that if Jason went in quest of the golden fleece, he himself could wear the crown a little longer. And when he thought of the dan-

gers of the journey, and of the dragon who never slept, he believed that Jason would never come back.

Jason was young and very brave. He was delighted with the idea of such a wonderful adventure, and began at once to prepare for his long journey.

The only boats people knew of in those days were very small. They were made, like canoes, by hollowing out the trunks of trees. Now Jason did not want to take such a long journey alone. There were other brave young men who were anxious to go with him. So Jason began to search for a man who could make him a large boat. At last he found a man named Argus who said that he could do it.

Argus worked many, many days to build the boat. When it was finished, it was large enough to hold fifty men. All the people of Thessaly were astonished to see a boat of such size. Jason was so pleased with it, he named it the *Argo*, in honor of Argus. Soon after the *Argo* was finished, Jason and forty-nine other brave young men, started one sunny day, in quest of the golden fleece.

In those days, there were no engines to make boats go, and men did not know about sails. Jason and his men had to sit at the oars and pull very hard to send their big boat over the water. They rowed many days without seeing land and at last came to Thrace, where they met a wise man named Phineus. Phineus told Jason and his crew, that, to reach Colchis, they would have to pass between the Clashing Islands, into the Euxine Sea. But Phineus was very wise and he told them how they could safely pass the islands.

Now these two rocky islands floated on the surface of the sea. They tossed about continually, sometimes striking together. That was what made them so dangerous, for anything caught between the islands when they clashed together would be crushed and ground to atoms.

The Argonauts, so they were called from their boat, listened carefully to all that Phineus told them. When they came near to the Clashing Islands, they let a dove go free. The dove flew safely between the rocks, only losing a few of her tail feathers. This was the sign for them to go ahead, so Jason and his crew seized the oars and pulled with all their might. They just got through as the islands clashed behind them and grazed the stern of their boat.

MEDEA AND JASON

Soon after this they landed at the kingdom of Colchis. There they met King Æcetes and his daughter Medea. Medea was a sorceress and could do almost anything by magic. As soon as Jason and Medea saw each other, they knew they were going to be good friends. Medea told Jason that she liked him and would do anything she could to help him.

Jason made known to King Æcetes that he had come for the golden fleece that belonged to Thessaly. The king told him he could have the fleece if he would yoke to a plough, two fire-breathing bulls with brazen feet. Jason remembered that Medea had promised to help him, so he told Æcetes that he would yoke the wild bulls to a plough. When Medea heard what Jason was going to do, she gave him a charm. She told him that as long as he had the charm, the breath of the fire-breathing bulls could not hurt him.

So the king set a day for Jason to yoke the bulls. All the people of Colchis came to the grove of Mars expecting to see Jason destroyed by these terrible bulls. The king sat on his royal seat while thousands of people covered the hillsides. Jason stood in the grove waiting, when suddenly in rushed the brazen footed bulls. They breathed fire from their nostrils, so that all the grass and flowers were burned as they passed. The sound they made was like the roar of a furnace.

THE KING SAT ON HIS ROYAL SEAT

The Argonauts trembled with fear when they saw Jason walking boldly to meet them. But Jason was not at all afraid. He knew that he had a charm that would keep the fire-breath-

ing bulls from hurting him. So he walked up and patted their necks. Then, before they knew what he was doing, he had slipped the yoke over their heads. When he made them pull the plough, the people were amazed. Jason's friends shouted for joy. They were so pleased that they carried Jason on their shoulders down to the *Argo*.

Late that night Medea came to Jason and told him that her father was planning to fight the Argonauts and destroy their boat. "Make haste, my friend," she said to Jason, "and follow me." So they went together to the grove where the golden fleece hung. The fleece was guarded by the dreadful dragon who glared at Jason with its great, round eyes that never slept. As they came nearer to the dragon, Medea began to sing magic songs. As she sang, she threw upon the dragon some magic powder to make him sleep.

The odor of the magic powder was pleasant to the dragon. It made him forget he was angry. He stood quietly for a moment, then one by one, he shut his great round eyes that had never been known to close. Medea kept singing her magic songs and in a very short time, the dreadful dragon turned over on his side fast asleep.

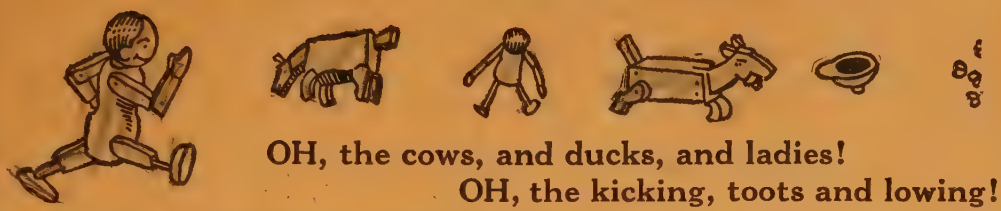
Jason seized the golden fleece. He and Medea hurried down to the *Argo* where his friends were waiting. Jason begged Medea to go to Thessaly with him. So, they all hurried into the boat, and were soon on their way.

The weather was bright, and before many days, they were back in Thessaly. Jason gave the golden fleece to Pelias. Pelias remembered his promise and gave the crown to Jason. And so, at last, Jason became king.

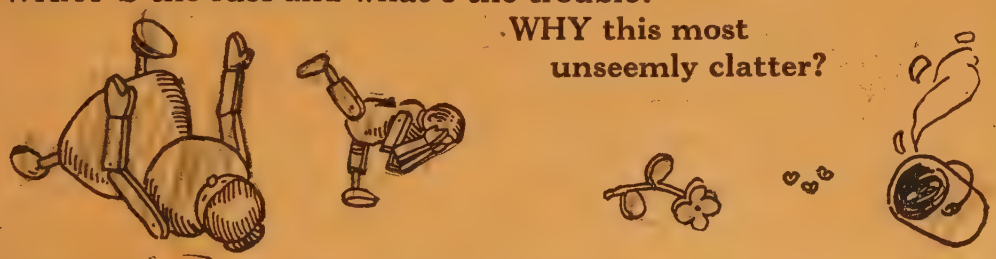
LINA WAMBOLDT.

TROUBLE IN TOYTOWN

OH, the fearful row and rumpus!
OH, the running and the squealing!
OH, the flumpus BUMP galorus!
OH, *that get-away-ish feeling!*



OH, the cows, and ducks, and ladies!
OH, the kicking, toots and lowing!
OH, the dogs, a-madly barking!
OH, the puffing and the blowing!
WHAT'S the fuss and what's the trouble?
WHY this most unseemly clatter?

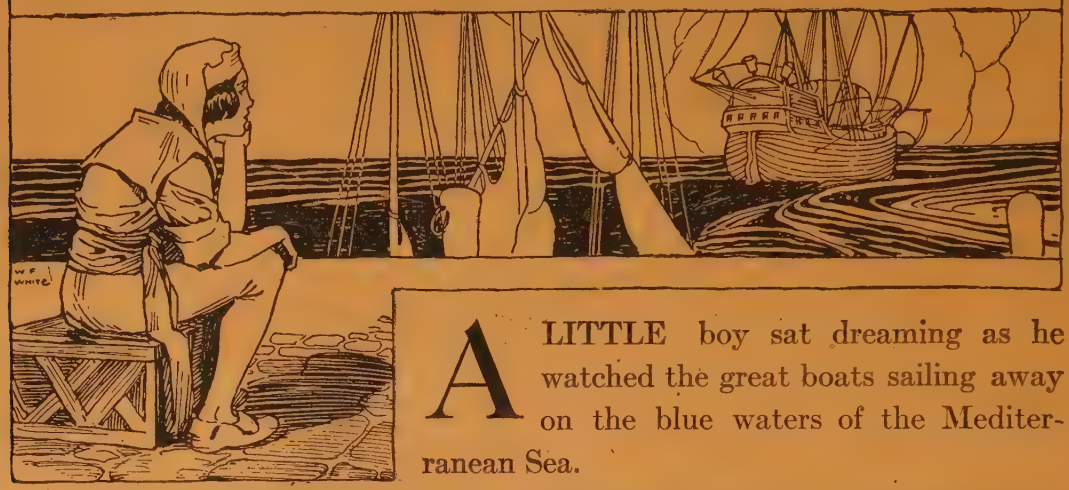


TOMMY POKED A NEST OF HORNETS!

THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT'S THE MATTER.

TOMMY POKED A NEST OF HORNETS

Columbus the Boy Who Dreamed



A LITTLE boy sat dreaming as he watched the great boats sailing away on the blue waters of the Mediterranean Sea.

As he gazed, he wondered if, out in the great beyond, there were huge sea monsters, or if the line of sky that he could see was the edge of the world.

The boy was always on the dock watching for the boats to come and go, and he would listen for hours to the yarns spun by the sailors about their life at sea and of their adventures in far-off lands.

All day long the boy would sit dreaming, wondering if the tales he heard were true, for the sailors told him how they dared not sail too far toward the edge for they believed that the world was a flat surface and all around it a large ocean.

"But I wonder if it really *is* like that," thought the boy.

Then he would go back to his father's shop and, with his nimble fingers, straighten out the tangled wool, but he could think of nothing but the sea and the strange stories of the sailors.

Like most Italian cities, the streets of Genoa were narrow and one could reach almost across them. But it was a beautiful city, with mountains behind it and the sea was in front of it, and here Christopher Columbus had

lived his boyhood years with his father and mother, Dominico and Susanne Columbus.

The father was a wool-comber. He cleaned and straightened out the snarled-up wool that was cut from the sheep to make it ready to be woven into cloth.

It was with a heavy heart that Christopher would leave the dock for the dingy rooms where his father and mother labored.

"You will never be a successful wool merchant," his father would say, and Christopher would always answer:

"Oh, father mine, it is of no use. I must follow the sea. Oh, please, please tell me that I may," and the impulsive little boy would throw himself down upon his knees before his father. "Is the world flat, or is it like a ball, father? I should like to sail way out there and find out for myself."

Dominico Columbus would look into the tense face of his boy and, seeing the tears streaming down his cheeks, would draw Christopher close in his arms for comfort.

Finally his father said: "Susanne, it is not right to keep the boy here. It is best he should go."

So Christopher was sent to the University of Pavia. He was a bright little fellow with a fresh-looking face, a clear eye, and golden hair. He studied very hard, learning to read and write and to draw maps and charts.

These charts were maps of the sea to show the sailors where they could steer their ships without running on the rocks and sand, and how to sail safely from one country to another.

He studied, too, about the stars and the moon by night and the sun by day. He studied about a certain man named Pathagoras, who lived in Greece thousands of years before, who said the earth was round like a ball. When Christopher grew older, he read books and listened to what other people said, and more and more he began to believe that the earth was round.

As he grew older he went to the wars and encountered many dangers. In his sailor life he heard many wonderful things about a rich land, far away to the east that was called Cathay. It was said that everybody was very rich, and money was as plentiful as the stones in the street. This, of course, made every one long to go there. But it was miles and miles away, across deserts, and mountains, and seas, and rivers. Finally in spite of all the trouble it took, a brave and famous traveler really did go there. When he came back, the stories of the splendors grew and grew, and more than ever men were anxious to find a water way to see this land for themselves.

By this time the boy had grown to be a man. Christopher Columbus was now a great sailor. He knew all about a ship and all about the sea. His dream was to sail around the world but every time he spoke of it, the people mocked him and some called him "crazy" tapping their foreheads and shaking their heads. But Columbus believed so firmly and felt so sure that he was right, that he set about finding some king or prince who would let him have ships and sailors and money enough to try. He kept on dreaming and thinking and longing until, at last, Queen Isabella of Spain gave up her jewels for money enough to send him on this great expedition. Sailors were brought from the prisons to help man the ships, and in small ships with a crew of cowardly sailors Columbus sailed away into unknown seas.

Weeks passed and no land appeared. The sailors threatened to mutiny and to put their captain in irons. But Columbus encouraged the men and, when they saw queer objects floating on the water, bits of wood, branches of berries, and strange birds flying overhead, he told them these were signs that land was near and the men were more content.

At length, one evening, a sailor saw something dark against the horizon. "Land! Land!" he shouted, and when morning dawned they found it was indeed true. They all went ashore and fell on their knees and thanked God for bringing them safely to this land.

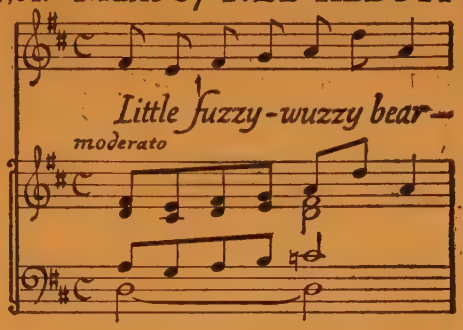
Columbus unfurled the Spanish flag and took possession of the new country in the name of Spain. This was October 12, 1492.

Thus the dream of the boy on the dock at Genoa came true, and the man, Christopher Columbus, gave us a New World. And so to-day, more than four hundred years after Columbus first saw the shores of America, we pay tribute to the daring, the devotion, and the faith of the determined little dreamer.

C. L. Cheever

LITTLE FUZZY-WUZZY BEAR

Words by W. OAKLEY STOUT, Jr. · Music by NED ABBOTT



Lying in his sunny lair, While his mother's hunting food And he's grunting, oh so rude!

poco accel.

Sometimes scampering, sometimes prowling, Sometimes snarling, sometimes growling,

a tempo

And sometimes he will cuff, When he's mad enough!

f

HAROLD
SICHEL

MY SHEPHERD

PSALM 23

THE LORD is my shepherd;
I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down
in green pastures;
He leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul:
He leadeth me in the paths of right-
ousness for His name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley
of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me:
Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me.
Thou preparest a table before me in
the presence of my enemies:
Thou hast anointed my head with oil;
my cup runneth over.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow
me all the days of my life,
And I will dwell in the house of the
Lord for ever.

THE MOUSE'S MOON DANCE

Miss Gray Mouse gave a moon dance,
In the meadow near the stream,
Where the darkling, sparkling waters
Caught the silver half-moon's gleam.

Miss Gray Mouse wore a mantle
Of cobweb shot with dew,
And the guests that came to the party
Were beautiful, though few.

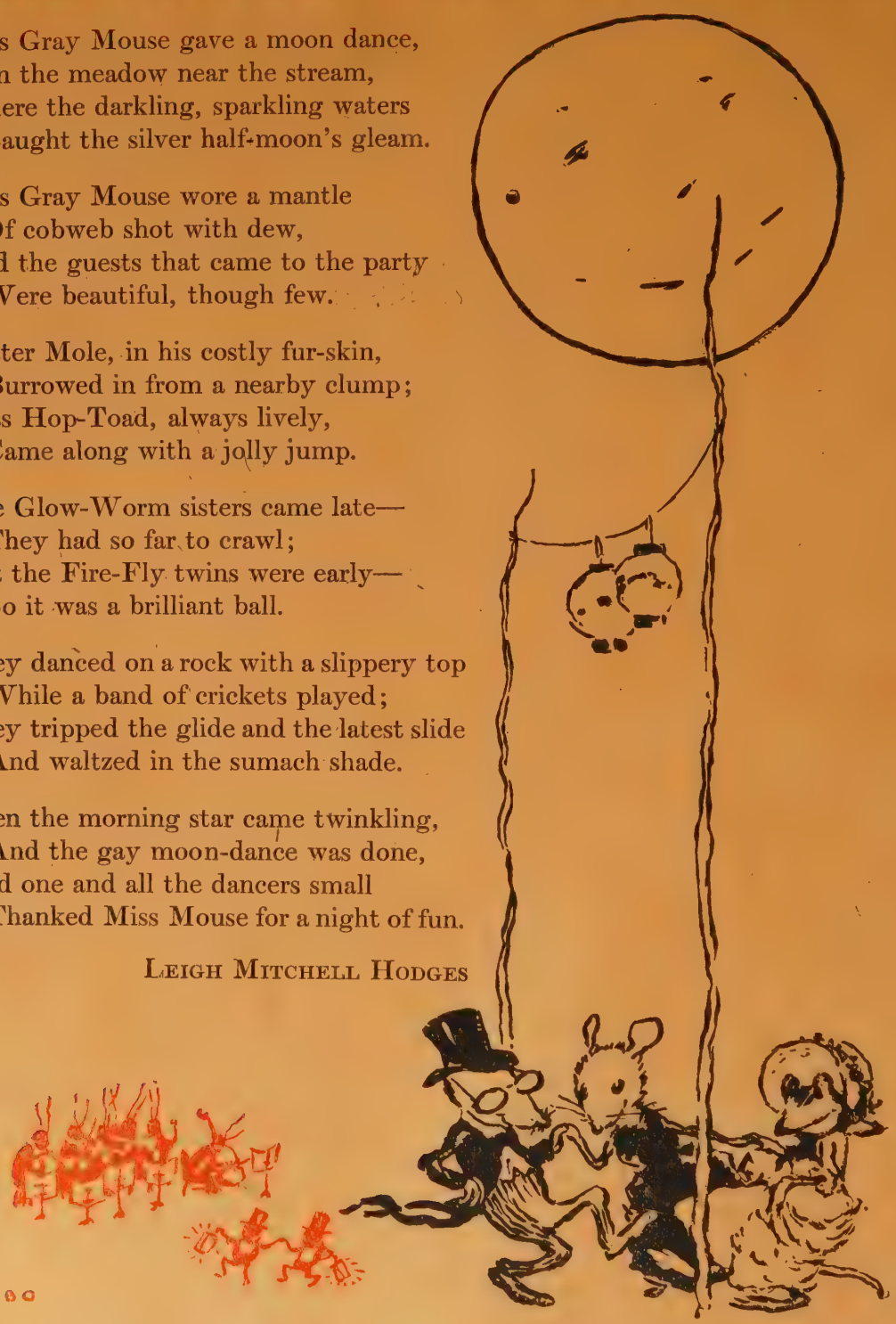
Mister Mole, in his costly fur-skin,
Burrowed in from a nearby clump;
Miss Hop-Toad, always lively,
Came along with a jolly jump.

The Glow-Worm sisters came late—
They had so far to crawl;
But the Fire-Fly twins were early—
So it was a brilliant ball.

They danced on a rock with a slippery top
While a band of crickets played;
They tripped the glide and the latest slide
And waltzed in the sumach shade.

Then the morning star came twinkling,
And the gay moon-dance was done,
And one and all the dancers small
Thanked Miss Mouse for a night of fun.

LEIGH MITCHELL HODGES



GREAT was the excitement in the royal family of England when, on a beautiful May morning in 1819, a little princess was born in Kensington Palace. At the moment this little baby was not of very great importance to the people of the kingdom, but when a little princess lies in her cradle and the fairies crowd around her to bring their gifts, it is not possible to say how soon a crown may rest upon the little golden head.

And so the Princess Victoria came into this world. She grew up much like other English children, a merry, affectionate, simple-hearted little girl, always thinking of others, always truthful.

At the time of Victoria's birth it seemed hardly possible that she could be a future ruler of England, for there were three uncles besides her father who might rule before her, but the little princess was carefully educated and watched over.

While Victoria was still a baby, trouble came into the palace for her father died leaving her to the devoted care of a mother, who developed in her all that was good and noble.

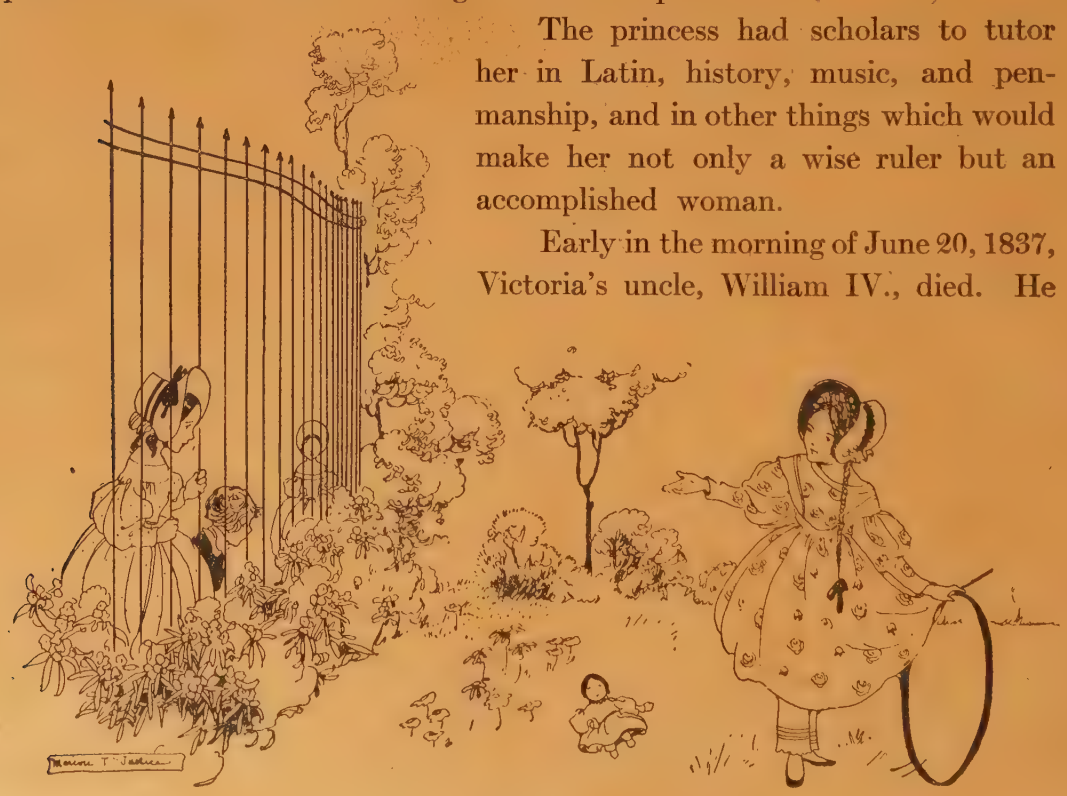
Kensington Palace is in London (near the Kensington Gardens where Peter Pan played). Here the little princess lived and ran, and rode, sometimes on a donkey gaily decked with blue ribbons. Here also she sometimes walked and would kiss her hand to the little children who

gathered about and looked through the high fence to see a real princess.

Victoria loved her dolls and had a great number of them, one hundred and thirty-two. How would you like to care for such a large family? Victoria did, and was kept busy making clothes for them very neatly and beautifully. It seems hardly possible that such tiny hands could have taken these fairy stitches, they were made with such infinite care.

Then she kept a list of the names and characters of her dolls in a little book. They were like real people to her, and they were only small wooden Dutch dolls, too; we might have thought them ugly, but she loved them.

Here in this great palace Victoria lived and grew and learned. When she was two, it became fairly sure that she would sometime be queen but her uncle, George IV., thought she should grow up innocent of her great position. Perhaps he thought it would turn her head; so, until she was twelve years old, when George IV. died and her last uncle, William IV., became king, she did not know that she would some day wear a crown. All through her girlhood up to the very time she became queen, she never slept a night away from her mother's room and she had never been allowed to speak to a grown person unless her mother or her governess was present.



The princess had scholars to tutor her in Latin, history, music, and penmanship, and in other things which would make her not only a wise ruler but an accomplished woman.

Early in the morning of June 20, 1837, Victoria's uncle, William IV., died. He

had been very fond of his niece and he used to say he knew she would be a good woman and a good queen. "It will touch every sailor's heart," said he, "to have a girl queen to fight for. They'll all be tattooing her face on their arms."

Distinguished messengers, an archbishop and a marquis, arrived at Kensington in a four-

horse landau at five o'clock in the morning bearing the news. Of course there were no telegraphs or telephones in those days and horses were the swiftest means of carrying messages. The footman rang, and knocked, and pounded, and finally a servant admitted the courtiers. Presently a little maid appeared and said that the princess was asleep and could not be disturbed; but the archbishop declared that state business was more important than sleep, so, at length, the simple little eighteen-year-old girl came down in a dressing gown and slippers, her hair flowing over her shoulders, to find the two courtiers bowing themselves before her and saluting her as England's queen.

She was not beautiful, but she was modest and dignified. She had looked into the dim eyes of the future and said simply, "I will be good." It was a child's promise, not lightly given but it directed not only her own life but the fortunes and honor of England.

The coronation of Victoria in Westminster Abbey was a scene of romance and fairyland, with a girlish little figure, perfect in manner and bearing, kneeling to receive the crown, with the sun shining on the fair young head.

Victoria wore a royal robe of crimson velvet, all trimmed with ermine and bordered with gold. Her train was carried by eight young girls, dressed in silver cloth, with roses in their hair. It seemed like a dream out of the Arabian Nights.

The crown was placed on her head and at the same moment, trumpets sounded, drums beat, cannon boomed, the Tower guns answered, and the shouts of the people broke forth in loud and joyous acclamations of "long live Queen Victoria!"

The procession to and from the Abbey was a most gorgeous affair. Thousands of visitors from every corner of England thronged the streets. Royal relatives from all over Europe came to do honor to the young sovereign, and courtiers and ambassadors in glittering uniforms make a great show. The Turkish ambassador, in whose country women had little respect paid them, was so wonder-struck that he could not keep his place in the line but kept muttering, over and over, "All this for a woman."

And now a matter of great interest to the public was Victoria's marriage. She remembered with affection her cousin, Prince Albert, who had visited England some time before, and by his handsome face, gentle disposition and charm, had quite won her heart. Now she sent for him to come again, for

queens cannot wait to be sought, and she offered him her hand in marriage. Prince Albert was overjoyed, for he loved Victoria. Most royal marriages have little to do with love and sentiment but not so with Queen Victoria and her royal lover. Their married life was beautiful and happy. Her wedding took place in the Chapel Royal of Saint James's Palace. Everything she wore had been made in England; her white satin gown trimmed with orange blossoms, her veil of Honiton lace costing a thousand pounds, and even her gloves which was most unusual—for all fine gloves at that time came from France. There was great rejoicing throughout the Kingdom. Victoria had found a wise adviser in her young husband.

No reign of an English monarch can shine forth from the pages of history as that of Victoria.

The telegraph, railroads, telephones, electric lights, phonographs, the discovery of petroleum, the improved use of steam, the practical use of gas, for the lighting of cities, all were numbered among the achievements of the great nineteenth century in which she lived.

England, in Victoria's reign, made great strides in wealth, art, science, and population. Great men clustered about this wonderful little woman, for she encouraged artists and literary men.

When she had been queen for fifty years, England gave a great jubilee which was attended by all the great princes and rulers of the world.

Ten years later came her Diamond Jubilee, when the whole nation seemed given up to rejoicing in this gorgeous pageant for their beloved Victoria the Good. Her reign was the longest in English history, being nearly sixty-four years; she lived to see England grow powerful, the great Empire whose flag is flung from North to South, and from East to West. She had been a great and wise ruler.

C. L. Cheever.

THE BIRTHDAY FAIRIES

SALLY was going to have a birthday. She was going to be five years old. She was going to have a party with five little friends. The invitations were written on pink note-paper with little figures of old fashioned children printed on it. At the last minute, Sally, who had always loved fairy stories, insisted that the fairies be asked to her party, too!

Now, maybe you and I half believe in fairies but we know they are only play. This is what Sally's sister, Susie, did about the fairies and you can do it, too, some day for fun at home if you like. If you do, you will have to keep the secret of the fun and let it come as it did to Sally—a surprise!

First, Susie took some paper and cut it to make a very wee sheet of letter-paper. She folded it and cut a small envelope to fit it and she wrote on the note paper an acceptance from the fairies to Sally's party:

Dear Little Friend,

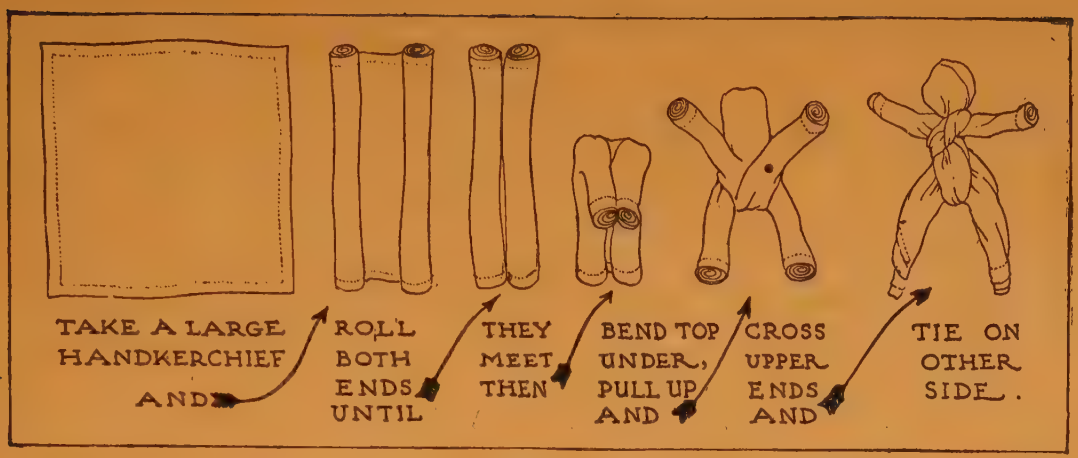
We will come to dance at your party but if we come, be very still or you may frighten us. Do not try to come near us. When we stop dancing, run away. You can leave some birthday goodies on a little plate, maybe. We cannot talk, but we wish you a very happy birthday in our play.

Your friends,

The Fairies.

Susie told Mother about the play she had planned for the party, and Mother helped make the fairies. You can make some little elves just like them. You will need a big white handkerchief for each fairy you make. Three or four are quite enough.

Two persons must hold the handkerchief out flat. Each holds tight the two corners that are nearest. Both slowly wind the side of the handkerchief that they hold into a tight roll as far as the center of the handkerchief where both meet.


TAKE A LARGE HANDKERCHIEF AND
ROLL BOTH ENDS UNTIL
THEY MEET THEN
BEND TOP UNDER, PULL UP AND
CROSS UPPER ENDS AND
TIE ON OTHER SIDE.

One person then takes the two rolls and bends the two upper ones under the two lower ones. The two upper ones are then tied a little below the center of the handkerchief to make the head and arms of a little elf.

A long string of black shoe-button thread is tied about the neck of each elf. This string is passed up over the limb of a tree that hangs low out-doors or up over a light-fixture if the play is indoors.

Then you take the end of the string and hide behind a chair or behind some shrubbery, and you softly pull the string. It makes the little elf jump up and down. Nobody can see the dark string and it looks exactly like a really true fairy, dancing.

Just before the children were called to see the fairies who had come to dance at Sally's party, Susie hid in a corner of the garden. A friend of hers had a comb covered with tissue paper and she hummed upon it a little tune that sounded like fairy music. It was really very pretty, and the "party" thought it was great fun. Maybe they guessed that the fairies were only just play, but they ran away when the music stopped and left some birthday goodies on a little plate "for the fairies." Even to this very day, Sally is still talking about her fairies and she likes to think that they were really true just like the fairy-book fairies. Maybe your own little sister or brother would like to see a fairy dance upon a holiday. Suppose, some day that you make the fun that Susie made!

PATTEN BEARD.

JUST SHADOW PICTURES

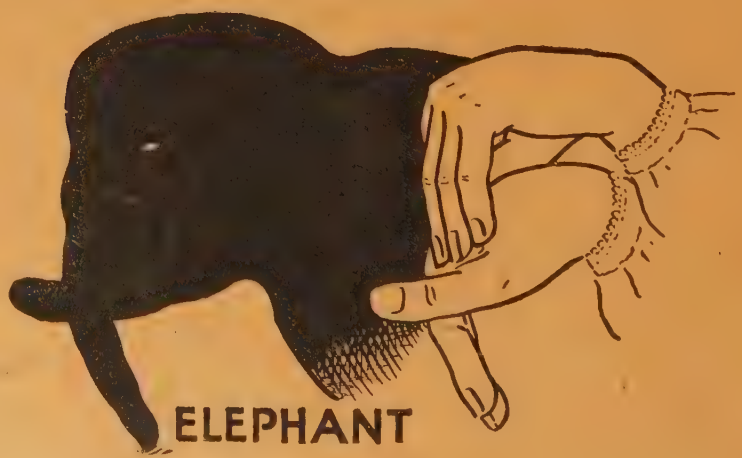
DUCK AND ELEPHANT

HAVE only one light in the room so that a sharp shadow is cast. A plain, light colored surface is best for your shadows, a sheet may be hung up, if you like. I know one little boy who makes shadow pictures on the wall beside his bed every night before the light is turned out.

DUCK

MR. DUCK is easy to practice on because he is made with only one hand. With practice you can make his eye open and shut, and also open and close his bill. Perhaps, when you grow skillful, you can make a duck with each hand and they can peck each other.

ELEPHANT is easy, too. Hold your hands quite close together so no light shows between except a tiny dot for an eye. You will learn how to make him wink at you, and by moving your fingers slowly, you can make his trunk sway.



ELEPHANT

JUST SHADOW PICTURES

BUNNY AND GOAT

RABBIT takes a little more care to make than Duck and Elephant. In the right hand let the thumb and first finger touch easily. Curve the middle finger into the hand and let the third and fourth stand up for ears. The left hand will add the forepaws and hind feet so Bunny sits down.

TO make Goat, the right hand forms the horns and part of the face. The left hand has to curve around into the right and is a little bit hard to hold quiet in that position. Let the third finger hang down for Billy's whiskers.

JUST THINK!

IF A BEE

WERE AS BIG AS A HORSE HE COULD CARRY SEVEN OR EIGHT HUNDRED POUNDS ON HIS BACK, HE COULD GATHER TWENTY TONS OF HONEY IN A SEASON AND HE COULD STING AN ELEPHANT!

FOR WALT. JO L G McMANOMA.

JUST THINK!

IF A FROG WERE AS BIG AS A HOUSE HE COULD LEAP A HUNDRED FEET INTO THE AIR AND WHEN HE CROAKED TO HIS BROTHERS AT NIGHT YOU COULD HEAR HIM TEN MILES AWAY ! MAYBE FIFTEEN.

• : JOAN OF ARC : •
BY ANGEL VOICES LED,
HER BODY FOUGHT AND BLED.
IN PATRIOTIC FIRE
SHE FOUND HER SOUL'S DESIRE
FOR FRANCE, UNCONQUERED
HER FLAMING SPIRIT SPED,
THAT FRANCE MIGHT RISE THE HIGHER.

From a statue on Riverside Drive, New York, by Anna V. Hyatt

Joan of Arc

LONG, long ago a dark haired, and dark eyed young girl lived in a farm-house in France. Her name was Jean d'Arc. In English we call her Joan of Arc. All the birds and beasts loved Joan and she liked nothing more than to roam about through the forest near the farm listening to the wind among the trees, and watching the red poppies and the

blue corn-flowers swaying in the breeze. Sometimes she would mind the sheep.

But these were sad days for her country. The Hundred Years' War had been dragging on for a long time, and at length the French had become so discouraged that they had agreed, upon the death of their own sovereign, to accept an English king. So, the English, to enforce their claims, invaded France and beat back the French soldiers in many battles. Finally, they succeeded in getting possession of northern France, but they could go no farther into the country until they captured the city of Orleans. The French were good soldiers, but they needed a leader, for their prince was not a brave man, and he feared to go out against his foes. Many of the poor wounded soldiers came to the village where the young peasant girl, Joan of Arc, lived.

If ever a child or an old woman was ill, in the village, it was Joan who nursed them, for her heart was always filled with pity for those in trouble. Gladly she gave up her bed to the sick soldiers, and helped her mother to care for as many as they could.

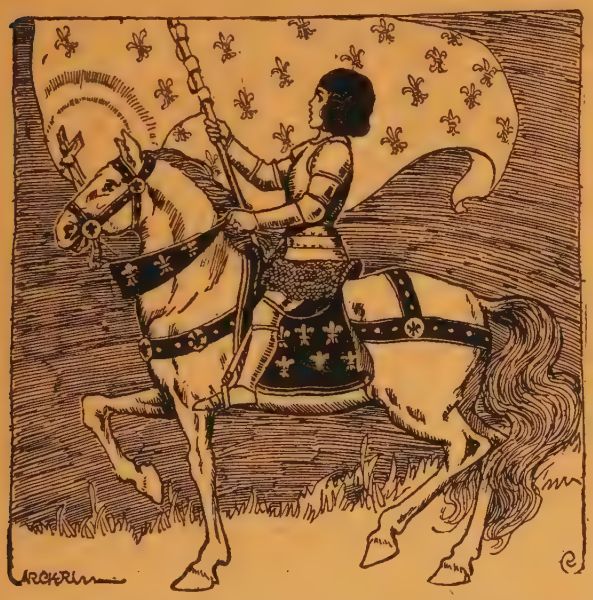
Near Joan's home was a fortress called the Castle of the Island, and in it lived the Lord of Boulemont and his family. Thus, the sad state of her country was much in her mind. A giant beech-tree stood near the castle and it was said that one of the ancestors of the noble Lord had met a fairy there in the long ago and had talked with her. The village children loved this old tree and often played in its shade, dancing and hanging wreaths on the fairy branches in celebration of the happy days gone by. Joan often played with them, too, but one day, growing weary, she went back to the little garden of her home and sat down to rest. As she rested she thought she heard voices and soon there came to her a vision of the good Saint Michael. Again and again he spoke to her, each time telling her that her country needed her and that her people were in danger.

According to an old saying, France would sometime be saved by a maiden, and now the fate of France seemed trembling in the balance. The soverign, Charles VI, was a weakling and in the eyes of many French people he was not really their king, for he had not yet been crowned. The task of saving her country seemed impossible to little Joan, but she dared not disobey the voices. They told her she would be guided safely, moreover she must not delay, she must save the city of Orleans.

Her father at first tried to stop her for she was only seventeen and knew

nothing of war, but in the end he let her go and she started out with a little band of loyal friends. After a journey full of dangers she finally came to the prince. There, too, there was much delay before he and his courtiers decided to believe in her, but the French people flocked to her support, believing that she was sent by Heaven to save them. At length she was put at the head of the French army and rode north to raise the siege of Orleans.

Joan was clad in full armor, all white and shining. She rode a pure white charger. With sword at her side and a banner over her head she set out on her mission to save Orleans. Her banner had been described to her by the angel voices. It was a standard of pure white with a picture of two angels bearing the lilies of France, and in the centre was painted a likeness of God holding up the world. The motto was *Jesus Maria.* The French were wild with enthusiasm and the country people, as they saw her pass, told their neighbors the old prophesy had come true. By great good fortune Joan's army was able to enter the city of Orleans and with every battle, the English were driven a little farther toward the north. The English soldiers were afraid of Joan, so they did not fight well. Some thought she was sent by Heaven, others said she was a witch. But the French were almost ready to worship the "Maid of Orleans," and ready to follow wherever she led.



Now Charles, not yet crowned, was urged by Joan to go to Rheims. But this meant a march through a part of France held by the enemy, and he said: "Let the coronation wait until we have possession of our capital." Still Joan urged Charles to go and finally he yielded. Joan and her soldiers went ahead to clear the way for the royal army. The French were victorious all the way, though there was much fighting, and Joan led the prince to the great cathedral at Rheims, and stood near with her banner in her hand when Charles was consecrated and proclaimed King of France. She had given her country new hope and strength and a king to rule them.

Joan now felt that her work was ended and she longed to go home to her brothers and sisters, there again to become a simple peasant girl, leading the life of her people. But she had become too wonderful in the eyes of France for the people to let her go back to her friends; they needed her, so she had to stay and go on fighting.

Joan continued to lead the army, but at length she was captured and fell into the hands of the English. Her soldiers had lost heart, and the French king did nothing to help her. Poor Joan was kept in prison for a year, loaded with irons and chained to a pillar. The English did not believe her when she told them she was only a simple country girl. They said she was wicked and that she did not tell them the truth. So she was tried for witchcraft and burned at the stake in the old city of Rouen, when she was only nineteen years old.

This all happened nearly five hundred years ago. In all history there is hardly to be found a more wonderful account of bravery and self sacrifice than the story of the life of this little peasant girl who answered the call of heavenly voices to save her dear France. Some day you will read Mark Twain's story of Jean d'Arc, a true tale of this wonderful girl.

C. L. Cheever.

Nibbelina
The Mouse Princess

NIBBELINA, the Mouse-King's daughter, was the prettiest mouse-princess in the world. Her eyes were black and twinkly, she dressed in dark gray velvet, and always wore pink satin slippers on her tiny feet. One day, as she looked out of her window, she saw fifty weary mice march up to her Father's door. They carried heavy bundles on their backs, and their leader was the handsomest young mouse-gentleman the Princess had ever seen. She called her old mouse-nurse and asked who the strangers were.

"Those, your Highness," said the nurse haughtily, "are only common field-mice. Since your Royal Father conquered them in battle their Prince has been obliged to pay us tribute every year. He brings the nuts and fruit and grain, all the nice things for your Highness's own table. But do not look at these field-mice—the horrid common creatures! They live out of doors and work for their living."

"I will look at them," said Nibbelina, "for I think they are useful and kind. I believe *I'd* rather live outdoors and work as they do than be a lazy house-mousie in a Palace."

The Princess's nurse was so surprised and shocked by this speech that she ran to tell the King. He sent at once for Dr.

Rattikin who declared that Nibbelina must be sick and ordered her to bed. For a week the Princess lay between her cobweb sheets, pouting and fretting, while seven mouse-cooks were kept busy day and night inventing dainty dishes to tempt her appetite. Then one morning the Court awoke to find that a dreadful thing had happened. Nibbelina, the Mouse-Princess, was missing!

High and low they searched for her but nowhere could they find her. At last the King sent out messengers to say that whoever brought the Princess safely home should be rewarded by half his kingdom and her paw in marriage when she grew up to be a mouse-lady. So all the mouse-princes from far and near came to hunt for Nibbelina, but not one of them could find her. After all had tried and failed came Scrabble Prince of the field-mice, and the proud Mouse-King only laughed when he saw him. All alone the brave young mousie started out to look for the Princess and he was so quick and so clever it did not take him long to find her. She was shut up in a little round house with round windows in the Barnplace on the borders of Fieldmouseland. When she saw Scrabble coming she knew him at once, and waved her pink paw from one of the round windows.

"Come and help me," she called. "I was taking a walk and I just stepped in here to get a bite of cheese, but the door shut and now I can't get out!"

At that very moment a Boy walked into the Barnplace and after him came a large furry animal with hungry yellow eyes.

"Here, Puss," said the Boy, "here's a nice little mouse in the trap for you."

As he spoke he opened the door of Nibbelina's prison. Out she sprang almost into the cat's mouth—almost, but not quite, because *another* mouse that same instant jumped between Puss's paws. Puss took just a second to decide which mouse she wanted—but that second was too long! By the time she made up her mind, both Scrabble and Nibbelina had disappeared beneath the hay.

And when the Mouse-King with tears in his eyes told his daughter he would be obliged one day to keep his royal word and give her paw to the Prince of the Field-Mice, she only winked her bright little eyes and said: "Why, Father, I made up my mind about *that* long ago!"

GERTRUDE KNEVELS

HYMN TO OUR FLAG

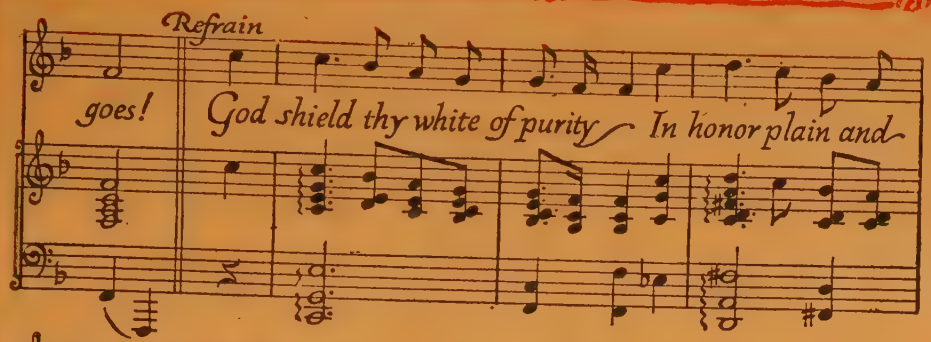
Poem by JOHN MARTIN ★★★ Music by LOUISE AYRES GARNETT

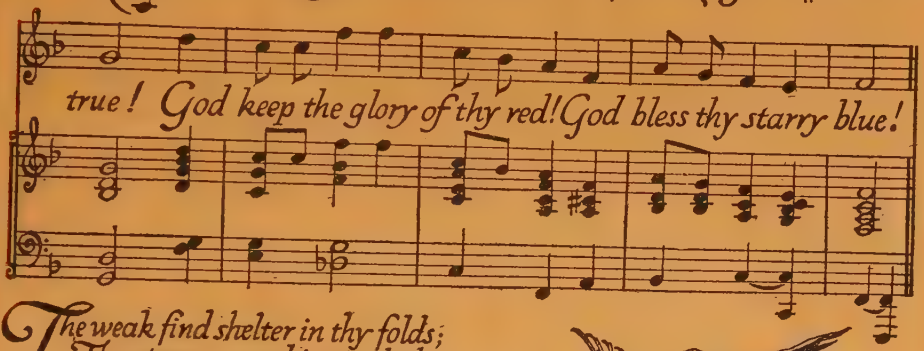
With emphasis and with all one's heart

My flag, my country's sacred flag; Oh banner fair and free! Brave emblem of man's

human right To life with liberty! Thy blue and white spread freedom's light; Thy

deep red flames and flows For heroes who have bled and died Where honor's pathway





The weak find shelter in thy folds;
The strong stand in thy light;
The foe to freemen's heritage
Yields to thy splendid might!
Above the battle's breaking surge,
Wave onward to thy goal
Till all mankind has sought and found
His freedom-loving Soul!

Wave on, dear flag, o'er land and sea,
Thy majesty unfurled
To guard the cherished liberty
Of God's advancing world!
No tyrant's hand shall drag thee down;
No blot that soils or mars
Shall stain thy stripes of red and white,
Or dim thy beaming stars!

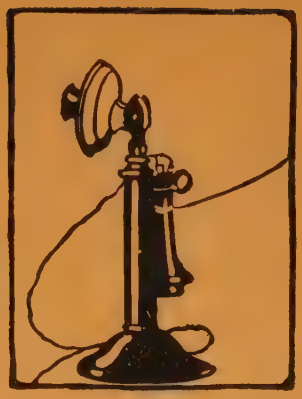
AMERICA, AMERICA!
Thy millions rise as one
To guard the honor of our flag,
To see its mission done!
In life or death, in peace or strife,
Our country's flag shall be
The starry guide to those who love
Their land of liberty!

Victory

The Lord is on my side;
I will not fear;
Psalm 118:V.6

When evil forces seen
arrayed
Against my heart to-day,
I need not be the least afraid,
Or doubt in any way.-
No evil force can injure me.
God's wisdom shall provide
The strength to gain a victory,
For God is on my side.-

TIG
DETECTIVE



CLIP, clap, clup, clap-clip, clap, clup, clap, sounded sharply far down the avenue. Tig Burnham, waiting in the moonlight at the police call box, knew that his friend, mounted officer Pat Moran, would soon be around the corner on his big, fast-walking bay horse, "Billy."

"Hello, Tig," greeted Pat, dropping to the curb beside the boy, "and for what may you be abroad at this time o'night?"

"Too hot to sleep, Pat, and there's something I want to see you about."

"All right, lad; there goes eleven from the town clock,—just wait till I report."

Officer Moran fished up a key and announced himself over the telephone as *O. K. at post No. 24.*

Billy was whickering and hunting for the piece of loaf sugar he knew Tig had somewhere about him; the crickets were fiddling on one string with all their might, and far away in the East rumbled the last thud of a dying away thunder-storm.

Tig held out the sugar, which Billy greedily crunched, rattling his bit.

"Pat," whispered Tig, "I've just set a trap for burglars at my house, and I want your Captain Burke to come and get them when Central gives your station the word."

"Listen to that, now," and Pat laughed into his cap, "you'd have the Captain to believe that the crooks are to call up and give the tip when they have cracked the house!"

Tig continued very seriously: "When you turn in at the station house, in the morning, I want you to tell the Captain that I am going to get those fellows you have been hunting, the ones who have broken into so many closed houses this summer.

"My father and mother have gone on a month's trip West, and the house is closed; I am staying with Uncle Peter—Doctor Burnham, around the corner. It's all settled; I have made arrangements with "Central." Please tell Captain Burke when he gets the word to come up here on the run with the patrol-wagon and some men."

"Wid what is your trap baited, if you please," and Pat grinned.

"Not a bait," and Tig landed a good stiff punch just above the cop's belt, "it's more like a bear trap: you set your foot in it, and you are fast."

"I'll tell the Cap all right, but what if he gives me the laugh?"

Tig made a low bow and finished his remarks for the evening by requesting: "Give my regards to the Captain, and say that it's going to be *my* laugh at the finish!"

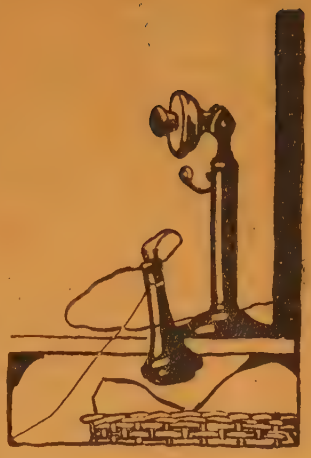
As good as his word, though somewhat sheepishly, Officer Moran gave the Captain the story in the morning.

"That kid has been stringing you, Pat," and the Captain laughed, for he would have none of the yarn.

"Wait and see," muttered Pat, siding with his small friend, and made for his bunk.

Nothing happened that night, nor the next, nor the one after that, but Saturday morning a little after two, the night operator at the Central Telephone Office called up Captain Burke to say that there was "something doing" at the Burnham house.

The Captain growled, thought five seconds, and then piled six reserves into the patrol-wagon and raced up the avenue.



A few minutes later, Doctor Burnham answered what he first supposed was a sick call.

"Hello; Doctor Burnham?"

"Yes; who is it?"

"Captain Burke, Sir; Montclair Police; at your brother's residence. Please wake up Mister Tig Burnham, Sir, and tell him his trap has two crooks in it!"

It took some shaking to get Tig awake, but when he heard what was up, he gave a joyous yell, and tore out of the house with very little on over his pajamas.

When the Doctor got around to his brother's place, he found the Captain and his cops, and two tough looking specimens in handcuffs all sitting on the front steps listening to Tig.

"Aw, Captain," he was saying, "let 'em off this time. They say it's their first offense. Aw, Captain, I didn't want 'em to go to jail. I just wanted to catch 'em. That's the way I go a-fishin' in the Passaic River. I catch 'em and put 'em back if they are little ones."

"Tig," explained the Captain, "your heart is bigger than your experience. These fellows are old offenders, and are due for long terms in prison. Now show us how you did the trick."

Tig took them into the house and turned on the electric lights.

He had put a screw eye into the top of the front door, inside, and to it had fastened a piece of fishline. This he had carried up to a telephone on a window sill at a landing of the stairs above. He had fastened the transmitter firmly to the woodwork, and hitched the fishline to the receiver. Then he had

placed a big clothes-basket handy and filled it with pillows so as to catch the receiver softly.

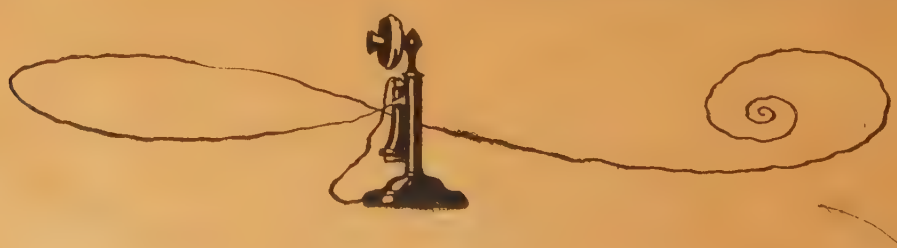
Of course, when the burglars opened the door, the receiver was pulled off the hook, and that called Central. The telephone people promptly called up the police according to the schedule laid out by Tig, in case his home connection called. So it came about that the crooks were nabbed in a few minutes after they entered the house.

The cops loaded the burglars into the patrol-wagon, and Captain Burke laid a hand on Tig's shoulder.

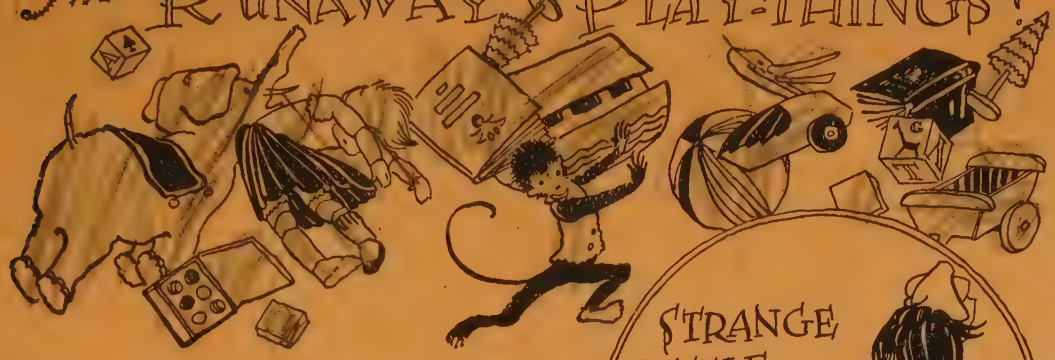
"Tig," said he, before all the men, "it's your laugh. When Pat Moran gave me your message, I jollied him out of the room. Now, I want to tell you that if you don't grow up into a railroader like your father, you may come around to the station and I'll put you on the detective force."

Officer Moran was so full of chuckles when he went off duty at the station that morning at seven, that the Captain glared fiercely at him, and ordered the Sergeant to lock him up for ten days for impertinence and conduct unbecoming an officer. But the sentence was never executed, for the Captain quietly slipped ten cigars into his hand and bade him take himself off to bed.

CHARLES SCHERMERHORN PEASE.



The Runaway Play-things!



THIS is the story of a strange, strange little girl. No, her head wasn't put on the wrong way and it had a beautiful bow on top; she had every single one of her fingers and her toes and they were as full as they could be of lovely, lively dancings and prancings; she had a dear little turn-up nose like some other little girls, and dimples for smiles to be born in, and a kissing place on the back of her neck, and a Mother who used it, and a Father who brought an armful of bear-hugs with him every time he came home, and a Specially Nice Big Sister and a Specially Dear Big Brother. About such things there was nothing at all odd. Still, Phoebe Anne was a strange, strange little girl, because —just *think* of it!—she didn't like to pick up her playthings! Who ever heard of such a thing? *She didn't like to pick up her playthings!!*

She didn't like to put Mister Deedle Dum in his box, although she did like to play with him. She didn't like to arrange the stone building blocks in rows in *their* box, and for all she cared, the clothes of her beautifulest doll, Elsie-Darling-Jane, could lie just all over the floor, while Brown Monkey with the neat little hands and the knowing look, and Gray Elephant with the flapping velvet ears, hardly knew what it was to be tucked away in the toy cupboard gently and willing. Phoebe Anne's mother always had to *speak* to her about it! She had to say:

"Phoebe Anne, don't you think it's time to begin putting your playthings away?"

"Phoebe Anne, wouldn't you like to see this room all *tidy?*"

"Phoebe Anne, Daddy'll be here before long!"

"Phoebe Anne, somebody might step on Elsie-Darling-Jane!"

"Phoebe Anne, come and do it quickly!"

"Phoebe Anne, did you hear what Mother said?"

"*Phoebe* ANNE!"

Now that wasn't a bit pleasant for anybody, was it? It certainly wasn't for Mother, and sometimes she got so tired and discouraged about it that she wouldn't say anything at all about PICKING UP to Phoebe Anne, and then—my *goodness!*—what a time the family had when Phoebe Anne was in bed, and every one wanted to be comfortable and contented in the living room. I hope *your* family never has such a time! Books, animals, boxes, paste-pots, furniture, wagons, dolls,—I simply can't name all the things on the floor, for if a little girl has been cutting out and painting and pasting, and dressing and undressing big dolls and middle-sized dolls and little dolls, and making houses and bridges and zoos and circuses and tea-parties and processions,—well, what would you expect?

So, when it came to the family at night, first, it would be Daddy crunching over the blocks; then it would be Big Brother sliding on a ball or a steam engine or Deedle Dum's nose, and going down with a *crash;* then it would be Big Sister stumbling, and shrieking, "Mother, did I smash something?" And then, then; of course, *then*, everybody would be saying in chorus:

"*Mother, can't Phoebe learn to pick up her things?*"

But if Phoebe wouldn't learn, what could Mother do? Perhaps there wasn't a thing she could do, *but*——

One morning, after Phoebe Anne had had her breakfast, she went to see how Elsie-Darling-Jane was getting on. She quite forgot that she had left that dear precious child on the floor with her legs sticking up and with her clothes scattered from one end of the room to the other. She looked for Elsie-Darling-Jane. She couldn't find her. She wasn't anywhere!

"Ho!" said Phoebe Anne, not being the whiney kind of little girl. "Ho! I'll play with my blocks." But there weren't any blocks—down-stairs or up-stairs or *anywhere!*

"Ho!" said Phoebe Anne again, not quite so loud this time, "I'll play

with my animals!" But do you know where her animals were? Not ANYWHERE!

This was really serious. Not a "Ho" could get out. "I'll get my paints then," said Phoebe Anne, but of course she couldn't find her paints, ANYWHERE!

"Well," said Phoebe Anne faintly, "I'll—I'll—I'll play with—with—" But there wasn't anything to play with—not a single thing! And she hunted the whole house over from top to bottom, inside and out. After a while she went to her mother. She intended to say, very severely indeed, "*Mother, where are my things?*" But somehow, when she looked at Mother, she didn't. No, she didn't. She just stood on one leg and wriggled and stood on the other leg and wriggled and stood on both legs and wriggled and—and —presently Mother saw a tear beginning to trickle down the side of her little girl's nose. "Mother," whispered Phoebe Anne. "*Where are they?*"

Mother hated to see that tear. "Do you suppose Brown Monkey got tired of houses and traveled back to South America so he could climb trees and eat cocoanuts?" she suggested cheerfully.

Phoebe Anne shook her head. "No, he didn't," she whispered.

"You never can tell!" declared Mother briskly. "Gray Elephant now —I know *he's* been wanting to get back to the African jungle!"

Phoebe Anne smiled a little. "But my p-paints?" she said in a quivery voice.

"Oh, they walked off just so they could paint a few sunsets!" answered Mother airily.

"And—and Elsie-Darling-Jane?" pleaded Phoebe Anne. Oh, she wanted Elsie-Darling-Jane more than anything!

Mother considered. "I think she decided to pay a visit to some friends of hers in the Big Store."

That seemed awful. "Oh, *no!*" cried Phoebe Anne. "*It was 'cause I didn't pick things up!*"

"Think of that!" exclaimed Mother, and went right on sewing. She even hummed a little, as if she didn't know that the house was a perfectly dreadful place without any playthings in it.

Phoebe Anne waited for Mother to say something else, but Mother didn't, so finally Phoebe said something herself. "Mother, how—how can I get them back?"

Mother rocked and thought about it a long time. Presently she shook her head. "I'm afraid they've gone a long way," she said. "It won't be easy to bring them back. I'm not sure, but I think it will need Magic to do it."

"*Magic?*" gasped Phoebe Anne.

"Yes, Magic," answered Mother gravely, "of a very special kind. If you will give me three curly squeezes and one large kiss, well sugared, I'll try to explain all about it."

She got them in a hurry, I can tell you, and then, holding a whole lapful of little girl, she began to explain.

There was a charm which Phoebe Anne would have to say. It would have to be said at exactly fifteen minutes before six every night—ten minutes before Daddy's car came—and while she was saying it, she would have to stand in the middle of the sitting room with her eyes tight shut and her face shining clean. This was it.

"Hidy, bidy, widy, wee,
Won't my toys come back to me?
Snippy, snappy, snoddy, snum,
A tidy child I will become!"

She was to say this three times, and then wait and see what would happen.

"Is that *all?*" said Phoebe Anne doubtfully.

"Why, no!" exclaimed Mother. "What is really the importantest of all I quite forgot to mention. The Magic won't work, my dear, if there is a single scrap of paper on the floor, or anything left by a little girl! And it won't help for mother or sisters to pick things up—they have to be picked up by the very one who left them there, by a little Phoebe Anne, five years old, with a blue bow on her head and a dimple in her cheek. If that part of it isn't done right, it won't do a bit of good to say the charm. Do you see?"

"Yes," said Phoebe Anne thoughtfully. "I see." And she really did. When she was cutting flags out of cloth she thought about it, and she was careful to put her mother's scissors back in the basket and to pick up the threads from the floor. She thought about it when she came in from outdoors, and she didn't throw her rubbers into the middle of the room for the fun of seeing them fly, and she didn't let her little blue coat lie in a heap because it was too much trouble to hang things up. No, indeed! So, when fifteen minutes to six o'clock at last came, it was a very happy and very hopeful little girl, with a very shining face, that stood in the middle of the room and shut her eyes and said softly three times:

She said it, and waited. Nothing happened. *"Wait!"* said Mother. "Magic has to have a little time to work."

So Phoebe Anne waited. And when she came down-stairs in the morning, the first thing she saw, was—what do you suppose? Not Elsie-Darling-Jane, not her paints, nor Brown Monkey, nor Gray Elephant, *but*——

The wonderfulest little house built out of her blocks! And all around it ran a little picket fence which she "never in the world had seen before, and in the middle of the yard was a small fish globe with two wee fishes swimming about a tiny green plant inside! Wasn't that Magic—*wasn't* it?

She played with the blocks all day—such a happy Phoebe Anne!—and when tidying time came around in the afternoon, do you suppose she waited for Mother to *speak* to her before putting everything neatly away? *She did not!* There was nothing whatever the matter with that room when she stood up with her eyes shut and repeated the charm.

At the end she whispered, ever so softly, "Please let me have my Elsie-Darling-Jane next!"

But it wasn't Elsie-Darling-Jane that came back next. It was Brown Monkey, and he certainly must have taken that trip to South America, because when Phoebe Anne found him in the morning, sitting right in her own dining-room chair, he wore a little black fur collar which had been given him by friends in a cocoanut grove—a little note tied to his wrist explained it—so that he would not be cold on his journey north.

My, my, how splendidly that Magic did work! Lots of people would like to see it busy about their affairs, but it was Phoebe Anne's Magic and no one else could use it. Gray Elephant came back with a pair of bright red trousers and a chain of beads that the King of the Jungle had given him because he was so pleased to hear the story of Annabel which Phoebe Anne had taught Gray Elephant to repeat. And when the Paint Box appeared, why, every one of its little tins was filled with colors fresh from the sunset!

But it did take a long, long time to get Elsie-Darling-Jane back. Phoebe Anne began to be afraid she never would see her again. The trouble was Phoebe forgot the importantest part of the charm a few times—'most everybody gets careless now and then!—and she tried to say it when she *hadn't picked up!* So, of course it didn't work. But one day Phoebe Anne

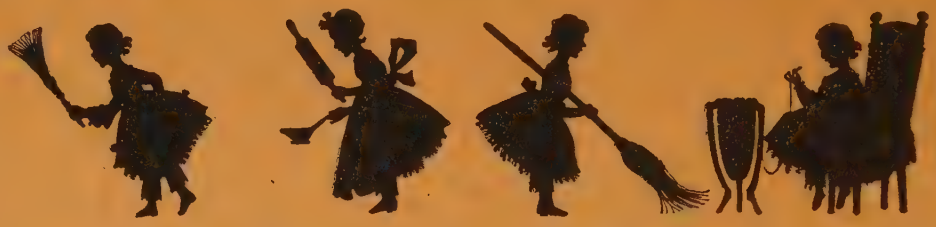
was, oh, so good! She dusted the stairs for Mother, and she wiped the spoons and she put the magazines on the table in order, and when Mother sat down to sew, Phoebe sat down, too, and *darned a stocking!* After that you'd expect the charm to be magick-er than ever, wouldn't you? And it *was!*

Before Phoebe Anne opened her eyes the next morning she felt somebody lying beside her. Yes, yes, you can guess who it was. *Elsie-Darling-Jane!* Phoebe Anne hugged her and hugged her, and then looked her over very carefully. You never saw such a change in a child! She had grown the most beautiful long curls, and the ladies she had been visiting must indeed have been in the Big Store, because Elsie-Darling-Jane had a new pink sweater, and a new cap, and a new white dress, and over her shoes the dearest little rubbers you ever saw. And she carried a knitting bag! But in spite of all the presents that had been given her and the good times she had had, she liked Phoebe Anne the best, for she never went away from her again!

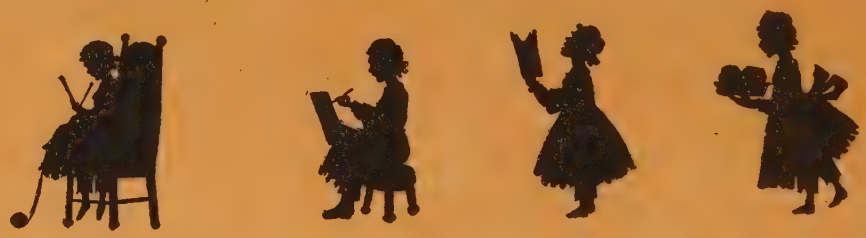
ALICE DYAR RUSSELL.

A Wonderful Lass

There once lived a lassie with curls in a row.



She could dust, she could cook, she could sweep, she could sew,



She could knit, she could draw, she could sing, she could bake.
And she loved to eat mixtures of ice-cream and cake.

She is now my Dear Mother.

A Wonderful Lad

There once lived a lad who could do anything.

He could ride, he could skate, he could dance, he could sing,

He could throw, he could catch, he could run, he could swim,

He could climb, he could read,
and eat pies with a vim.

He is now my Big Daddy.

LITTLE FINGERS' FUN

ONE little finger sees the sun.
Two little fingers on the run.
Three little fingers, one, two, three;
Four little fingers dance for me.

Four little fingers all have gone;
One little thumbkin *so* forlorn.
What does the little thumbkin say?
"Please, little fingers, come and play!"

Back comes the pointing finger one.
Then numbers two and three have fun.
Up pops another to play once more,
Dear little fingers one to four.

Nice little fingers one and two,
"Pop up," says thumbkins, "how dee do?"
"We're very well," say three and four,
"Ready to dance and play some more."

So four little fingers and one small thumb
Play till the bedtime shadows come.
Then *all* give a yawn like sleepy head,
And Mother says, "*boo*," and they go to bed.

SILEM.

THE SLUMBER WALL

Bedtime, bedtime—heavy eyes!
O my bed is soft and deep.
See how still my pillow lies;
It must be asleep.

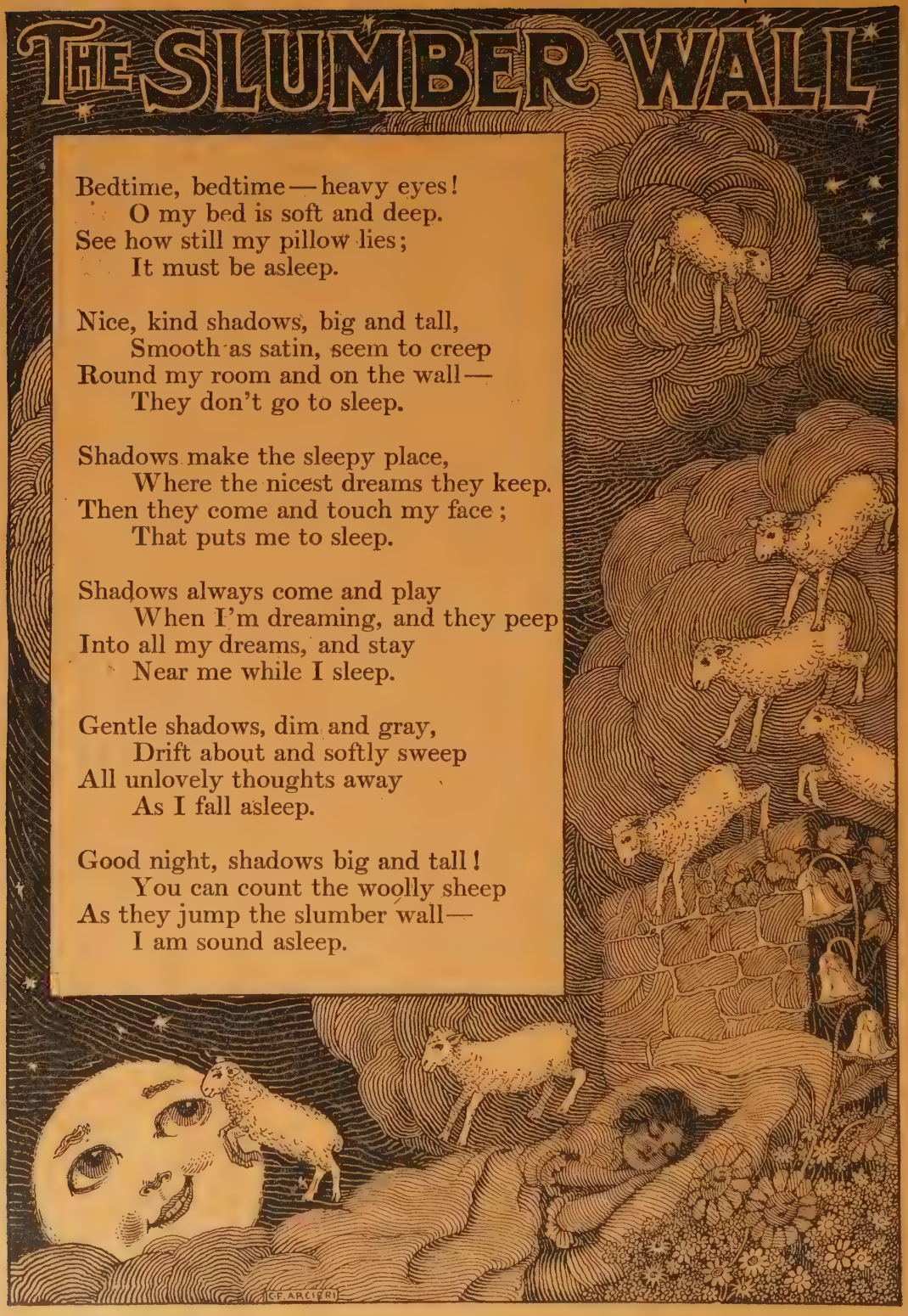
Nice, kind shadows, big and tall,
Smooth as satin, seem to creep
Round my room and on the wall—
They don't go to sleep.

Shadows make the sleepy place,
Where the nicest dreams they keep.
Then they come and touch my face;
That puts me to sleep.

Shadows always come and play
When I'm dreaming, and they peep
Into all my dreams, and stay
Near me while I sleep.

Gentle shadows, dim and gray,
Drift about and softly sweep
All unlovely thoughts away
As I fall asleep.

Good night, shadows big and tall!
You can count the woolly sheep
As they jump the slumber wall—
I am sound asleep.

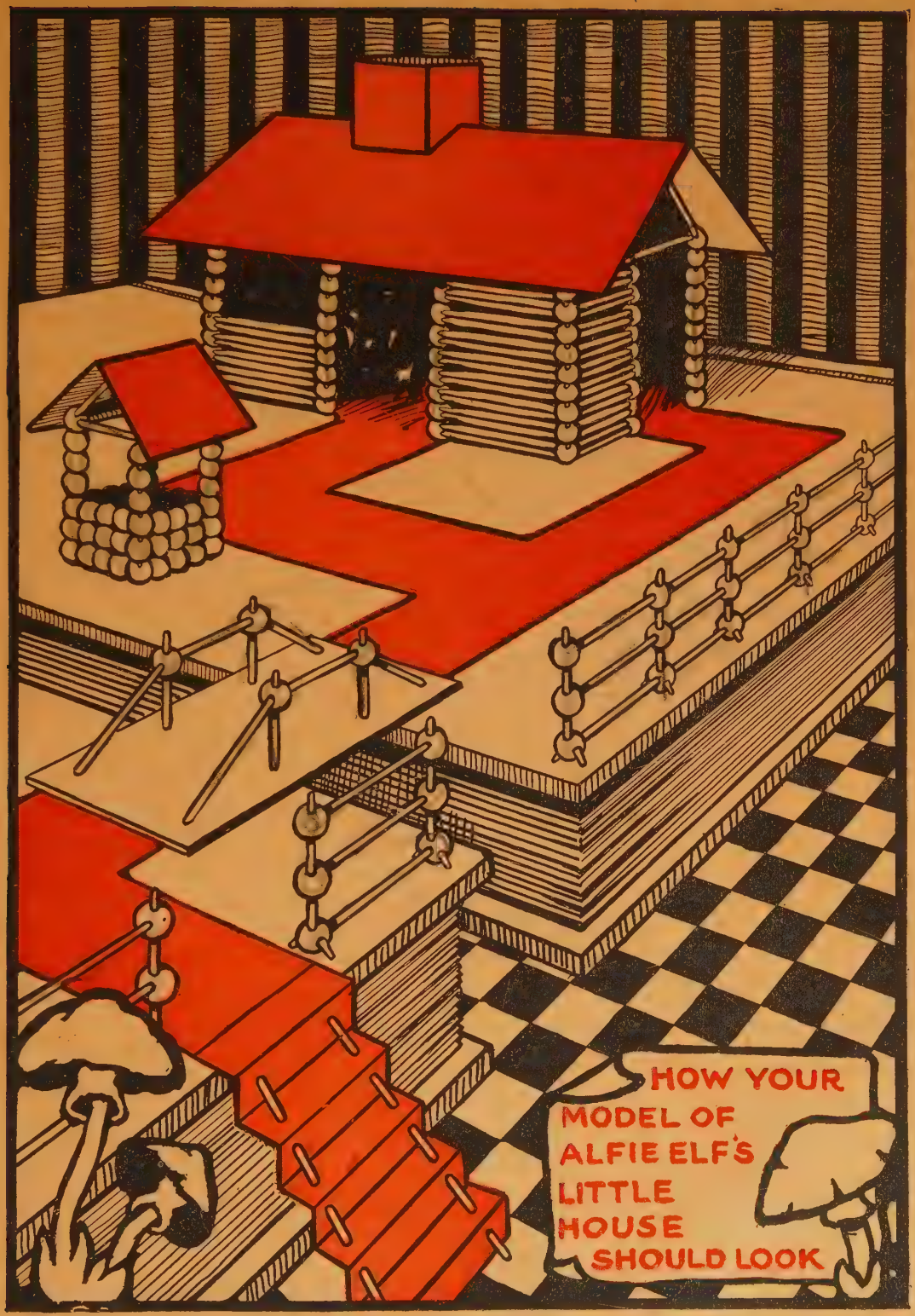


Zebras

I LAUGH to think how it would seem
To drive a little zebra team.
Dressed in their stripéd coats so gay;
Among the crowds, upon Broadway,
They'd think I found them in a jail
And that I had them out on bail.

M. H. Church.

G. BRADLEIGH WRIGHT 1914
ALFIE ELF'S LITTLE HOUSE.
Mr. Alfie Elf, as you know, was a very great traveler. He went all over the world, North, South, East and West, and when there was no more world to see, he decided to settle down and build himself a home.
So he got some peas and soaked them in water until they were quite soft. Then he gathered reeds by the brook; and with the reeds and the peas, he built himself a lovely house and a well with a fence around it and a little bridge in front. Here on this page are his building plans which tell you just how he did it.
Now, Children, since you know how Mr. Elf built his house, you, too, can get some peas and soak them in water until they are quite soft. Instead of Mr. Elf's reeds you can use toothpicks. Then you can cut some bright paper for the roof and the walks. If you follow the plans carefully, your finished model of Mr. Elf's house will look like the one on the opposite page. But remember to let it dry so that it will become very hard and firm. Some day, perhaps, a little homeless Elf will see it and like it so well that he will come to live in it.
G. BRADLEIGH WRIGHT.
THE STEPS
FOLD A "FAN" AND STICK A PICK THROUGH EACH SIDE
THE BRIDGE
CARDBOARD
THIS SHOWS THE UNDER SIDE OF THE BRIDGE. SEE THE HOLES THAT HOLD THE RAILING.
THE WELL
THIS SHOWS HOW TO PUT THREE PEAS ON HALF A PICK TO MAKE THE SIDES OF THE LITTLE WELL
ALFIE ELF.
THE FENCE
MAKE LITTLE LEGS TO HOLD UP THE FENCE, WITH SHORT PIECES
CHIMNEY
HOW TO CUT AND FOLD IT.
THE HOUSE
USE TWO PICKS BETWEEN EACH PEA. MAKE ALL FOUR SIDES OF THE HOUSE BEFORE YOU PUT ON THE ROOF FRAME


HOW YOUR
MODEL OF
ALFIE ELF'S
LITTLE
HOUSE
SHOULD LOOK

The DOG and his SHADOW

ONE day a very naughty dog
Thought he would have a treat,
So, from the butcher's boy, he stole
Two pounds or so of meat.

Then off he trotted hurriedly
Across the field to find
A quiet place where he might eat
In perfect peace of mind.

At last he trotted on a bridge
That crossed a little brook.
The brook was laughing merrily,
So doggie stopped to look.

That doggie was a thieving dog,
And thieving dogs like that
Are apt to look around to see
What brooks are laughing at.

His stolen piece of meat was held
Between his guilty teeth,
As that bad dog looked down and snarled
At little brook beneath.

He growled once and then some more.
His snarly face was grim,
For there, beneath his very nose,
A bad dog glared at him!

That other dog was bad as he,
And it was no relief
For *our* bad dog to notice that
The *other* was a thief.

For he, too, gripped between his teeth
A monstrous piece of meat
Which looked much bigger than his own
And forty times as sweet.

Now our bad dog grew jealous of
The *other* thieving chap,
So, at the bigger piece of meat,
Our doggie gave a snap.

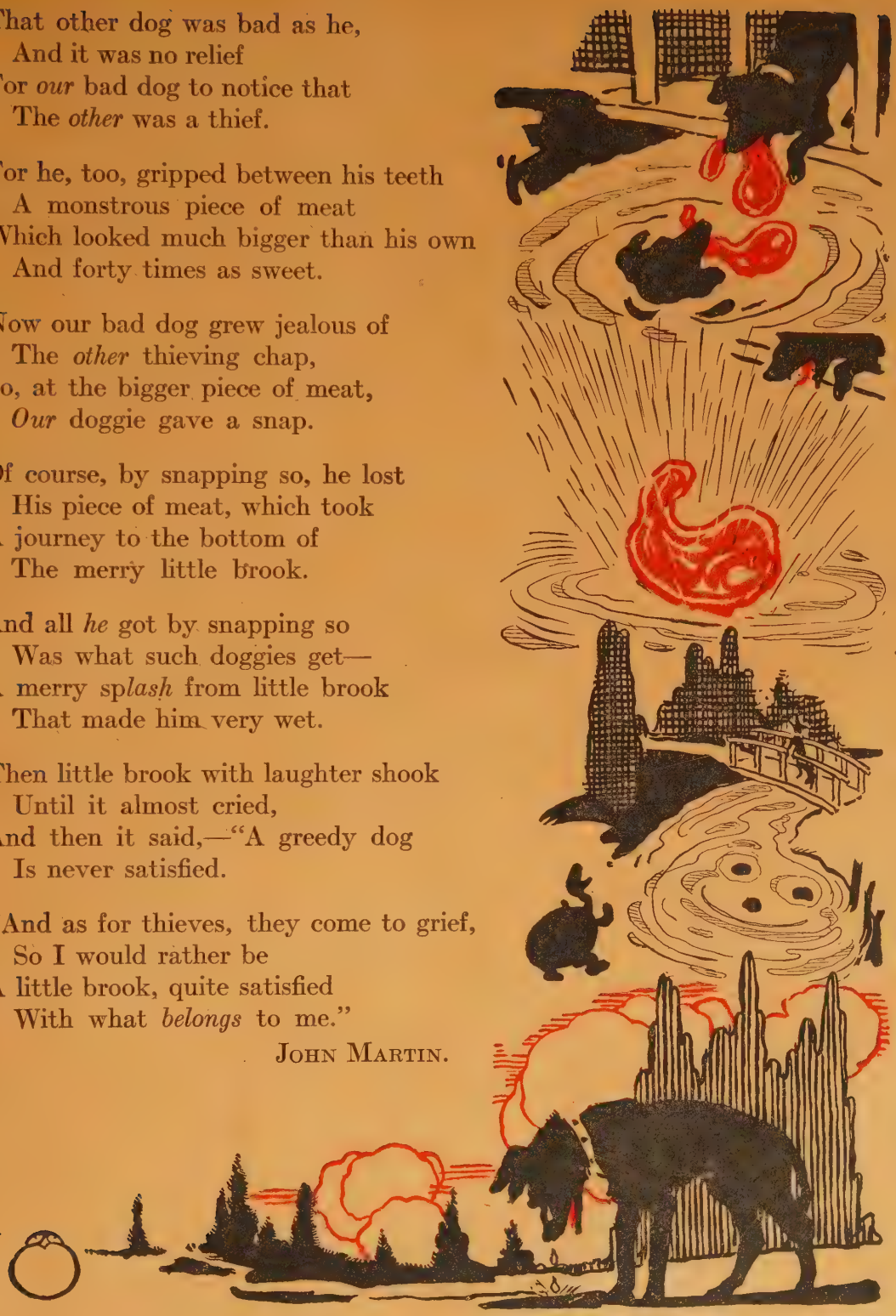
Of course, by snapping so, he lost
His piece of meat, which took
A journey to the bottom of
The merry little brook.

And all *he* got by snapping so
Was what such doggies get—
A merry sp*lash* from little brook
That made him very wet.

Then little brook with laughter shook
Until it almost cried,
And then it said,—"A greedy dog
Is never satisfied.

"And as for thieves, they come to grief,
So I would rather be
A little brook, quite satisfied
With what *belongs* to me."

JOHN MARTIN.



The LIBERTY BELL and OUR LIBERTY

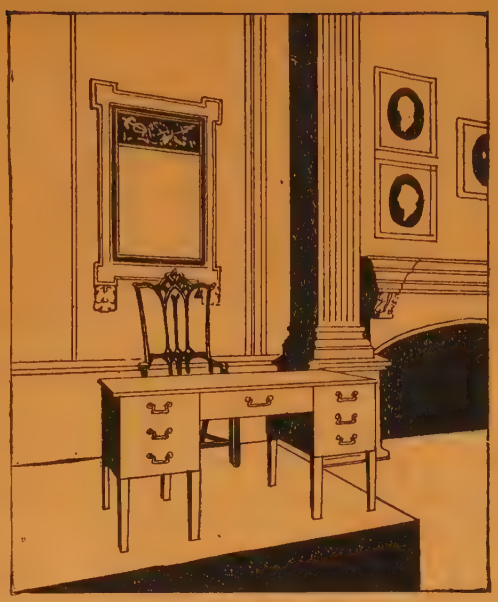
CHERISHED as the most precious relic of the birth of this nation, the Liberty Bell is each year growing more dear to the American people. It recalls, more vividly than anything else, the stirring days when the thirteen colonies threw off the rule of England, and the memorable day when it proclaimed liberty throughout all the land.

The Liberty Bell was first cast in England. It was modeled after the famous big bell called "Old Tom" which was in the clock tower of Westminster in London. When the Liberty Bell was brought to this country, it was so badly damaged on the long journey that it had to be recast.

For many years the bell called the people together to meet in Independence Hall in Philadelphia, where they assembled as loyal subjects under the British crown. Later it tolled out, calling them to important meetings where they sought to preserve their rights under the King of England, but at last, on the Fourth of July, 1776, the bell rang out in defiance of him.

Independence Hall has been called "the birthplace of liberty," for in this hall the Declaration of Independence was signed. That is the reason

this building is regarded as the most famous in America. It was built in 1732 as the seat of government and was so used until 1800.



Everything in this old building tells a story of our struggle for independence.

When you enter the large room where the famous document was signed, you see the high-backed chair used by John Hancock, the president of Congress. Here is the table upon which the Declaration of Independence was signed, and standing upon it are the solid silver inkstands and the box that held the sand. For you know that at that time there were no blotters, such as we have, and when one wished to dry the ink, he sprinkled it over with fine white sand; these old-fashioned silver sand shakers make one think of pepper boxes.

The scene appears before us as we look upon all these historic things—the Continental Congress gathered there, sitting in their high-backed chairs discussing for many weary hours the weighty problems. At last five men were appointed to draw up the Declaration of Independence to send to the king. Many days were spent in going over this paper, making changes here and there, until the final vote was taken, and the men pledged themselves to the cause of liberty and justice. John Hancock, the president of Congress, was the first to sign his name. He dipped his quill pen deep into the silver inkstand and wrote in large, bold, black letters. Then, one after another, Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, Roger Sherman, Robert Livingston and the rest put their names to the paper which gave us our liberty.

As the proclamation of the Declaration of Independence was the most important event in the history of this country, so the calling of the people together to hear it read was the act that achieved everlasting fame for the historic bell, for it rang out in defiance of the King of England on the Fourth of July, 1776.

During the following years the old bell rang many times to tell of the

LAFAYETTE
Painted by SAMUEL F. B. MORSE
Now in Mayor's Room in New York City Hall

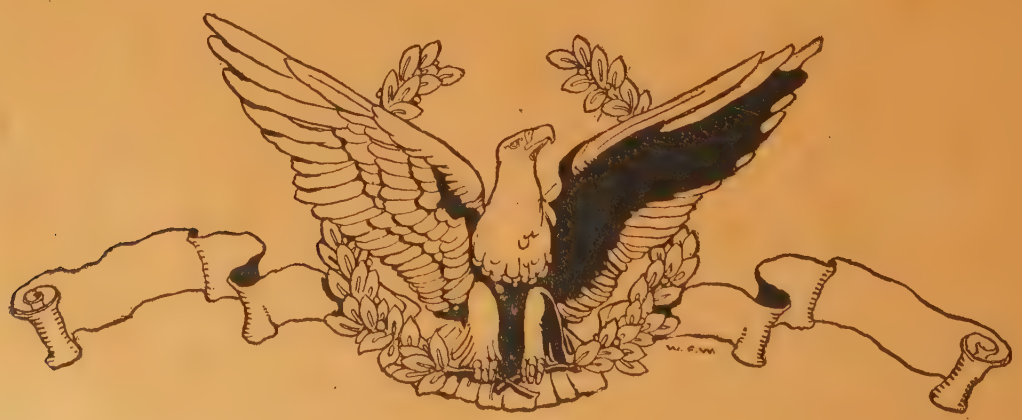
anniversary of that Independence Day. It also tolled for many a patriot who had given his life in the cause of liberty.

On September 29, 1824, a thin, gray old man was driven in a carriage up to the front doors of old Independence Hall in Philadelphia. A platform covered with carpet had been erected in front of the building, and the old man descended from the carriage, slowly mounted the platform, and, as he stood uncovered in the midst of a cheering multitude, the old Liberty Bell rang long and loud!

It was Lafayette. He had come to visit America in his old age, and moved, perhaps, by an old man's desire to revisit the great scenes of his youth, he had come to Philadelphia. For it was early in 1777 that Lafayette came to help us fight for our liberty and shared with our poor, ragged soldiers the dreadful winter at Valley Forge. Lafayette had loved our old Liberty Bell when he was just a boy soldier.

The Liberty Bell was rung at intervals until 1835. Washington, Jefferson, Adams, and Lafayette were laid to rest while the muffled bell tolled the sadness in the people's hearts. But the bell suddenly cracked one day and became silent forever. Now it has an honored place at the foot of the stairway in Independence Hall, the silent symbol of a nation's freedom.

C. L. CHEEVER.



RUTH and NAOMI

VERY often, in the days of long, long ago, great famines came upon the earth. When the people could not raise enough grain in one part of the country, they would gather together their few belongings and move to a more fertile land. Moving was simpler in those days than it is now!

Among the people who left Bethlehem-Judah, because of a famine, was a man with his wife, Naomi, and their two sons. On and on they traveled, now walking, now riding on the backs of donkeys. It was a slow and tiring journey, but there were no fast trains nor trolley cars to take the people where they wished to go.

At last they came to the land of Moab. The fields were covered with ripening grain and with all kinds of fruits. It was an ideal place for the new home. Before very long, the travelers were settled there, and although it was to them a foreign land, they were content for they loved each other and they no longer knew what it was to want for food.

After the family had been in their new home for a short time, the father died. Then the two sons married girls of Moab and brought them home to the house of Naomi to live. Naomi grew to love her new daughters, Orpah and Ruth, very dearly.

But when later, Naomi's sons died,

she longed to go back to her people in Bethlehem-Judah. She had been happy in Moab, yet without her husband and her sons, she had no desire to stay longer in this strange place. Messages came to her that the famine in her own home land was over. Once again there was plenty of food there.

So, happy that she was once more to see those she loved, Naomi started on her journey homeward. Ruth and Orpah started out with her, for it was hard to say good-bye. Probably they would never see her again.

When the three women came to the place where they must separate, the girls said they would go on with Naomi to the end of her journey. It made them very, very sad to think of leaving their mother. But Naomi knew how lonely it would be for them among strangers who spoke a different language and whose customs were not the same. So she tried to persuade her sons' wives to leave her and to return to their own people.

Orpah finally yielded and kissed Naomi good-bye. But Ruth refused to remain in her own country, the land of Moab. She knew that Naomi was growing old, and she would not let her mother make the long journey alone. Besides, she loved Naomi dearly. Naomi had taken Ruth into her home, had loved her and had been a real Mother to her. Now there was an opportunity for Ruth to show Naomi how very dear she was to her.

So, clinging to the older woman, Ruth said, "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people and thy God, my God. Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

When Naomi saw how unhappy it would make Ruth if they went

different ways, she agreed to let Ruth go on with her. Then they could live together in the land of Naomi's people.

They reached Bethlehem-Judah at the beginning of the barley harvest, when the people were bringing in the grain. Ruth left Naomi to gather grain in the fields, so that they might have food. It happened that the field to which Ruth went belonged to Boaz, one of Naomi's relatives.

When Boaz saw this strange young girl gathering up the grain after the reapers, he called one of the men to him.

"Who is the girl?" he asked. "She is not from this land, I know, for she is unlike the people of my country."

The reapers told Boaz how she had left her country, the land of Moab, to return with and take care of Naomi. Ruth looked so lonely, and yet so sweetly brave, that the man's heart was touched. He greatly admired the Moabitish girl for giving up everything that was dear to her in order that she might take care of one who was not her own mother.

"Perhaps," he thought, "I can do something that will make her feel more at home here among strangers. Then she will know how much I respect her for her loving sacrifice."

So, Boaz told Ruth she might glean in his field with his maidens until the end of the harvest. He gave orders that none of the young men working in the fields were to disturb her at her work. And the reapers were commanded to drop handfuls of the golden grain for Ruth to glean.

Ruth's heart was filled with gratitude to Boaz. She soon forgot that she was in a strange land, for she was with Naomi, whom she loved dearly. It made her very happy when Boaz told the elders of the city that he wished to marry Ruth so that he might take care of her and Naomi.

But the greatest joy came to Ruth when a little son was born to her, who would love her as she had loved Naomi. And if you will follow the story of Ruth still farther you will find that this little baby became the grandfather of King David, and so, through him, Ruth was one of the ancestors of Jesus.

CONSTANCE NAAR.

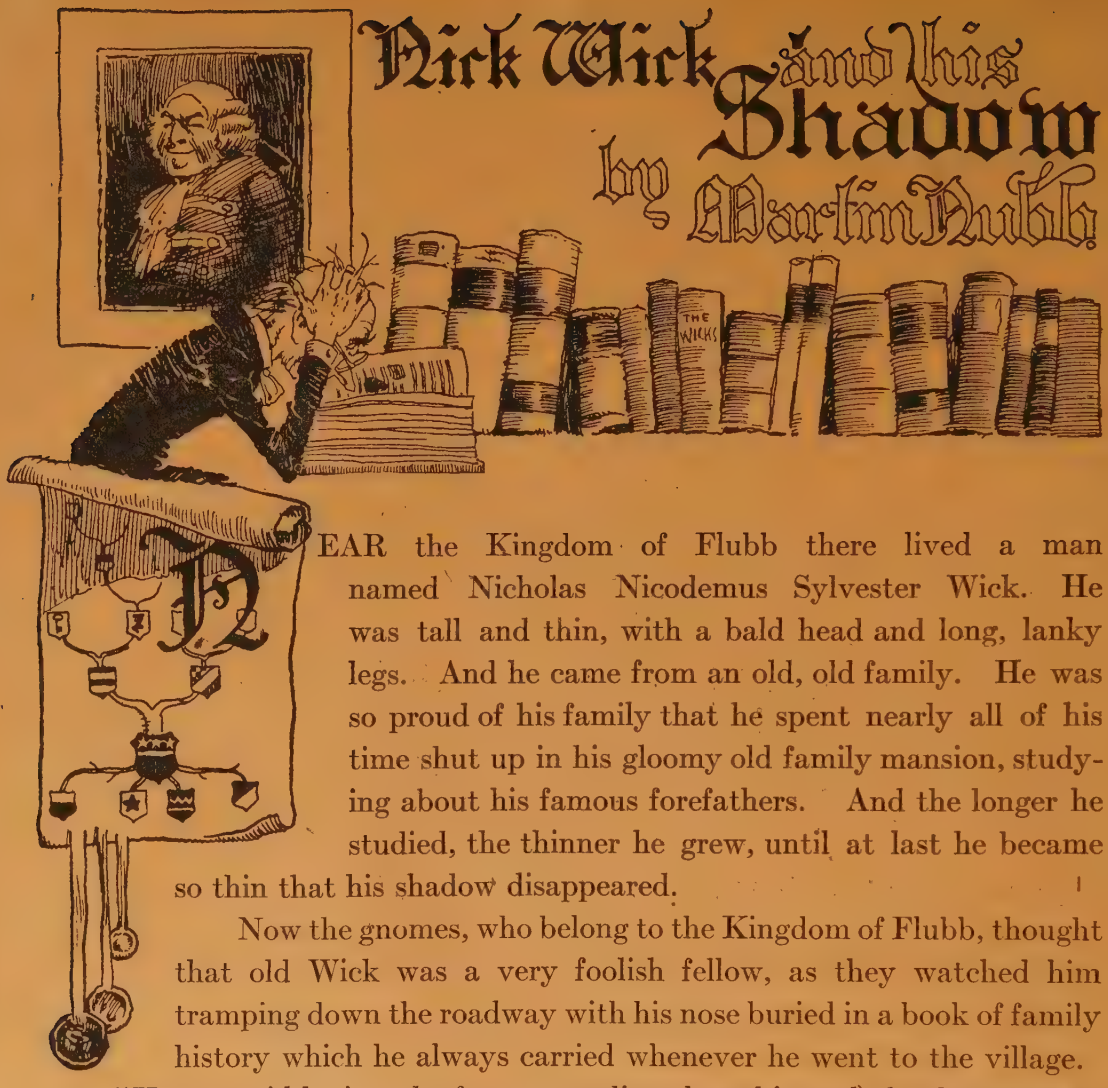
A SILLY STORY U READ IT?

look a walk 1 ny day,
2 C what could C.
a a a
A dr ing T.
winked my , I made a
raised my day
4 had never Ceen B4
A doing t .
"O Y do U
Thus dr of T?"
"O " said he, "thusly d .
2 d it up, UC."

BAY OF EMERALDS

Nick Wick and his Shadow

by Martin Rubb



NEAR the Kingdom of Flubb there lived a man named Nicholas Nicodemus Sylvester Wick. He was tall and thin, with a bald head and long, lanky legs. And he came from an old, old family. He was so proud of his family that he spent nearly all of his time shut up in his gloomy old family mansion, studying about his famous forefathers. And the longer he studied, the thinner he grew, until at last he became so thin that his shadow disappeared.

Now the gnomes, who belong to the Kingdom of Flubb, thought that old Wick was a very foolish fellow, as they watched him tramping down the roadway with his nose buried in a book of family history which he always carried whenever he went to the village.

"How stupid he is to be forever reading those big, ugly books, when he ought to be sailing boats down the brook or chasing butterflies," they said to each other.

But old Wick never knew what the gnomes thought about him; for he always wore a pair of heavy reading glasses. And, though these glasses made printed words stand out sharp and clear, they blurred objects that stood a few feet away so that he never saw the sunbeams dancing on the leaves, or the bees in the flowers, or any of the thousand and one really interesting things that were going on all about him. Of course he never saw the gnomes, for one has to look sharp to catch a glimpse of them.

But one bright summer afternoon, on his way home, he noticed that his glasses had become very dusty, so he stopped to take them off and wipe them on his cambric handkerchief.

As he did so, his eyes fell on the long deep shadows cast by the trees along the roadside, and he noticed, for the first time, that *he* had no shadow.

"Dear, dear," he exclaimed, aloud. "This will never do. If, as they say, even a coming event casts its shadow before, how much more reason that I, Nicholas Nicodemus Sylvester Wick, should cast one, also. I am sure that great-grandfather Gregory must have cast a great blob of a shadow. And my great-uncle, General Philander Pettibone Wick, must have had one nearly as large. Something must be done about this!"

He scratched his head, wrinkled his brows, and thought very hard.

"Perhaps," he said, aloud, "if I were to walk away and then come back to this spot again, my shadow would be twice as thick, and would be visible."

He walked back a few steps, and then returned to the same spot and looked again. Sure enough, there was a shadow. It was very faint and thin, but it *was* a shadow.

"I must do better than that," he said. So he began walking back and forth, back and forth, and each time the shadow became thicker and blacker, until it became as fine and heavy a shadow as even a Wick could ask for. He could see it even through his reading glasses. All the way home he watched it, feeling prouder than ever.

Meanwhile Tic, the Gnome, had been watching Nicholas Nicodemus Sylvester Wick from behind a toadstool. After Wick had trudged on out of sight, Tic scampered over to tell the news to Toc, who lay sprawled out on a grassy mound, peeping down an ant hill and watching the ants carrying in their winter supply of food.

"Let's see if we can't spoil his shadow," Toc said,

after Tic had told him what had happened. "I don't like shadows—except to sleep in on hot afternoons—and old Wick casts enough gloom when he goes by in his old black coat without dragging an ugly shadow along."

So the two put their heads together and thought out a plan. The next morning they went down to a thicket by the brook and dragged a great load of brambles back to the roadside.

By and by they saw old Wick coming. So they scattered the brambles all across the roadway and waited.

Along came Wick, looking back at his shadow every few minutes. As he walked through the brambles, his shadow, dragging along behind, caught on the thorns and was torn full of great holes.

Wick could scarcely believe his eyes when he turned and saw what had happened. He picked the shadow up and stared at it in dismay. Then he dropped it and tried to walk away from it. But, even when he ran, it

stuck fast to his heels. He tried to kick it loose. But it was no use, for once a person has a shadow, there is no way to get rid of it.

Wick felt so ashamed of his torn shadow that he went home by a round-about lane, so no one would see him. And that evening he tried putting out all the lights so that the shadow would not show. But that only made things worse, for in the dark the holes showed as white spots.

From that day Wick became very sad and gloomy. Having a *torn* shadow hurt his pride worse than having no shadow at all. He could no longer keep his mind on his books. So at last he put his glasses away on the mantel and went out for a walk; he must think of some way to have his shadow mended.

It was a bright sunny day, and, as he walked along he began, for the first time in years, to notice the birds, and the flowers, and the sunshine. Indeed, he quite forgot about his trouble until, suddenly, he heard a small, chuckling voice, calling:

"Nick, Nick, S. Wick
"Tore his shadow on a stick!"

Stooping over, he peered carefully all around and at last caught sight of Tic and Toc, seated on a moss covered stone.

"Oho!" cried Wick, "if you know so much about my tearing my shadow, maybe you can tell me how to have it mended."

Tic and Toc only laughed at this, and started to scramble down off the stone, intending to run away. But it just happened that they were right by the spot in the roadside where Wick had torn his shadow, and, as they ran, they stumbled into the brambles which had been kicked to the side of the road. The thorns caught Tic by the coat and held him fast, and, before he could wriggle loose, Wick had caught him.

"Now, are you going to help me?" Wick asked, quite sternly.

"Oh yes, I will," cried Tic, "if you'll only let me go! Just let me down, and I'll take you to Ti Poo. He'll tell us what to do."

"And who is Ti Poo?" asked Wick, as he carefully set the Gnome down.

"Why, Ti Poo is the Master, who knows all, and who must answer all questions," Tic explained. "Come on, we'll go to see him."

Tic and Toc ran on ahead, and Wick followed them down through an opening in the rocks that led to the underground room where Ti Poo was at

work making out a list of all the places where chestnut trees grew, so that, when the gnomes went nutting in the fall, the directions would be ready.

Ti Poo looked up over his glasses.

"Aha," he said. "You've torn your shadow. I suppose you want to get it mended."

"I should like to," Wick replied, bowing politely. "I tried to sew on some patches, but the thread wouldn't hold."

"Of course not," said Ti Poo, nodding wisely. "The only way is to have the holes painted out. Run down to the deepest cavern underneath the waterfall," he said to Tic and Toc, "and bring back some of the midnight dew that the bats' wings are dyed with."

Tic and Toc scampered away, down through a trap door, and soon returned with the midnight dew. Then Ti Poo told them to put out all the lights but the one which he held. They set to work at once, and in a few minutes the holes were all painted out.

"You must be very careful of your shadow for a while," said Ti Poo, as Wick thanked the gnomes and started to leave. "First of all you must sit in the sunshine all the rest of the afternoon till it's well baked. Your shadow never would have torn like that if it had been properly baked."

"I'll attend to it at once," said Wick, as he left, holding his shadow very carefully to keep it from tearing again.

When he reached the fields, he picked out a fine grassy mound in the sunshine and spread his shadow out to bake. As he sat there, feeling very contented and happy, he began to think how much nicer it was to be out of doors than to be shut up indoors all the time reading his stuffy books. From that day he began spending more and more time out of doors. The fresh air and sunshine gave him such a fine appetite that he began getting stouter and stouter, until he had to have a new suit of clothes made, for his old ones became so tight that they pinched him.

Old Wick still has his fine black shadow, which is just the right size for him now. He baked it so well that he can go through a whole field of brambles without tearing it. But he never thinks about it any more. And he never spends any more time reading the musty old family books which he packed away up in the attic. He is too much interested in raising bees.

He sat on a rock and baked his shadow.

THE LITTLE BOY and the WHITE HORSE

ONCE there was a Little Boy playing out in the front yard. While he was playing, the White Horse came along.

"Would you like to go to ride?" said the White Horse.

"Oh, yes!" said the Little Boy.

"Well, jump right up on my back and I'll take you to ride," said the White Horse.

"I can't, because you're too tall," said the Little Boy.

"I'll kneel down," said the White Horse. So he knelt down and the Little Boy put his foot up just as *high* as he could but it wasn't high enough.

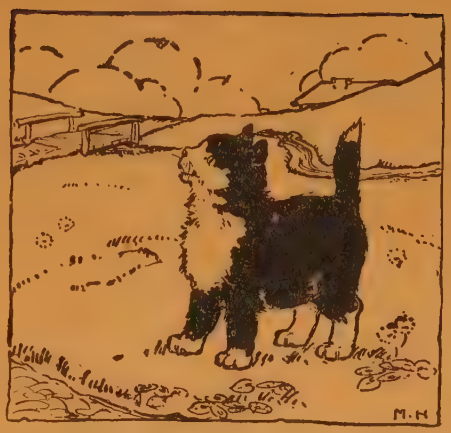
"I know what I'll do," said the Little Boy, and he ran fast into the house and brought out his little red chair. Then he put the little red chair close by the White Horse and he climbed up on it, and then he put his foot up and he was right on top of the White Horse's back. Then the White Horse got up *very* carefully and they went down the road taking a ride.

Very soon they heard something say "Bow-wow! Bow-wow!" and there by the road was a Curly Dog, sitting on his hind legs, begging.

"Shall we invite the Curly Dog to take a ride?" asked the White Horse.

"Oh, yes!" said the Little Boy. So they asked the Curly Dog and he scrambled up into the Little Boy's lap and cuddled down and the Little Boy sm-oo-oo-thed his head.

Very soon they heard something say, "Miaou! Miaou!" and there was a dear little Furry Kitty.



"Shall we ask the Furry Kitty to take a ride?" said the White Horse.

"Oh, yes!" said the Little Boy. So they asked the soft Furry Kitty and she scrambled up into the Little Boy's Lap, and cuddled down by the Curly Dog and the Little Boy smoo-oothed her head.

And they went down the road across the bridge, around the corner, and they came to the store. They bought a bone for the Dog, and a saucer of milk for the Kitty, and a lump of sugar for the White Horse, and a stick of candy for the Little Boy. Then they rode into the woods, and they all sat around in a circle and had a picnic. The Curly Dog ate up the bone, and the Kitty ate the milk, and the White Horse ate the sugar, and the Little Boy ate the candy. While they sat there having a picnic, a little bird sang them a song.

Then they rode home again, through the woods, across the bridge, up the road to the Little Boy's house. And the Dog and the Kitty went into the house and lived with the Little Boy, and the White Horse went to the stable and had some oats.

Adapted from an old story by

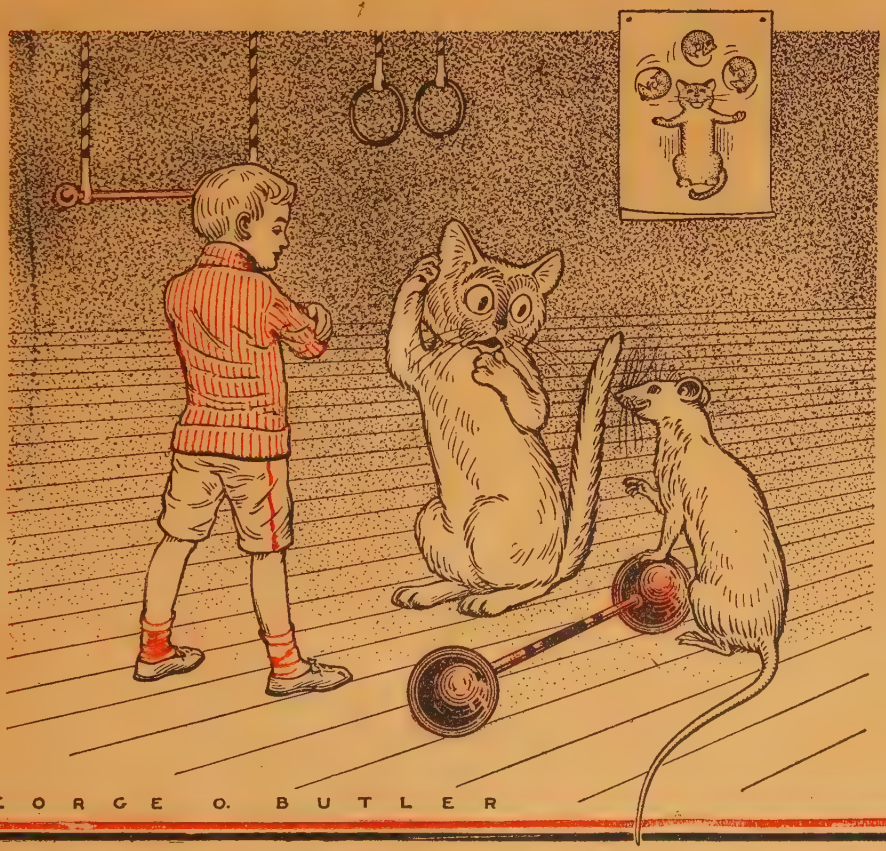
JEAN RUGGLES.

MARJORIE HARTWELL

LAST NIGHT

I WAS IN DREAMLAND AND I SAW THE QUEEREST THINGS,—A CROOKED RAILROAD-STATION AND A PIG WITH LEATHER WINGS,—A BIRD WITH SILKY WHISKERS AND A HALIBUT WHO SINGS, WHILE A CHIPMUNK PLAYS THE MUSIC ON A HALF-A-DOZEN THINGS

"What trick would you like best to see?"
Asked Bob of Mr. Rat.
"Well," he replied, "'Twould best please me
To see you Skin the Cat."



GEORGE O. BUTLER

WERE you ever in the Vermillion Sea? It's very handy. When I sailed aboard the old Beauty of the Pacific along of Captain Stunsell, we used to pass a month or so every summer in the Vermillion Sea, a-painting of the old ship. This Vermillion Sea provided our crew with red shirts, red noses, and red handkerchiefs, to say nothing of making us a red-handed lot, as ye may see by our sails.

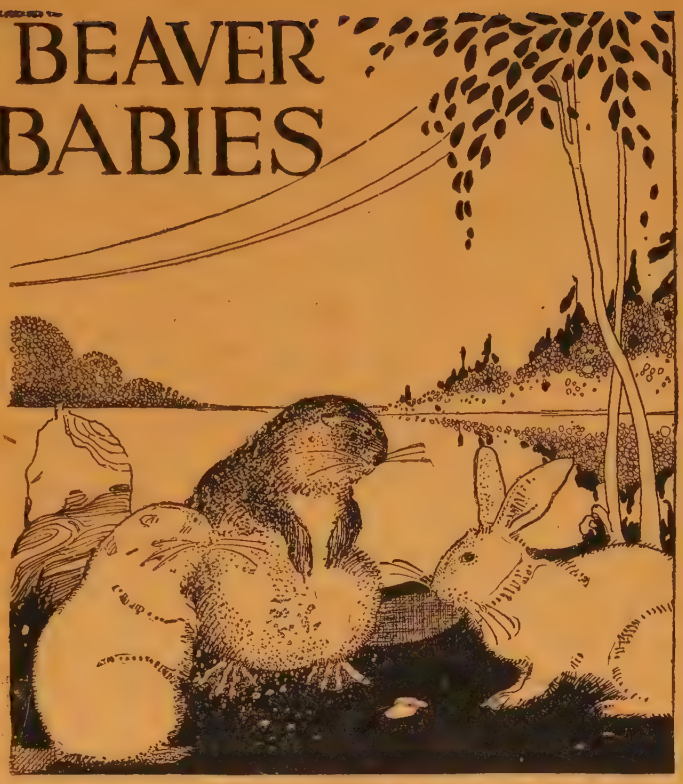
I'VE seen some tidy waves in my time, but off Cape Horn's the place for big ones. I saw a wave there once when I was quarter-master aboard the Little Jane! Well, you can see for yourself in the picture. The hurricanes in these latitudes were worthy of notice, as ye may see by the way mountain peaks were blown off. This very peak fell on the deck of the Little Jane and was later used for a vegetable garden when green food ran short.

AN AWKWARD AUTUMN SCENE.

[FOR LITTLE PEOPLE TO PAINT]

HERE'S another Autumn scene;
YELLOW Sun, so sunny.
Trees of GREEN and bricks of RED,
People BROWN and funny.
Houses BROWN and fences WHITE;
GREEN for grass and clover;
Then with BLUE and smoky-GRAY
Paint your page all over.

BEAVER BABIES



THERE was great excitement on Beaver Creek. Reason enough there was, too; for, of the four baby beavers that had just arrived at Daddy Beaver's house, one of them was WHITE.

Beavers are generally black or reddish-brown, and only once in ever so long a time is there a white one. Never had such a thing happened in Daddy Beaver's family before, so he was very much excited. He went swimming around among his neighbors, telling the news to every one he met. Hermit Beaver looked wise and said he had known of a few such cases, but Peter Rabbit declared he never had, so he ran about his business and to tell the news to all the wild-woods people.

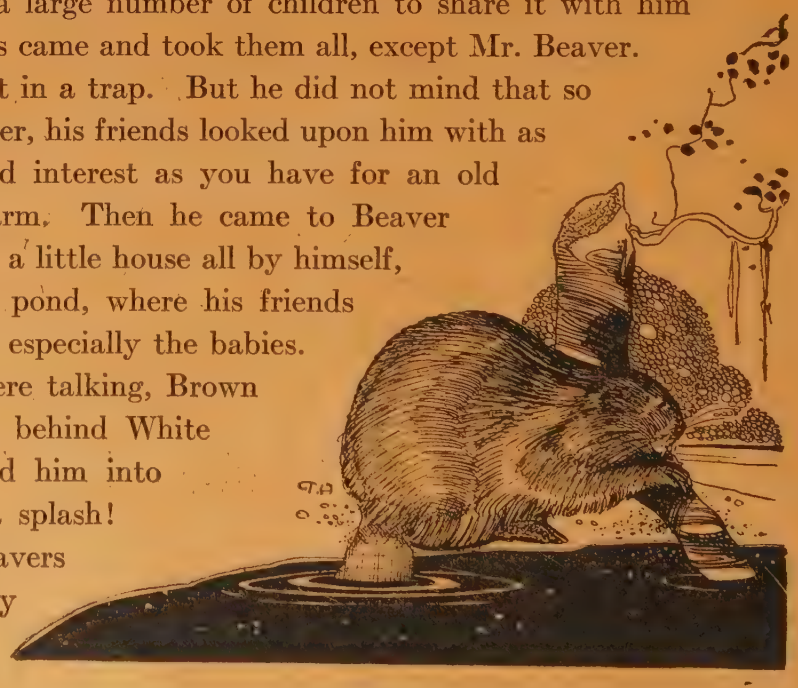
In the beaver lodge the four baby beavers were as cozy as could be. It was a good-sized house for a beaver family, but it would have been hardly large enough for a playhouse for you. The floor was about five inches from the water, and on one side of it was a most comfortable beaver bed made of shredded cedar bark (dear me, I came very nearly saying shredded wheat!) The other side was used for a dining room, and there were two round openings in the floor which led down into tunnels built to get into the pond. The baby beavers, with eyes wide open, were peeping around in every nook, their little teeth gleaming whenever they opened their mouths. Of course, they did not know how fortunate they were to have been born with teeth, and not have to *cut* them as human babies do. They had tiny forefeet which looked like little hands, and their hind feet were webbed like a duck's, but,

in the centre of each of them were two sharp little claws that served as a comb for their fur. When they were two weeks old, the baby beavers took their first swim, and, although they had never been taught, they could swim as well as their daddy. Afterwards, they went upon the bank to sun themselves and comb their fur, when along came Peter Rabbit to make their acquaintance, and politely to say that he had "heard of them before."

When Daddy Beaver and his neighbors came to this beautiful place in search of a new home, having eaten all the food that grew about the old one, they had first to make a pond to build their houses in. So they went right to work with tooth and tail cutting down trees and laying them across the creek until they had a big dam. It was heaps of work for they had to cut the trees down with their teeth, which are sharp and strong and as yellow as an orange.

A beaver dam is one of the most useful things you can imagine. It not only holds back the water to make a pond where the beavers may store their food and build their houses, but it serves as a bridge where the creatures of the wilderness may cross the stream in safety, friends and foes alike. Peter Rabbit was a friend, of course, and that was why he stopped to talk with the beaver babies. After they were acquainted, Hermit Beaver told them stories. Once he had a nice home too, so he said, and there was a Mrs. Beaver and a large number of children to share it with him until some trappers came and took them all, except Mr. Beaver. Even he lost a foot in a trap. But he did not mind that so much, for, ever after, his friends looked upon him with as much kindness and interest as you have for an old soldier with one arm. Then he came to Beaver Creek and lived in a little house all by himself, at the end of the pond, where his friends loved to visit him, especially the babies.

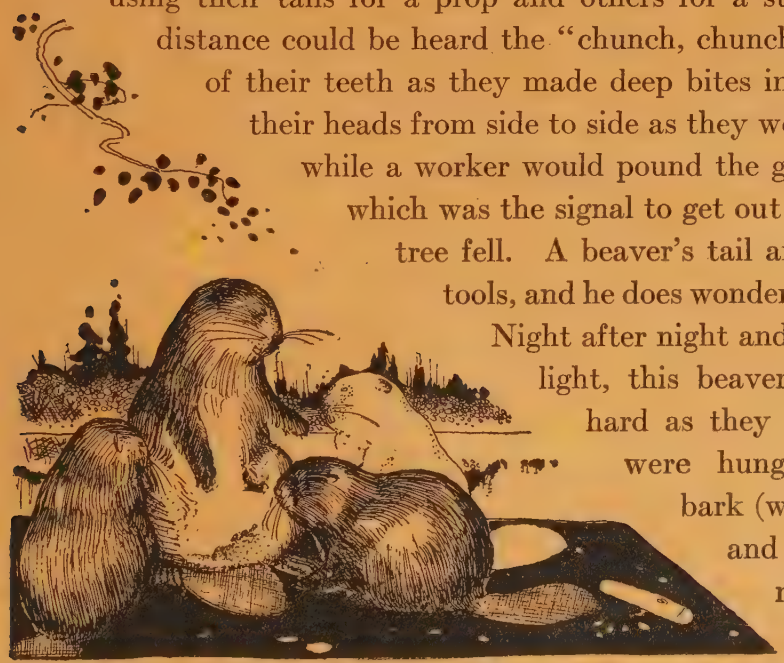
While they were talking, Brown Beaver slipped up behind White Beaver and pushed him into the pond. Such a splash! All the baby beavers heard it and they knew what it



meant just as you would if you heard one of the boys calling—"Come out and play!" so they rushed out for a game, pushing each other off the dam and playing tag in the water. Suddenly they heard another kind of splash. It was Daddy Beaver furiously hitting the water with his tail. That was a danger signal which they all knew, so every playful youngster dived under the water and made for home. It is a good thing beavers do not stop to ask questions, for in a second more a sly lynx stood on the dam looking very much disappointed at not being able to catch a nice, fat little beaver for his dinner.

One day all the daddy beavers on the pond took their wives and their children and started out for their summer vacation. Peter Rabbit went part way with them just for company, but, if he had not been a very polite little rabbit, he never could have helped laughing at the awkward way they walked. He felt just like saying, "Maybe you can beat me swimming, but you certainly are a joke on land," though, of course, he did not say it. In September they were all back again ready to repair their houses and the dam, and to get their winter's food stored in the bottom of the pond.

Every grown-up beaver in the community was busy as busy could be, and the young ones helped too, when they could. Most of the work was done at night. They sat with their paws against the trees, some of them using their tails for a prop and others for a stool, and for a long distance could be heard the "chunch, chunch, chunch, chunch," of their teeth as they made deep bites into the trees, tilting their heads from side to side as they worked. Every little while a worker would pound the ground with his tail, which was the signal to get out of the way before a tree fell. A beaver's tail and his teeth are his tools, and he does wonderful work with them. Night after night and sometimes by daylight, this beaver colony worked as hard as they could. When they were hungry, they ate tree bark (which is their bread), and sometimes pond-lily roots, with berries or mushrooms for



dessert. They plastered their houses thickly with mud, leaving only a tiny hole in the top. Hardly had they finished when it began to snow, and snow, and snow. Then Jack Frost came along and sealed them in tightly for the winter, where they knew they would be obliged to stay until spring, with her magic sunbeam keys, came to set them free.

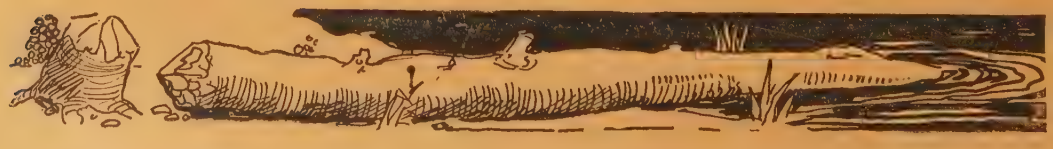
The beaver babies were dreadfully frightened the first time they heard a noise outside of their house and saw the shiny eyes of a wolverine gleaming through the hole in the top. They soon learned, however, that they might expect to hear all sorts of hungry, wild animals prowling about before the winter was over, but that they need have no fear in their strong, cozy house.

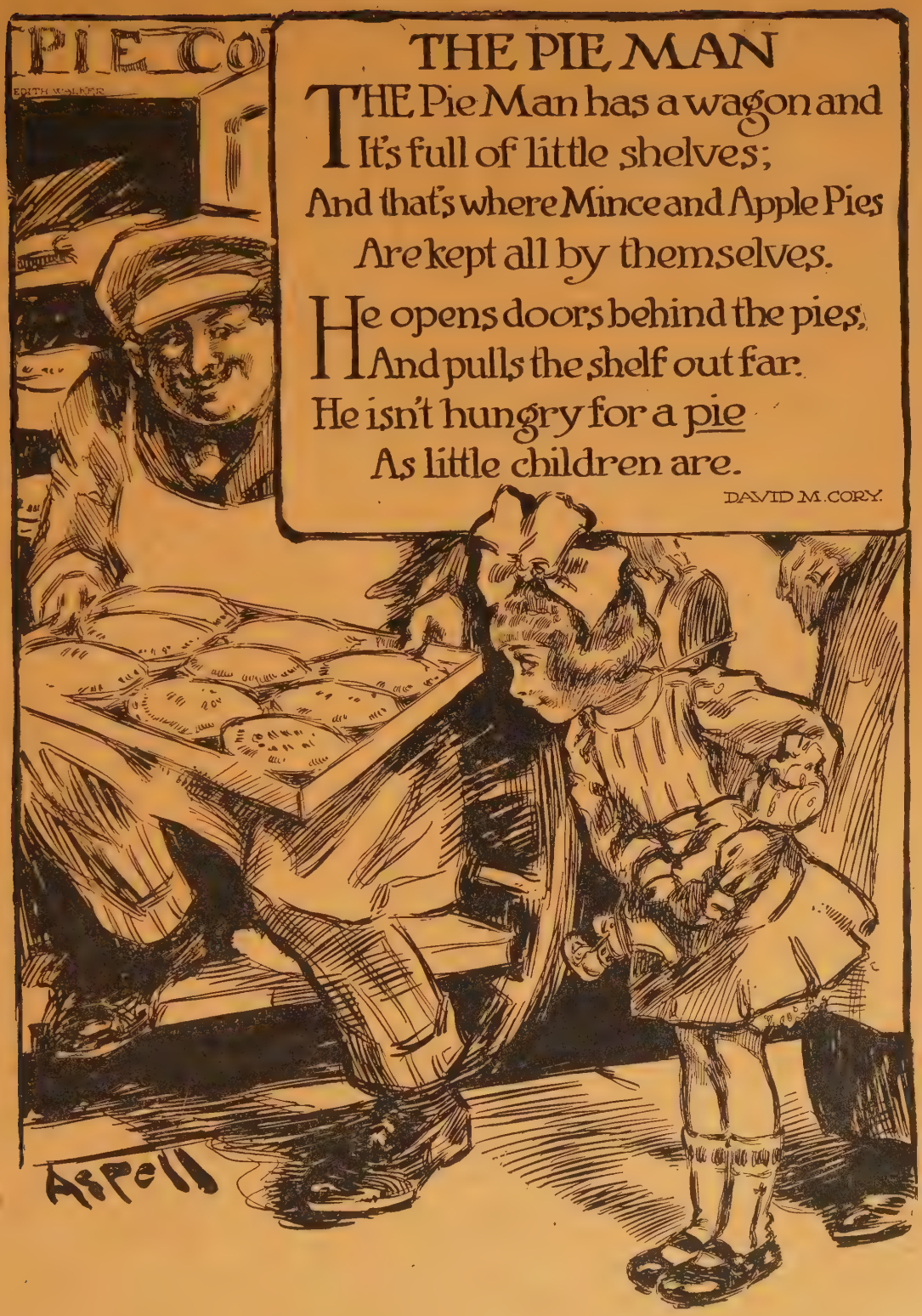
One day, right up through one of their private subways, came a family of muskrats, without ever having been invited. But the beaver family were very polite and neighborly so they made their guests welcome and shared with them the food for which they had worked so hard. The muskrats went away in the springtime and I truly hope they did not forget to say "thank you," but I am afraid muskrats do not always mind their manners.

One bright spring day Daddy Beaver called his family together for a consultation. They were all fat and sleek from their winter's rest and you wouldn't expect him to have a care on his mind. But Daddy Beaver was an animal of forethought and he was worried. He had been around the pond and he didn't see enough trees to furnish another winter's food. But White Beaver had an idea. His chum, Peter Rabbit, had been talking about a wonderful place several miles up the creek. It did not take long to get Peter Rabbit and to hear what he had to say. The council voted to follow his advice so, without more ado, they set out, for a beaver colony has no packing to do when they move from one home to another. Their tools are all they need, for building material will always be found in the new place.

Peter Rabbit and White Beaver led the way, with the rest of the family trailing on behind. When they reached the beautiful forest stream, they found enough food to last for years. They made White Beaver President, and Peter Rabbit Chief of Police. Then they went to work and built the strongest dam and the largest beaver house that had ever been seen.

MEREDITH WATERBURY



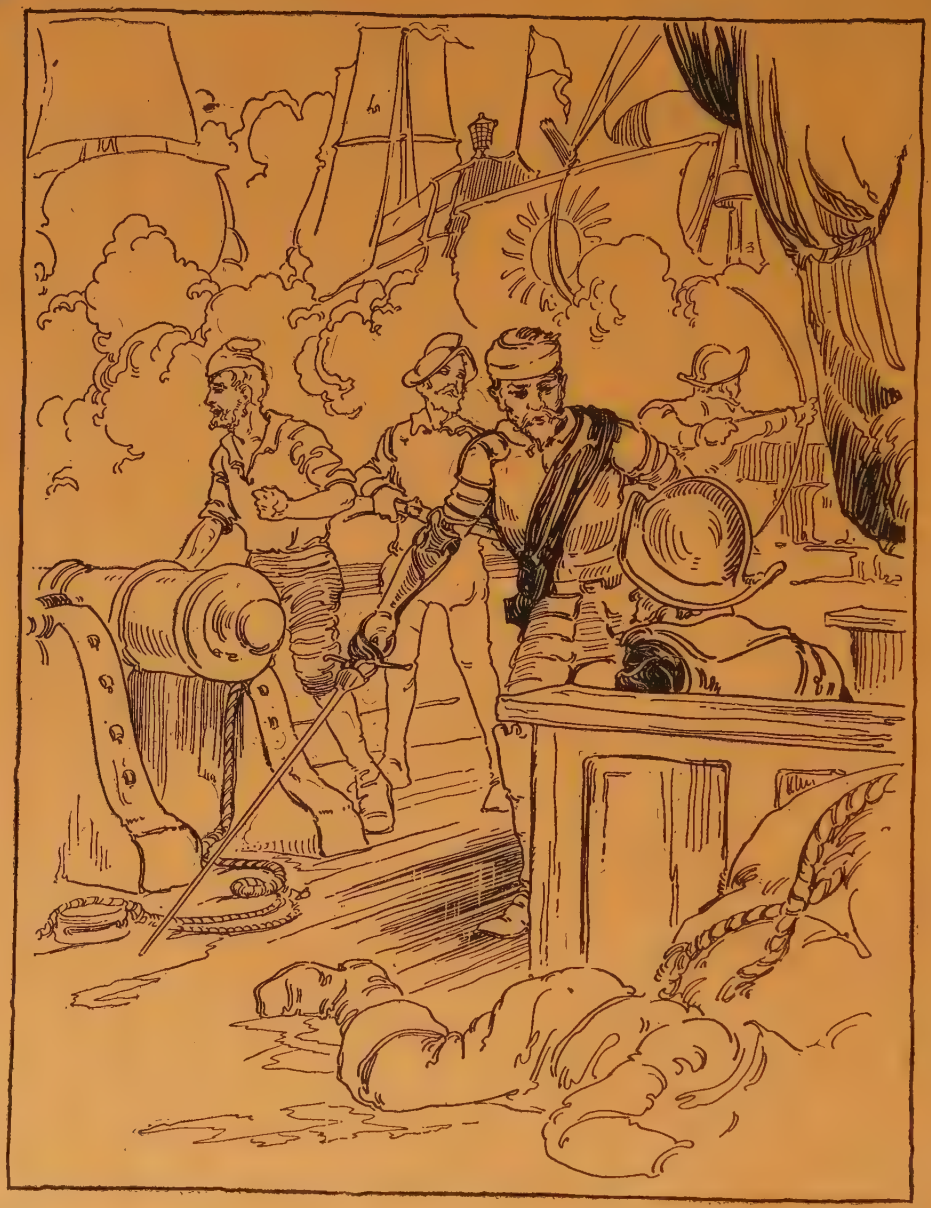


THE PIE MAN

THE Pie Man has a wagon and
It's full of little shelves;
And that's where Mince and Apple Pies
Are kept all by themselves.

He opens doors behind the pies,
And pulls the shelf out far.
He isn't hungry for a pie
As little children are.

DAVID M. CORY.



"Push home, my hardy pikemen for we play a desperate part;
To-day, my gunners, let them feel the pulse of England's heart!"

Sir Richard Grenville's Last Fight

by Gerald Massey

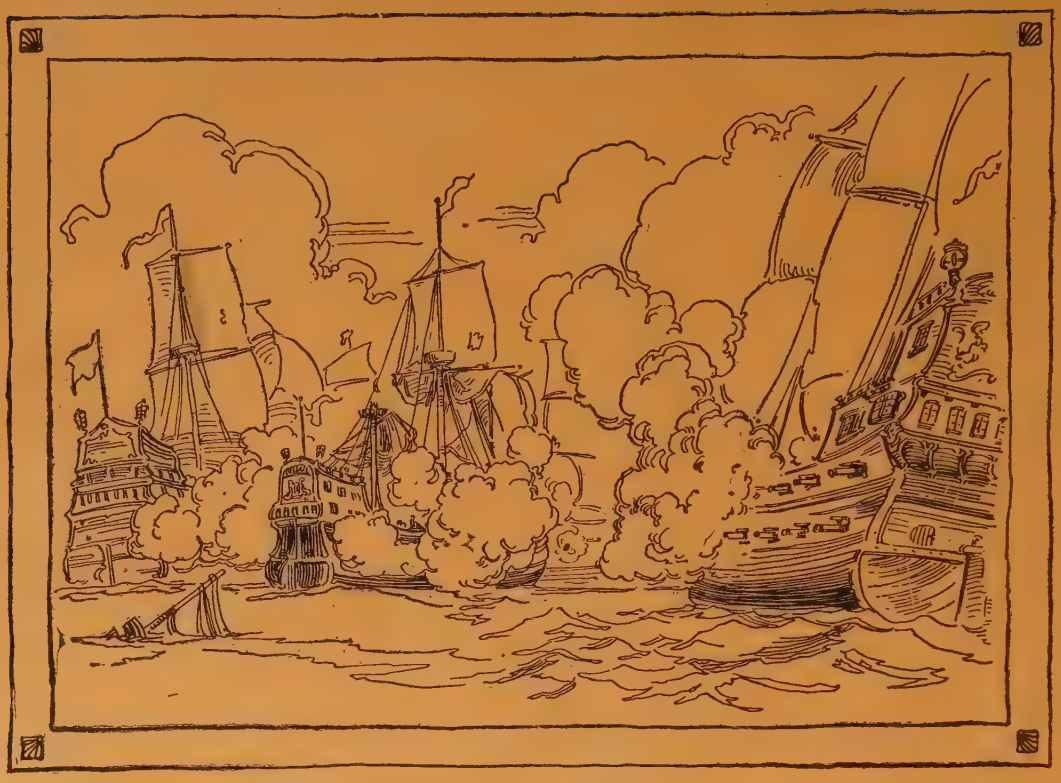
OUR second Richard Lion-Heart,
In days of great Queen Bess,
He did this deed of righteous rage,
And true old nobleness;
With wrath heroic that was nurst
To bear the fiercest battle-burst,
When willing foes should wreak their worst.

Signalled the English Admiral,
"Weigh or cut anchors." For
A Spanish fleet bore down in all
The majesty of war,
Athwart our tack for many a mile;
As there we lay off Florez Isle,
Our crews half sick; all tired of toil.

Eleven of our twelve ships escaped,
Sir Richard stood alone!
Though they were three-and-fifty sail—
A hundred men to one,
The old Sea-Rover would not run,
So long as he had man or gun;
But he could die when all was done.

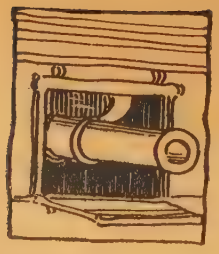
"The devil has broke loose, my lads,
In shape of haughty Spain;
And we must sink him in the sea,
Or hound him home again;
Now, you old sea-dogs, show your paws!
Have at them, tooth, and nail, and claws."
And then his long bright blade he draws.

The deck was cleared; the boatswain blew;
The grim sea-lions stand,
The death-fires lit in every eye:
The burning match in hand;
With mail of glorious intent
All hearts were clad; and in they went,
A force that cut through where 'twas sent.

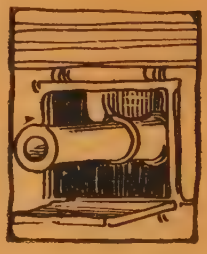


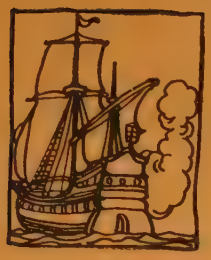
"Push home, my hardy pikemen!
For we play a desperate part;
To-day, my gunners, let them feel
The pulse of England's heart!
They shall remember long that we
Once lived; and think how shamefully
We shook them! one to fifty-three."

With face of one who cheerly goes
To meet his doom that day,
Sir Richard sprang upon his foes:
The foremost gave him way;
His round shot smasht them through and through;
The great white splinters fiercely flew:
And madder grew his fighting few.



They clasp the little ship *Revenge,*
As in the arms of fire;
They run aboard her, six at once;
Hearts beat and guns leap higher:
Through bloody gaps the boarders swarm;
But still our British storm;
The bulwark in their breast is firm.





Ship after ship, like broken waves
That wash upon a rock,
Those mighty galleons fall back foiled,
And shattered from the shock:
With fire she answers all their blows;
Again, again in pieces strows
The burning girdle of her foes.

Through all the night the great white storm
Of worlds in silence rolled;
Sirius with his sapphire sparkle;
Mars in ruddy gold;
Heaven lookt, with stillness terrible,
Down on a fight most fierce and fell:
A sea transfigured into hell.

Some know not they are wounded
Till 'tis slippery where they stand;
Some with their own good blood make fast
The pike-staff to their hand;
Wild faces glow through lurid night,
With sweat of spirit shining bright:
Only the dead on deck turn white.

At daybreak the flame-picture fades,
In blackness and in blood;
There! after fifteen hours of fight,
The unconquered Sea-King stood,
Defying all the powers of Spain:
Fifteen Armadas hurled in vain;
And fifteen hundred foemen slain.

Around that little bark *Revenge*,
The baffled Spaniards ride
At distance. Two of their good ships
Were sunken at her side,
The rest lie round her in a ring,
As round the dying lion-king,
The dogs, afraid of his death-spring.

Our pikes all broken; powder spent;
Sails, masts to shreds were blown;
And with her dead and wounded crew
The ship was going down!
Sir Richard's wounds were hot and deep;
Then cried he, with a proud pale lip,
"Ho! gunner, split and sink the ship."

"Make ready now, my mariners,
To go aloft with me:
That nothing to the Spaniard
May remain of victory.
They cannot take us, nor we yield;
So let us leave our battlefield
Under the shelter of God's shield."

They had not heart to dare fulfill
The stern commander's word;
With bloody hands and weeping eyes,
They carried him aboard
The Spaniard's ship; and round him stand
The warriors of his wasted band.
Then said he, feeling death at hand,

"Here die I, Richard Grenville,
With a joyful and quiet mind
I reached a soldier's end: I leave
A soldier's fame behind;
Who for his queen and country fought,
For honour and conviction wrought,
And died as a true soldier ought."

Earth never returned a worthier trust
For hand of Heaven to take,
Since Arthur's sword, Excalibur,
Was cast into the lake,
And the king's grievous wounds were dressed,
And healed by weeping queens who blessed,
And bore him to a valley of rest.

Old heroes who could grandly do
As they could greatly dare;
A vesture very glorious
Their shining spirits wear,
Of noble deeds. God give us grace,
That we may see such face to face,
In our great day that comes apace.

GERALD MASSEY.

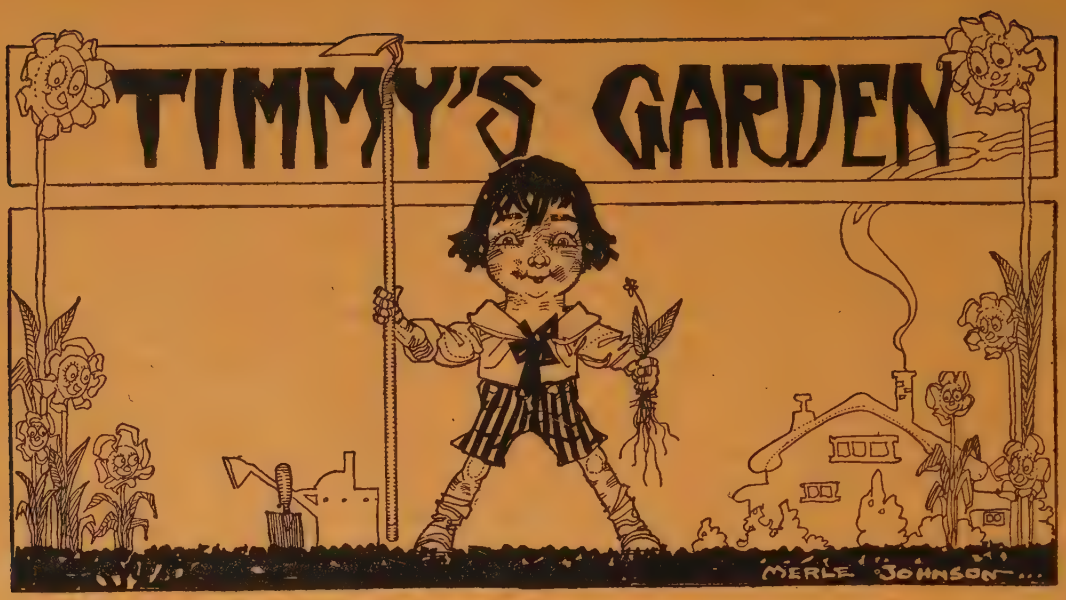
In 1591 Sir Richard Grenville was Vice Admiral in an expedition against the Spanish treasure ships in the Azores. They were attacked by a fleet of fifty Spanish ships and the sixteen English ships fled. But Sir Richard stayed and resisted with his one ship. He lived only a few days after the battle.

Dear Little John Mariner,

BOW
WOW, bow
wow! see me here.
Pat me gently, little
dear. Life is
full of WAGS
and cheer. Come,
let's frolic, come
let's play for to-day's
a merry day. We will
frolic long and hard.
friends and friendship
we will guard. Bones
to bury, things to fetch.
Here a yawn, and there a
stretch. Cows to bark at in
the meadow; fun in bushes
field and shadow. Hens
to chase from kitchen door.
Woods and tangles to explore.
Come, dear little friend, let's play.
Come enjoy this pleasant day.

Your faithful comrade
Bow-wow, the DOG.

VERSE BY CHARLOTTE BREWSTER JORDON



ONCE there was a little boy, by the name of Timmy, who didn't like to have his face and hands washed. Every time his mother said, "Come, Timmy boy, I want to wash your face and hands," he would hold back and say, "O dear, I just hate to have my hands and face washed! When I grow to be a big man I'll never, never wash my face and hands. See if I do!" That was very naughty of him to say and hurt his mother dreadfully.

Once he stamped all the way to the bathroom, and when he did that I'd rather not tell you what happened; but he never stamped again.

One morning when his mother called to him to come he began to say, as usual, "I hate to have my face and hands washed. When I grow to be a man I'll never, never, never wash my face and hands." Then his mother surprised him by saying,

"Very well, Timmy, you may go all day without having your face and hands washed. You needn't have them washed until to-morrow morning if you don't wish to." Timmy was so tickled he jumped up and down, and he hugged and kissed his mother and patted her face and said, "Thank you, thank you mother," for he really was a nice little boy most of the time. Then he ran out to play.

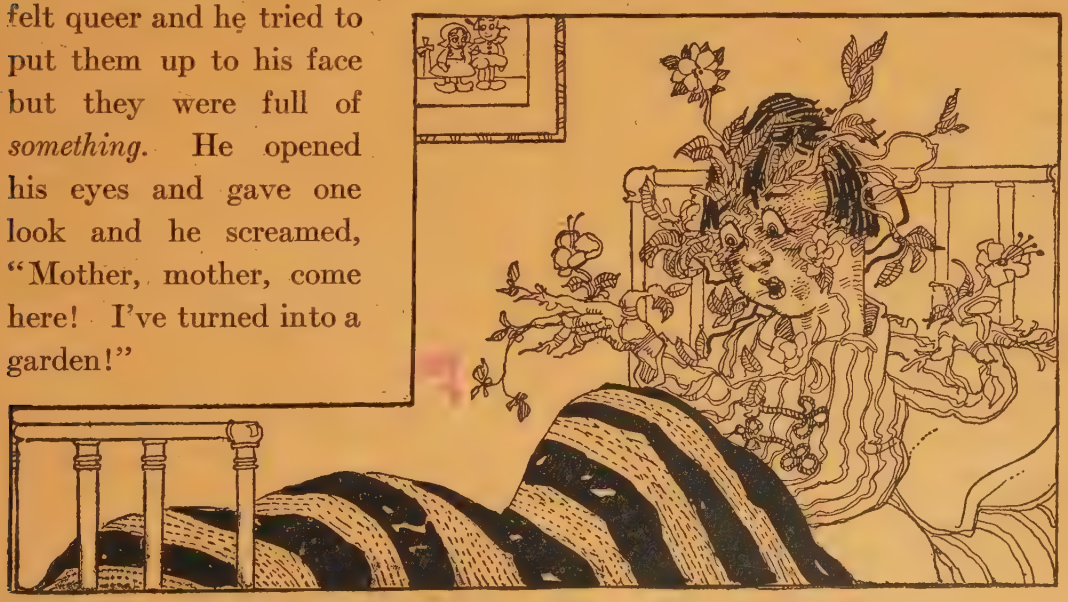
He was a very dirty boy when he came in to dinner but a very hungry one. He was glad that he didn't have to stop to wash his hands and face before he sat down to dinner. Father looked at him hard and started to say some-

thing when Mother said, "The pigs are in the clover to-day," and winked one eye at Father. Father said, "Oh, that's it. I see," and winked his eye back at Mother.

At supper Timmy looked forty times worse than he did at dinner. He had been working in his little garden all day, digging holes and planting little seeds. It was very warm and he had wiped the perspiration from his face with his grimy little hands, giving an unusual striped look. Once when a big stone fell on his toe and he had hopped around and cried a little all to himself, and the tears had ploughed two clean little paths down his cheeks.

So when he put his dirty, tired head on the nice clean pillow, he was just a little bit ashamed, and felt that he was using his mother and his pillow very badly. But he was too tired and sleepy to think much about it. Mother kissed him just the same, he knew that. He was asleep in two winks and dreamed he was a bumblebee trying to get honey out of the dirt instead of from the flowers.

Before he opened his eyes in the morning he had a strange feeling about his face and hands and that something was not just right. His hands felt queer and he tried to put them up to his face but they were full of *something*. He opened his eyes and gave one look and he screamed, "Mother, mother, come here! I've turned into a garden!"



When his mother saw him, she cried out to his father, "Come quick, Timmy has turned into a garden."

He was a strange looking sight I can tell you. On his left cheek was a huge head of lettuce while on his right a pansy plant was blooming. In one hand grew several radishes and up the other arm twined a morning glory vine ending in a blossom just below his ear.

"What under the living sun!" began Father and then he suddenly stopped. "You didn't wash your face and hands all day yesterday, Timmy, did you?"

"No, Father," said Timmy.

"Didn't you wash them before you went to bed!"

"No, Father," again replied Timmy.

"Working in your little garden, oh, yes. You see all the seeds got mixed up in so much dirt on your face that during the night they grew. Now we shall have to see how to get these things off. You sit here, Timmy boy, and we'll begin on that head of lettuce."

How Timmy yelled when his father pulled out the lettuce! The other things didn't come quite so hard but they were bad enough and Timmy vowed he'd be scrubbed every day until he was red rather than ever, ever have any more seeds grow on him.

Mother put him in the bathtub and when he came out of it you never would have known that he was the same little boy that had turned into a garden.

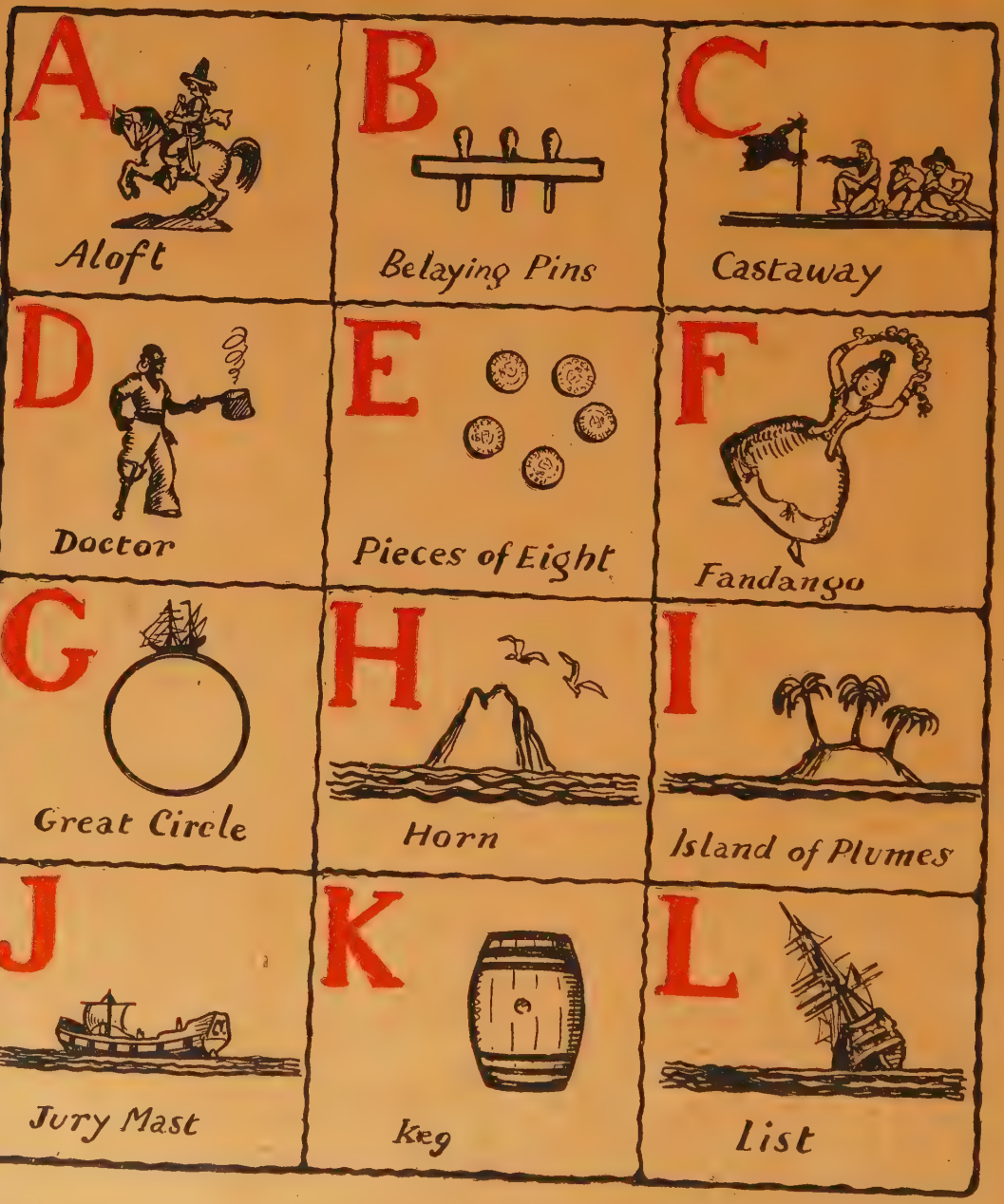
And now you should see him! He always washes his face and hands before every meal and before he goes to bed because, you see, next time Father and Mother might not be able to pull the things out, and there is no knowing what might grow!

LAURA CHADBOURNE PUFFER.

THREE TO KEEP
KEEP HOPING
Keep
Hoping and
your wish will grow
Into a Dream come true.
Keep Smiling and a Light
will glow
Where once 'twas dark to you.
Keep Busy and your Life will show
Good work in all you do.
KEEP SMILING
KEEP BUSY

A PIRATE'S ALPHABET

Used By Ye Pirate Captain Cove, Now For The First Time Revealed To Little Boys - By Their Friend Jack Yeats. Peruse Said Alphabet with care and Thought for Anon Ye Shall Receive a Pirate Letter Revealing the Place of Buried Treasure



M

Metal Man

N

Nine Pounder

O

Oars

P

Plank

Q

Quashie

R

Ring tail

S

Spanish Main

T

Tow

U

You

V

Vane

W

Whydah

X

Xebec

Y

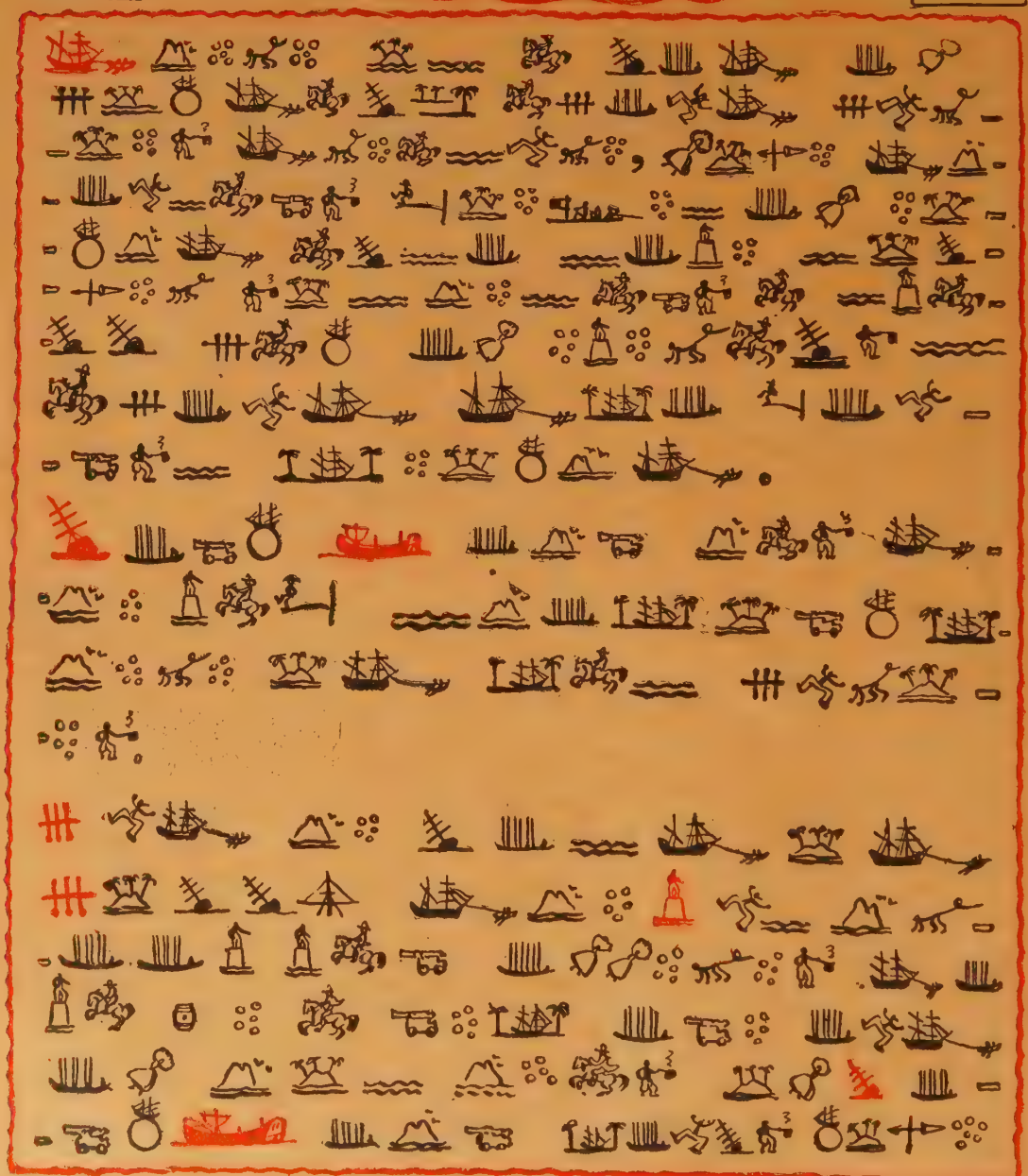
Yards

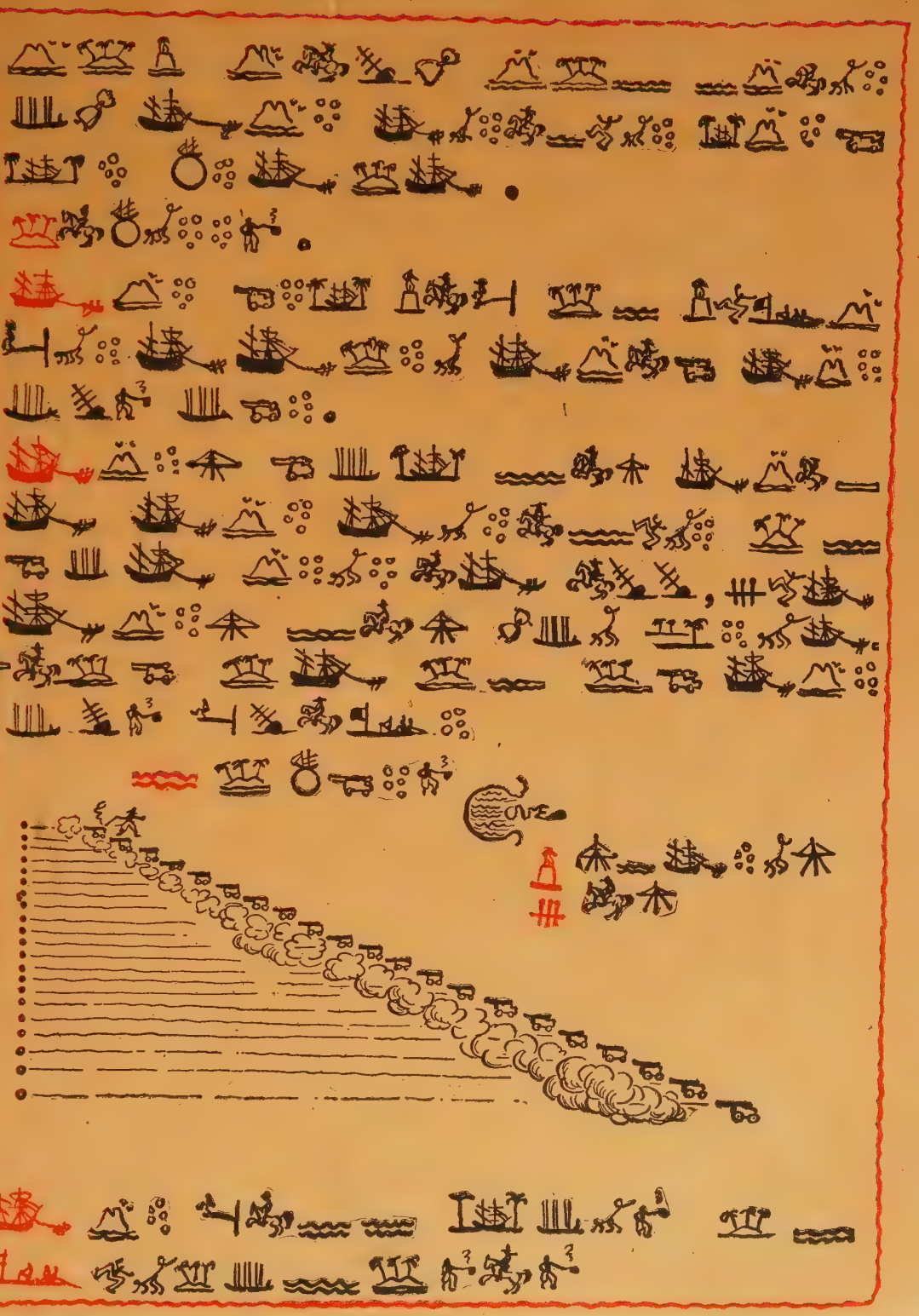
Z

Zig Zag

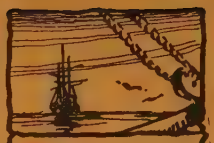
A PIRATE'S LETTER

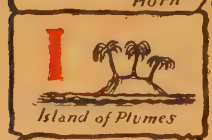
Now For The First Time Sent to Little Boys by Jack Yeahs (an afore-time Comrade of Capt Cove ye Pirate). If ye Can Decypher This Letter, Surely Ye be Brave Discoverors of Ye Pirate's Secrets ⚓ ⚓ ⚓ ⚓ ⚓ ⚓ ⚓

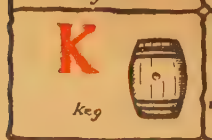




A TRANSLATION OF CAPTAIN COVE'S LETTER TO YOU.



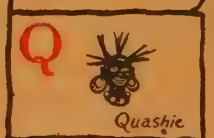


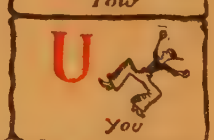


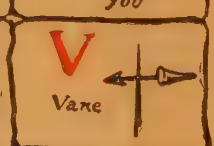
THERE is a lot of big talk about buried treasure, five thousand pieces of eight also some silver dishes and a small bag of emeralds about two pounds weight.
Long Jack had the map showing where it was buried.
But he lost it.
Billy the Mushroom man offered to make a new one out of his head if Long John would give him half his share of the treasure when we get it.
I agreed.
The new map is much prettier than the old one.
They now say that the treasure is not here at all, but they say for certain it is in the old place.

Signed
Cove
Mystery
Bay.

The pass word is Curiosidad.







COOKIES
Cookies round
Cookies square
Cookies simply
everywhere.
Cookies soft
Cookies hard
Cookies by the
inch and yard:
JOLG McMAHON

The SALAD BOWL

POLLY stood watching her mother carefully washing and drying the best salad bowl, which had been brought from Europe by Aunt Susan.

"Mother," she asked thoughtfully, "is there a story about that dish?"

The salad bowl had always seemed to Polly one of the prettiest of dishes with its open-work edge, its graceful shape and the bunches of gay flowers on the clear, glossy white china, and she rather hoped there was a story about it.

Mother held it up so that Polly could see the bottom.

"What does it say there, dear?"

Polly spelled it out, "D-R-E-S-D-E-N. Why that's a place in Germany, isn't it? I thought your china was French china. Do they make dishes everywhere?"

"Almost everywhere, dear. My dinner set is French, but if you look on the bottom of the dishes you will see that the rest of them come from other places."

Polly gave a little skip. "Let's hurry to get to the cups," she said happily. "Now tell about the salad bowl."

"Until about two hundred years ago," her mother began, "no china at all was made in Europe. When the sea-captains began bringing china home from their long travels it was so much finer and prettier than anything the people had seen that they couldn't imagine how it was made. People believed in witches in those

days, and when they found anything they couldn't understand they often thought it was some kind of witchcraft. That was what they thought this time. What the sailors told them about the queer people who made the dishes only made them more sure that it was some kind of magic."

"Didn't the sailors know how the dishes were made?" asked Polly.

"There was no way for them to find out," said her mother. "At that time the Chinese never let any foreigner come into their country if they could help it, and the Chinese language is one of the hardest languages in the world to learn, so that they couldn't talk much to the sailors unless they learned the sailors' language.

"One story that was told in Europe about porcelain was that it was white of egg and spiders' webs mixed together and made into dishes by saying charms over them, and then buried in the earth for a hundred years to make it hard. You wouldn't suppose that grown people could really believe such stories, but they did."

Polly giggled. "But didn't they have any china dishes that they made themselves? Why, we make dishes out of clay that we get from the clay-bank."

"They had earthenware, but it wasn't clear and white like this, and it wasn't so thin; the Chinese cups and little bowls were almost like egg-shells, and yet they didn't break or chip easily, and the colors didn't fade. The Chinese used all sorts of colors and painted the daintiest little flowers and funny dragons on their dishes. Sometimes they would make the outside

a plain color and the inside would be all covered with decorations on white. I saw the most beautiful old Chinese platter once in a museum. It had a rose-colored back, and was almost transparent.

"Finally somebody found out that the Chinese used a particular kind of white earth, and that was what made the china so white; and then, of course, the question was, whether there was any of that kind of earth in Europe. It is called *kaolin*.

"In those days when almost everybody believed in magic, there were men who had an idea gold could be made if they could only mix the right kind of metals and minerals together. They kept trying and trying, in their workshops, and now and then some king or nobleman would have so much faith in them that he would give them money to live on while they were working at it. But none of them ever succeeded in making gold."

"I should think not." Polly looked superior. "Did they keep on trying to make it?"

"Some of them really believed they could, and some may have pretended to; but while they were cooking their stuff in the crucibles—that's a kind of pot that would stand fire—they sometimes found out other things that really were worth while—like the man that found out how to make Sheffield plate when he was mending a knife.

"Just about two hundred years ago there was an alchemist in a castle at Meissen, near Dresden, who was trying to make gold for the nobleman of the castle. While he was working at it somebody brought him a lump of white earth that had been dug up in a place not far away; they had been using it for wig-powder, for in those days all the great men wore wigs, long, and curly, and powdered till they were pure white. You can imagine what a task it was to keep them powdered; it took a barber's whole time to look after the hair of one family. But this white earth, though it made a very fine white dust, didn't seem to be good for wigs, and they thought the chemist, Böttger, might be interested in it.

"Of course he knew more about earth than the barber did, and he made one or two experiments and found out that this white earth, when it was mixed with clay, would make pottery hard and fine. He made some red pottery that was so hard it could be polished on a wheel just as a jewel can. Then he and his friends began to think that this white earth might be valuable. It was really kaolin, you see—almost the same kind of earth

the Chinese used for their porcelain. Böttger was quite a young man—not more than twenty-three or four—and he must have been considerably excited when he realized that he had found out what nobody else in Europe knew just then.

"I don't know how much interest the nobleman took in it: if he was expecting Böttger to make gold for him he may not have thought making dishes amounted to much. But after a while there was a pottery started in that old castle, and it was kept such a secret that none of the people who worked there were allowed ever to go outside, and nobody else was allowed in the factory for fear some of the secrets would be found out. You see, the man who owned the castle could do just as he chose about that.

"That was about two hundred years ago. After that chemists in other countries who had seen the porcelain that was made in Saxony, were trying to find out how it was made, and, of course, they knew that it couldn't be magic if men just like themselves were doing the work.

"China can not be made everywhere for it isn't every kind of earth that is good for making it. The kaolin isn't found in many places, and some of it is better than other kinds. Then there's the painting, and the baking after it's painted. Do you remember Mrs. Carleton, who lived next door to us and used to paint china, and how queer the colors were?"

"Oh, yes, and I asked her once about it, and she laughed and said it would look all right when it was fired. And then she explained that that meant *baked*," Polly answered.

"Yes; the china is put in a very, very hot oven, and baked twice, first to harden it and then, after the decoration is put on, to glaze it—that is, to make it glossy. See how the Dresden bowl shines. There's the tiniest little thin layer of something like glass all over it, over the flowers, so that

they can not fade nor wash off. When I was a little girl we had to be very careful about using hot water or soap on some of our dolls' dishes and vases, or the flowers and gilt would wash off after a while. But now, even cheap china is better made than that.

"It took a long, long while to learn everything that had to be learned about china and porcelain, and some of the greatest artists didn't mind making designs for the china. They studied the Chinese dishes, but they didn't copy them much because they liked their own designs better. The flowers on this salad bowl are what I call '*chintz-pattern*,' because they look so much like the flowers on old-fashioned chintz curtains. About the time that china was being made in Europe, chintz began to be used. It came from India, printed with all sorts of queer, unnatural, bright colored flowers, and birds like those you see at the Zoo. Some of the patterns were copied for the china and looked so well that the artists went on making them. I believe no one in the world could tell what kind of flowers these are.

"In Dresden they made pretty little statues and figures for mantelpieces: shepherdesses and children and peasants. One set of figures was a group of monkeys playing on instruments. Once the Count's tailor bothered the foreman so hard asking to go through the factory, that he was allowed to go, and for a souvenir they gave him a little statue of himself riding on a goat!"

LOUISE LAMPREY.

A RIDDLE OR TWO

FOR A CHILD LIKE YOU

Ques. Why are potatoes and corn like certain sinners of old?

Ans. Because having eyes, they see not, and having ears they hear not

Ques. Why is the letter S like thunder?

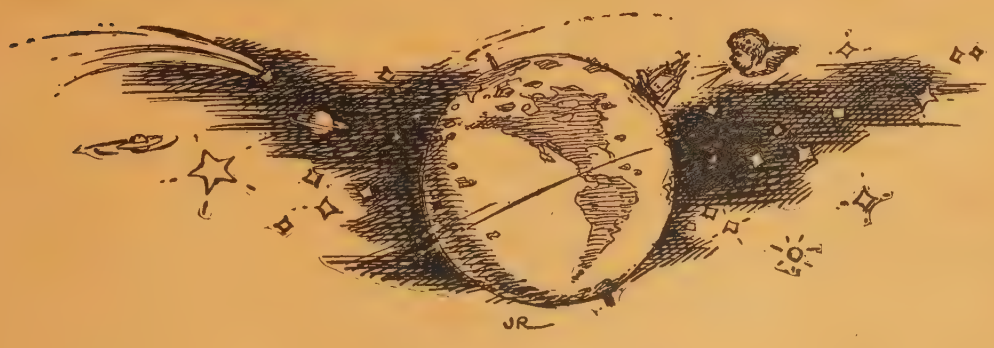
Ans. It makes our cream sour cream.

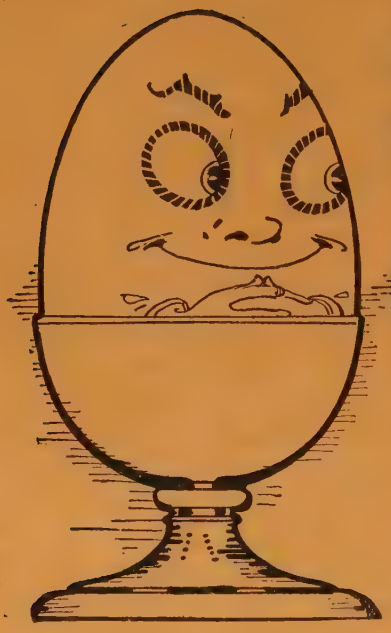
Ques. What is the difference between one yard and two yards?

Ans. A fence.

I HAD a lovely little ship that Grandpa made for me—
You know he once was Captain of a *big* ship on the sea—
I called my vessel after his, the good ship "Prince of Whales."
She had three masts, a bowsprit long, and carried seven sails!
But yesterday I lost my ship, 'twas down there on our bay,
The wind changed very suddenly and carried her away;
I watched and watched, she sailed and sailed till she was just a speck
'Way out upon the rolling sea; I wonder where she'd wreck.
I knew she'd run aground or sink as sure as I was born
Without a hand to guide her helm and steer her 'round the Horn.
At last my good ship disappeared upon the ocean wide
And I sat down upon a rock and then—I almost cried.
But now I'm much, much happier; this morning Mike McGee
(Old Mike he is a fisherman and smells just like the sea)
Said, "Bob, last night I passed your ship as I was sailing home.

The moon was full and by its light I saw a little gnome,
A sort o' fairy-sailorman a-steering of your bark,
And if that's not St. Patrick's truth, then feed me to a shark!"
So now perhaps the "Prince of Whales" around the world will go,
And some fine day her seven sails will bring her back, I know.





MARY, PRIDE AND THE EGG

MARY was six. She was visiting. She was visiting Aunt Nan, who had black, sparkling eyes, and Uncle-Captain-Kim, who used to be in the Navy. He was always painting pictures of ships. She was visiting lots of cousins, too, and Mother was visiting with her.

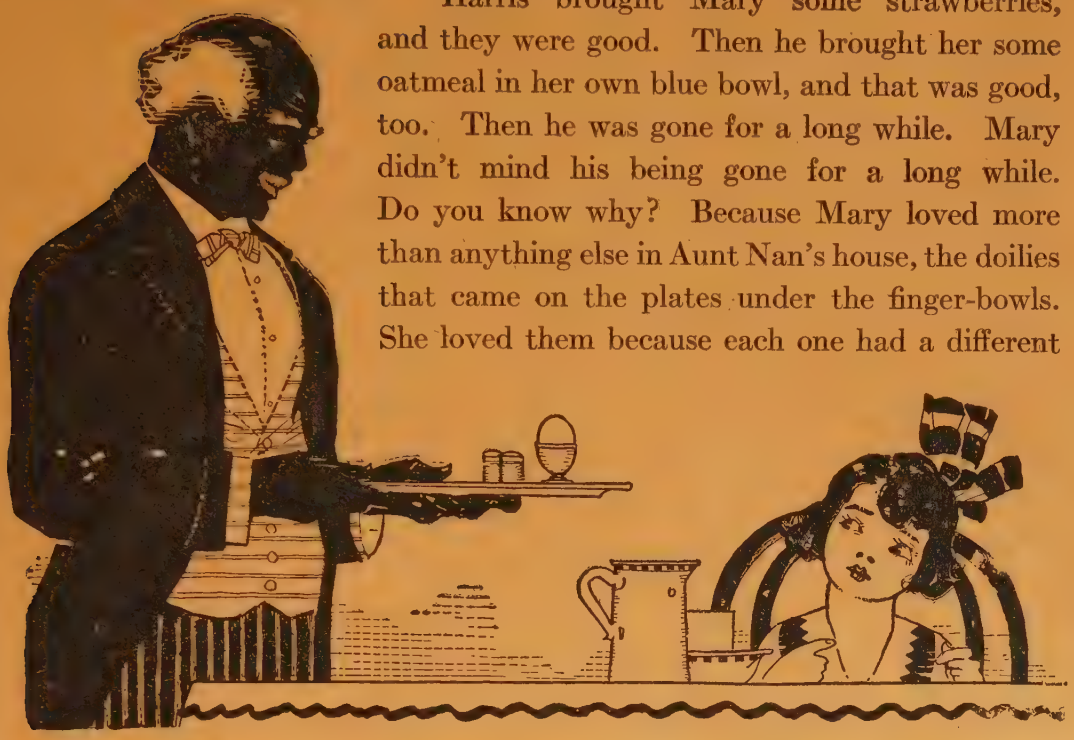
It was early in the morning. Mary woke up. She knew it was Sunday morning, because she heard church bells. That meant that it would be hours and hours before Mother and those grown-up people would be up. How *could* they sleep so? And on Sunday, why did they sleep even longer than ever?

Mary got up. She got up quietly so that she wouldn't wake Mother, and she dressed quietly, and very neatly, too. She put on her clean white pique for-Sunday best dress. Then she went downstairs, and she met Harris in the hall. Harris was big—BIG—, and he had a big black face that was kind. He brought Mary her food at the table every day. Mary looked at Harris—she looked at the lowest button on his white coat. She did that when he was near, because it gave her a pain in the back of her neck to try to look at his face when he was near. She said:

"Harris, could I have my breakfast now? I'm hungry." Harris said right away, yes, that she could have her breakfast now, so Mary went in and sat down at the table. The table was all set for breakfast, and it looked almost a mile long to Mary. What lots of cousins there were! The sun shone in the window on the white table-cloth, and Mary thought she had

never seen so much table-cloth, and such a white table-cloth. It made Mary think of Heaven.

Harris brought Mary some strawberries, and they were good. Then he brought her some oatmeal in her own blue bowl, and that was good, too. Then he was gone for a long while. Mary didn't mind his being gone for a long while. Do you know why? Because Mary loved more than anything else in Aunt Nan's house, the doilies that came on the plates under the finger-bowls. She loved them because each one had a different



kind of flower on it, and all the doilies were different colors—pretty, pale colors.

That morning Mary had the one with forget-me-nots on it. It was always exciting to see which one she would get. Hers was gone now, but she slipped off her leather chair, and tiptoed around the table to see which ones the others were going to have this morning. Oh, weren't they pretty! Mother had the one with nasturtiums on it. Mary thought Mother would like that one this morning.

She heard Harris coming, and ran back, and climbed up into her chair. She was just starting to tuck her napkin under her chin when Harris put down in front of her—a BOILED EGG! A white, smooth, slippery BOILED EGG. Mary couldn't open a boiled egg—she just couldn't do it. Her hands always seemed too wobbly, and she could not keep changing it quickly from one hand to another the way Mother did, so that it didn't stay hot on the same fingers too long.

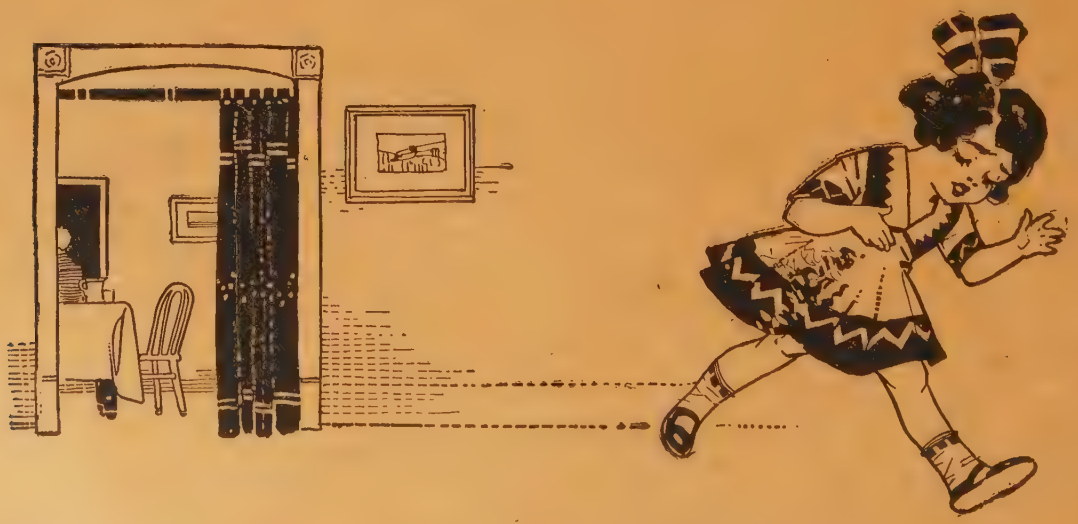
I suppose you wonder why she didn't ask Harris to open the egg for her.

Well, that was the trouble with Mary. She didn't like to ask people to do things for her, and it wasn't because she didn't like to bother them. It was because she hated to have them see that she couldn't do them herself. Now, it is a fine thing to do things for yourself if you know how, but everybody knows about boiled eggs, and it was silly of Mary not to ask Harris. It was what they call *pride*.

All this time that Mary was looking at the egg, Harris was standing behind her chair. She could feel him there. She wished he'd go away. He said "Ahem!". Mary ate a little piece of toast. She pretended she did not notice him. Then she heard Julia in the kitchen, calling Harris, and she was glad.

As soon as Harris left the dining room, Mary picked up the egg—quick. It was hot. It was slippery. She picked up her knife and hit the egg, hard, in the middle. The egg broke right in half, and part of it fell on the table-cloth, and part of it on Mary's for-Sunday best dress. It rolled all the way down it, and spilled yellow as it rolled. Mary was frightened. She looked at the table-cloth, and she thought it was yellow all over, too. She couldn't look all the way. She ran—ran upstairs. She was ashamed. She was sorry. She told Mother so, and Mother said she should have asked Harris, and that Harris was there to help little girls with eggs.

Mother took off Mary's dress, but when she wanted to put on another, there was only one left in the closet, and that was one that used to have pretty blue collar and cuffs, but Julia washed it and turned them all grey.



It always made Mary feel bad—to wear that sailor suit, but now she thought she wouldn't care. She thought she would not mind anything if only it weren't for the table-cloth. The beautiful table-cloth that looked like Heaven! All spoiled! What would Aunt Nan say? What would *everybody* say?

"Now run down and ask Harris for another egg," said Mary's Mother, "and tell him you're sorry about the table-cloth, and ask him please to open this egg for you."

Mary went downstairs, but she didn't run. She went slowly—one stair at a time. She didn't have to go that way, but she hated to get down and see the table-cloth. She stopped in the middle of the stairs, where they had a hiccough, and stood there and looked out of the window for a long, long time. Then she went on downstairs slowly, and very slowly she went across the hall to the dining-room.

She looked at the sideboard, and then she looked at one of the chairs, and then she just had to look at the table-cloth. And what do you suppose? It still looked white and shiny! There wasn't any yellow on it at all. Then Mary saw that Harris had put a clean napkin under her plate, but most people couldn't have seen that he had done that. Mary was glad! Oh, my, but she was happy again! And Harris came to the door, and Mary said to him—very quick and quite loud:

"Harris will you please fix me another egg because I'm sorry that I spoiled the other egg and I guess I don't know how to open eggs very well anyway!"

It took all her breath to say that, but she felt much better when she had. And Harris said,

"Why yes, Miss Mary, I sholy will be delighted to fix yoh egg fo' yuh, honey!" And he fixed the egg, oh, so neatly! Mary watched him, and then she ate it, and it was the very best egg that Mary had ever, ever eaten.

MARY C. COIT.

Two Geese and Jerry

MARY was in a great hurry to start for school. Her new red cape was finished and ready to wear, and the morning was gray and cloudy, just suitable for a warm Red-Riding-Hood cape.

Jerry, who lived next door and always walked to school with Mary, couldn't seem to find his umbrella that morning. When he saw Mary coming, he called to her, "Wait for me a minute, Mary, till I find my umbrella."

Mary was quite used to waiting for Jerry, and she usually hurried in to help find what was missing,—hat, books, mittens, lunch-box—there was always something of Jerry's to hunt for. But this morning she was in such a hurry to reach the schoolhouse and show her new red cape to Teacher and the girls, that she pretended she didn't hear Jerry and ran right along. As soon as she turned the corner, she wished she had waited, especially when a troublesome voice under the red cape began to say over and over: "*Jerry always waits for you, Jerry always waits for you. That's true, that's true.*" Mary could'nt help remembering how Jerry always did wait for her when she had to stay after school to do her num-

bers over again. Jerry never had to do numbers over again, but he always waited for her just the same.

Mary walked slower, hoping he would catch up, and when she reached Mr. Johnson's house, she was looking backward so intently that she never noticed what was in front of her. Mr. Johnson's cross, black gander was in front of her. Usually he stayed in the barnyard or down in the meadow with the other geese, but this morning he had caught sight of a bright red object coming up the road and had decided to see about it.

He said to himself, "That little girl may like her red cape, but I do not. It makes me cross, and I am going to pull it off and walk on it." So he put his head down with an angry "*hiss-ss-ss*," and the first thing poor Mary knew, she felt her cape grabbed from the back, and found herself being pulled along right through a deep puddle toward Mr. Johnson's barn. Mary was only six, and she gave herself up for lost at once. She supposed the gander was taking her to his deep, dark den as Foxy Loxy had taken Chicken Licken, long ago. She pulled as hard as she could to get away, and, scared as she was about her own fate, she was extremely

worried lest her new red cape should get torn or muddy. She opened her mouth to shriek, "Jerry." Oh, how she wished he would come! Nothing ever frightened or hurt her when Jerry was with her. He always knew just what to do. If she ever lived to start for school again, she would never stir without Jerry. And just then Jerry came. Having found his umbrella—(it was behind the bathtub)—he had run every step of the way. Good Jerry, to catch up with that naughty Mary.

He knew exactly what to do, just as Mary thought he would, and he was not at all afraid, though he was only six, and not so very big. Opening his umbrella and pointing it straight at the gander, he rushed forward with a fierce, "Boo!"

What the gander saw was a smooth coated, terrible animal, perfectly round, with a horn in the middle and sharp claws all around the edge, and two sturdy feet with shoes on. No goose could stand it. He dropped Mary's cape, spread his wings wide, and fluttered terror-stricken to his safe barnyard.

Mary and Jerry walked on to school, and Mary was quite happy again, for the red cape was not at all hurt, and Jerry let her carry his lunch-box and spelling-book.

That night, when she told her mother about her escape from the gander, her mother said, "Then, dear, suppose you always carry your umbrella when you wear the red cape." But Mary said, "No, Jerry always carries his, and I shall always go with Jerry."

I don't believe, however, that there will be any more trouble with Mr. Johnson's gander. He hasn't forgotten the round, black animal that came to help Mary one day, and now, when he sees the red cape coming, he steps hastily into the barn and stays till it is out of sight.

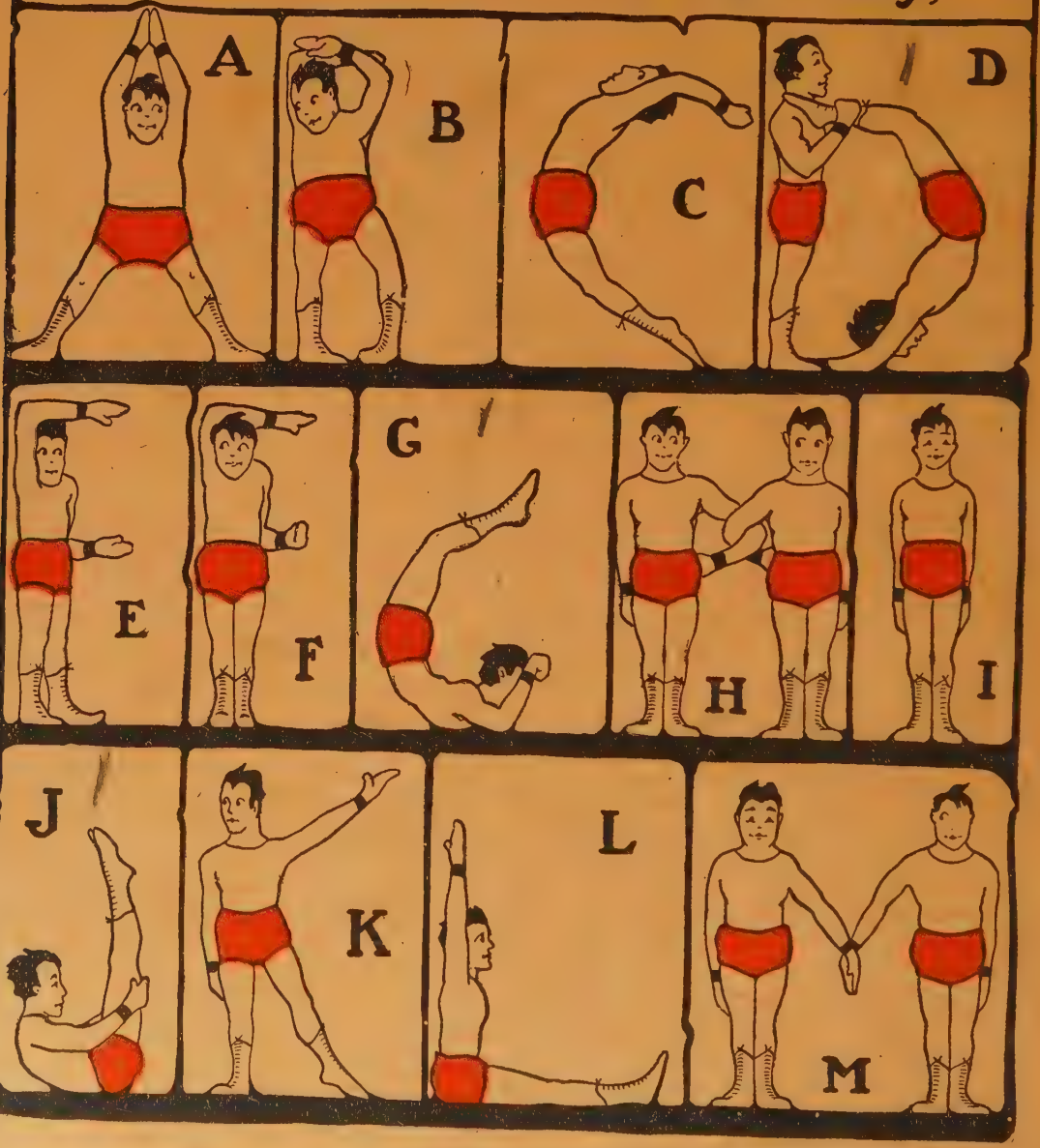
JESSE PENNIMAN WHITE.

UMBRELLA

IT rains, but I don't mind.
It blows a gale behind me.
Drive, rain.
Push, wind,
Slash, mud, splash.
It's all in a rainy day.
It pours, but let it pour.
The sky looks gray and angry,
But the sky is not angry,
It is just windy and wet and busy.
And I am happy.
I like you, and you like me,
And there are many things to do.
Many, many things to be and see.
Isn't that so,
Old Umbrellar—
Friendly old Umbrellar?

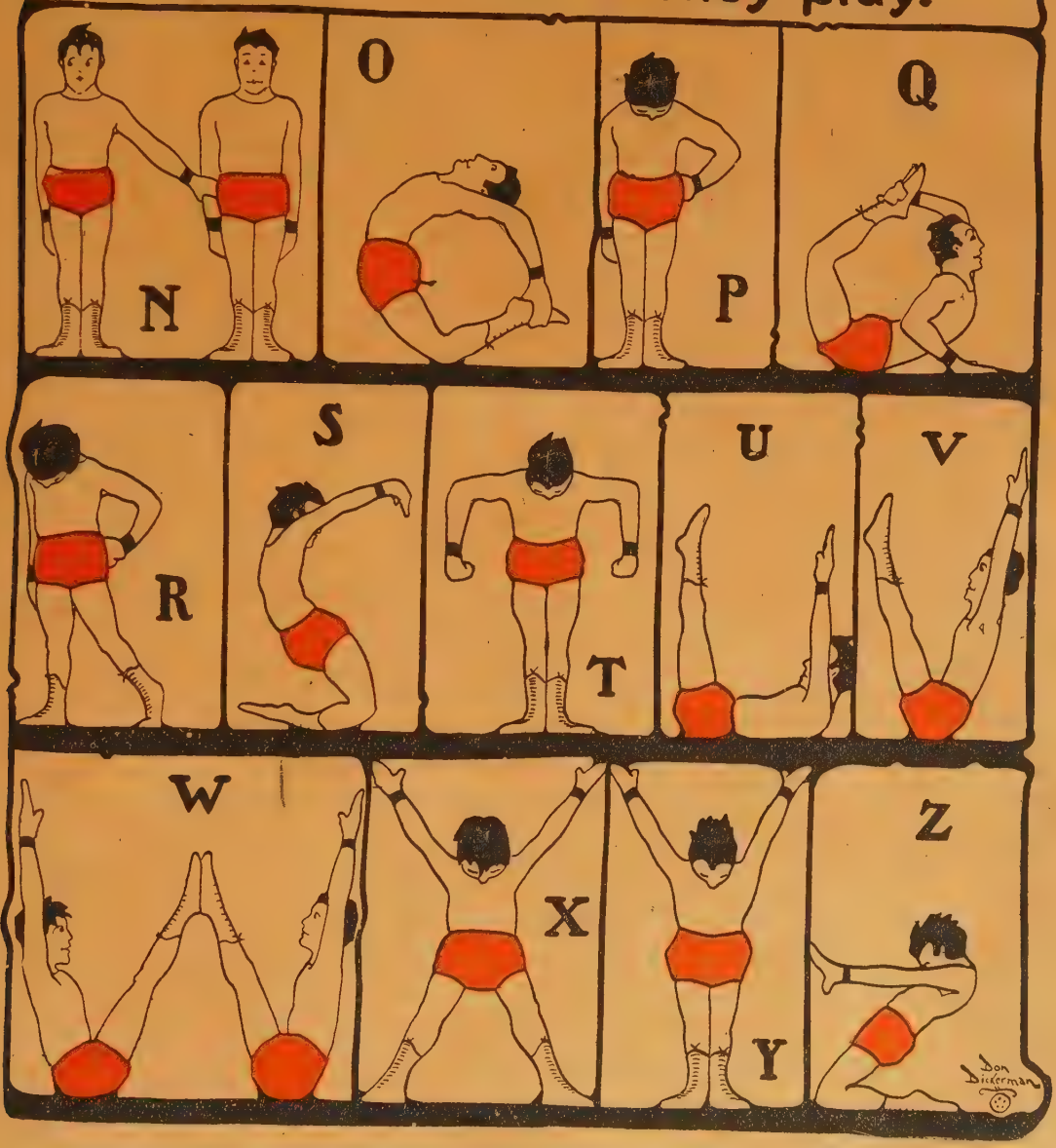
The ACROBAT

These clever little acrobats
Perform new stunts each day,



ALPHABET.

The alphabet they wish to know,
So learn it while they play.



TELL THE TIME BY

1 is a Bunny

2 is a House

3 is a Parrot

4 is a Mouse

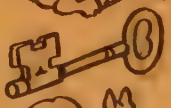
5 is a Rooster

6 is a Hat

7 is a Pitcher

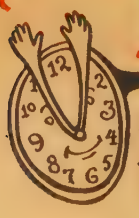
8 is a Cat

9 is a Monkey

10 is a Key 

11 is a Squirrel

12 is a Bee



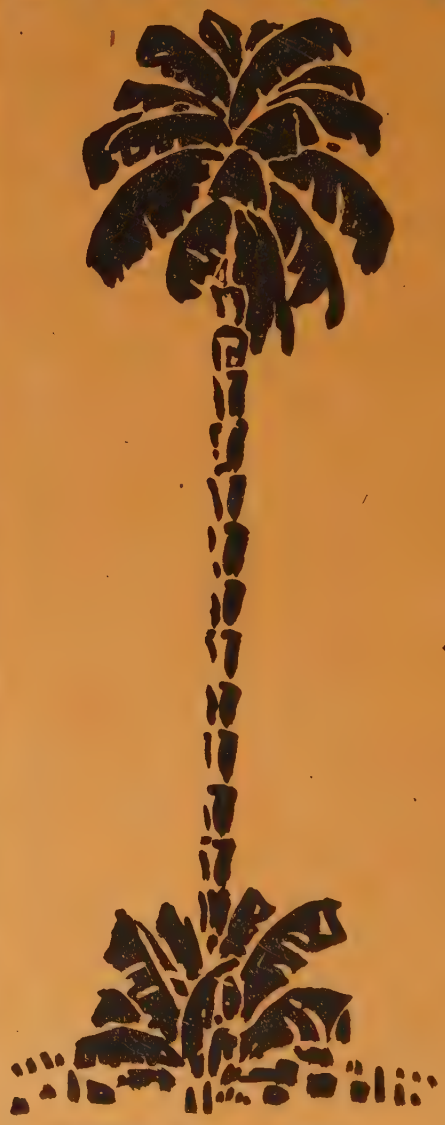
OH WHAT A FUNNY SORT OF A RHYME
LOOK AT THE CLOCK *and* TELL ME THE TIME

FUN O'CLOCK

FUNNY TIME

SOME children eat at BUNNY, some others lunch at HOUSE:
Some take a nap at PARROT, and then wake up at MOUSE.
Some play a while at ROOSTER, and others dine at HAT;
Some go to bed at PITCHER, some children go at CAT;
The older ones at MONKEY, still older ones at KEY,
But who sits up till SQUIRREL, and what goes on at BEE
Old clock has not CONFIDED to sleepy heads like ME.

LA GIRAFE



THE GIRAFFE

THE GIRAFFE

WITH PICTURES FROM
ANDREW HELLES "DROLL BEASTS"

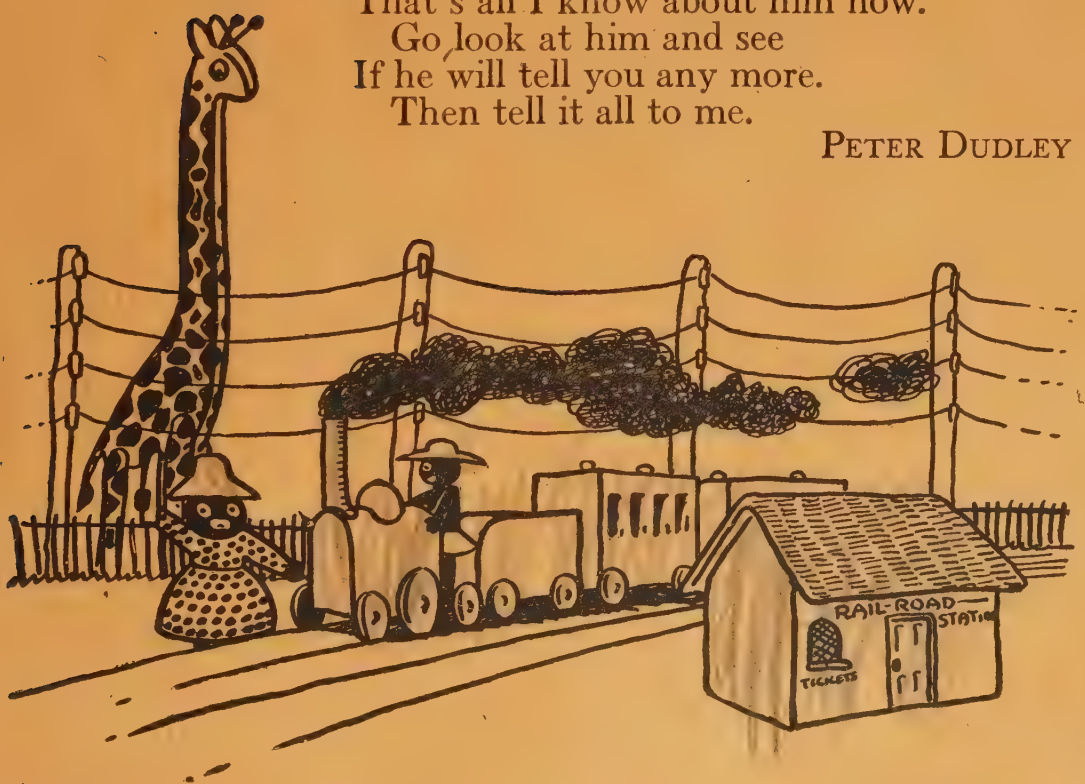
GIRAFFE is very tall and thin,
His face is very high;
From where I stand it seems almost
To touch the very sky.
Giraffe has *such* a longsome neck,
It is no trick at all
For him to see what's going on
Behind the garden wall.
When he sees fruit that's good to eat,
Far up the tallest trees,
He takes it from the topmost branch
And swallows it with ease.
I wish I had a neck like his,
When jam's high on the shelf,
He doesn't have to get a chair
So he can help himself.
But if I had a neck like his
I fear I couldn't buy
The proper collars for my neck,
Because they'd come too high.

I should be most uncomfortable,
And rather bothered if
I had a bad sore throat, or when
My neck was strained or stiff.
But necks like his are very nice,
And surely must be made
For ice cream sodas, ginger ale,
And lots of lemonade.
It's easy for Giraffe to eat
High up food, but I know
It isn't quite so easy when
His food is down below.
To eat the *grass* he does like me
When I sit in a saddle.
He spreads his legs *way* far apart
In one enormous straddle.

And should you ever see a Giraffe a-standing on his head
You may be sure he's ill enough to be packed off to bed.
Should he object or argue, why give him a brimming cup
Of turnip tea and marmalade and set him right side up.

When he eats grass his attitude
  Lacks easy grace and beauty.
I'm very sure he only does
  Such eating as a duty.
He has two horns that aren t much use,
  And very restless eyes
That look at me as if I were
  A joke, or big surprise.
Giraffe can run as fast as fast,
  And surely I don't wonder.
For so could I if once I got
  Those legs *well started* under.
But when you have such legs as these,
  And when they get well started,
Look out lest you and your long legs
  By accident get parted.
You'd *never* catch your legs again.
  (A serious disaster.)
No matter how your nose might run,
  Your legs would run the faster.
    That's all I know about him now.
      Go look at him and see
    If he will tell you any more.
      Then tell it all to me.

PETER DUDLEY



A REAL LIVE "GATOR" STOOD
WHERE THEY AND THEIR FIRE HAD BEEN

The Alligator

THIS story begins with an egg—a big, white egg. It was in a most curious nest of twigs and moss "'way down upon de Suanee Ribber," There had been thirty-six other big, white eggs in the very same nest until two little piccaninny boys came along and took them "right straight" home to their mammy who lived in a little log cabin in the woods near by. These piccaninnies were so greedy that they would not have left even *one* to begin this story with if they had seen it, but they did not, for it was hidden in the twigs and moss of that curious nest, and there it stayed for six or seven weeks.

The friendly sun shone on this egg every day, and all the time a little creature was growing, and growing, and growing inside of it. Very soon the shell of the big, white egg went "Pop!" and what do you suppose came out of it? Why, a baby alligator, to be sure! He was just eight inches long, and as black as the little piccaninnies who could not find him. He had yellow cross-bars on his rough little body, and, so far as alligators go, he was very pretty. Having no better place for his eyes, and his ears, and his nose, he wore them on the top of his head! That was very convenient, too, for he could hide himself in the water like a little submarine boat and see everything that was going on above him, and *how* he could catch fish!

When he first came out of the big, white egg he thought he was the only alligator in the world because there were no others in the nest. Of course, he felt very important and he started right out to look for something to eat. He soon found there were plenty of other alligators, and that most of them were very much larger than he. But that did not discourage him, for he could almost feel himself growing, and so it was until he got to be five years

old and five feet long all at the same time. He could swim splendidly, and he could run about on the shore very friskily, too. He ate fishes, and birds, and little pigs, and chickens, when they chanced to come his way, and one day he ate a dog. After that he felt very nice and comfortable, and rather drowsy, for the summer was gone and it was time for him to go to sleep for the whole winter. Indeed, he was only just enough awake to burrow down into the nice, warm earth and make a comfortable bed for himself. Soon he was sound asleep and there he would have stayed, after the manner of alligators, until the spring-time called him, had it not been for a very unusual thing which happened:

Two big piccaninny boys came along that way when the winter had hardly more than begun, and they were talking about the alligator eggs they had found "'round about thar" when they were little boys. It was a pleasant place so they sat down for a while, and, as the air was cool, they built a little fire to warm themselves. They were having a splendid time telling all about their "speriences." One of them said,—

"I—I jes wish a big ol' gator'd com-long rite now. I—I ain't feared ub no 'gator. Is you?"

"No sah, I ain't feared ub no 'gator neither," replied the other. They

looked very brave indeed, and their big, black eyes were shining fiercely enough to scare any "'gator" on the Suanee River. All of a sudden the ground seemed to move under them; their little camp-fire was scattered; they were both tipped heels over head, and a real, live "'gator" stood for just a moment where they and their fire had been! Then to cool his back he went running down to the river as fast as his two short front legs and his two long hind legs could carry him.

He was very much surprised to find the water with the chill of winter in it, for when he felt the fire on his back, he thought it must be summer-time again, and that he had overslept himself. As it was, he decided he must have had a bad dream from eating too much dog before going to bed, so he went back and burrowed down into another nice, warm place to finish his nap.

There was not a single piccaninny in sight, but over in the woods in a little log hut two badly scared darkey boys were telling their mammy how they had "jes seen a big ol' 'gator mos's long as de ribber." But mammy was not scared at all. She had heard 'gator stories before.

MEREDITH WATERBURY.

IN THE VALENTINE BOX
(A PLAY FOR A VALENTINE PARTY)
BY MARGARET C. GETCHELL

CAST:

Speaking parts:

JOSEY DAN CUPID

NURSE PASTE

Valentine Figures:

Colonial couple

Shepherd and shepherdess

Two or more pairs in folk costumes, Irish, Scotch, Spanish, Japanese, or Swedish.

COSTUMES:

JOSEY *wears a nightgown, wrapper, and slippers (Part may be taken by a boy, who would wear pajamas, dressing gown, and slippers).*

NURSE *has on a plain dress like a nurse's colored uniform, white apron, bib and cap.*

CUPID, *who should be light-haired and as small a child as is able to say the lines, has a costume of thin white material, made like a baby's sleeveless romper. His legs are bare or he wears white stockings and no shoes. He carries quiver and pasteboard arrows.*

PASTE *wears a cylinder of pasteboard around him from knees to armpits. On it is painted in large letters, PASTE. On one hand, whisk broom is bound. His tall hat is like the top of paste pot.*

SHEPHERD:—*bloomers, blouse, straw hat.* SHEPHERDESS:—*flowered dress, straw hat with streamers, long crook.* COLONIAL BOY: *colored bloomers, colored stockings, pumps with buckles; woman's satin lined coat worn inside out, with lace sewn on sleeves and in neck as ruff.* COLONIAL MAID: *flowered skirt looped over dress of solid color; lace bertha; brooch, hair powdered and done high or with one curl over shoulder.* FOLK COUPLES *in folk costumes.*

SCENE ONE

(A curtain—scarlet if possible) is stretched across one end of the room in which the play is given. A space is left between curtain and front row of chairs.

[NURSE *rolls* JOSEY *before curtain in a wheel chair, if one can be obtained. If not, she helps her to an arm chair which has been placed before the curtain at the right.*]

NURSE:

The doctor says you may sit up a whole hour to-day, Josey. Just think of that! [*Tucks her in, arranges pillow, etc.*]

JOSEY:

Only an hour? And I have been thinking that by to-morrow I'd surely be well enough to go to Ted's valentine party. Oh dear!

NURSE:

Now don't sigh. I have a fine surprise for you. See what your father brought you from the city last night. [*Goes off at right and returns with box the color of the curtain.*]

JOSEY [*taking box and reading, still discontented*]:

The Valentine Box. What is it anyway? A box of valentines?

NURSE:

Not of valentines, but of flowers and all sorts of wonderful things that valentines are made of. [*She peeps in box.*] I can see little people dancing in there; a lad and lassie from the bonnie Hi'lands of Scotland; a shepherd and shepherdess; and a stately couple of Colonial times.

JOSEY [*interested*]:

Let me see! Let me see!

NURSE:

And flowers and love tokens of many kinds. Here, right on top

is Dan Cupid, the mischievous little scamp, so anxious to get to work he can't wait to be taken out but must jump to the very top of the box.

JOSEY:

Do let me have it. I want a peep in the valentine box, too.

NURSE [*handing it to her*]:

Get Cupid to show you its wonders, and a happy time to you. [*She goes out.*]

[JOSEY *takes box and opens it just a bit, so she can peep in.*]

JOSEY:

Come out, Dan Cupid, come out. [*She gets pasteboard* CUPID *between her two fingers and almost upsets the box. Trying to catch it she drops* CUPID *behind the chair.*] There, butter-fingers, you've gone and dropped him. [*Calls.*] Nurse! Nurse! She has gone, too. Well, I'll have to get him myself. [*She puts box in chair, takes off blankets, and crawls down behind the chair, looking for* CUPID.]

JOSEY:

Here you are. Well you are a little scamp, just as nurse said. [CUPID *has crawled under curtain and has hidden behind the chair.* JOSEY *now pulls him out by the ear.*]

CUPID:

Tut! Tut! They are not angry. They are as lovesome as turtle-doves. Watch!

[*He shoots and hits the* IRISH LAD *and then the* IRISH LASS *with his arrows. They immediately stop quarreling and begin searching for each other. They look at others in turn, pushing each aside. As they finally come together, jig music plays. They join hands in delight, twirl in a circle, and dance jig.*]

[JOSEY *sits at the right near the front on stool:* CUPID *curls up at her feet;* PASTE *stands behind her.*]

[SHEPHERD BOY *and* SCOTCH (OR OTHER) GIRL *sit on bench toward the back at the left.* SCOTCH (OR OTHER) BOY *and* SHEPHERDESS *sit at the right near the front. Just before the end of the dance, the* SCOTCH GIRL *beats her feet in time to the music. She seems unable longer to sit still. She tries to get* SHEPHERD *to dance with her, but he does not understand. She examines his clothes, pulls his hair, as though he were a curiosity, and teases him in all manner of ways.*]

JOSEY:

Look at the Scotch Lass! She is teasing the poor Shepherd Boy, and he doesn't know what to make of her.

CUPID:

She wants to dance, too, but he does not do her kind of dance.

JOSEY:

Oh, I see her laddie over there. Make them dance.

CUPID:

All right. If the Irish couple suit you, get Paste to put them together for a valentine.

JOSEY [*to* PASTE]:

Yes, do——

[*She lifts his hat so that he can put whisk broom under it, as if to get paste. Then he quickly steps up behind* IRISH PAIR *and, taking their joined hands, pastes them together. As he takes them to seat at back toward the left,* CUPID *shoots* SCOTCH LAD *and* LASS (*or* OTHER COUPLE, *if substituted.*) *Music. They jump up and start dancing a horn pipe or folk-dance. They come together and continue dancing.*]

JOSEY:

Oh, those two will make a fine valentine for Daddy! He just loved the Scotch Highlanders in the parade. Put them together, Paste, quick!

[*As* PASTE *goes forward to paste them together,* CUPID *shoots* SHEPHERD GIRL *who rises and walks about as if looking for some one.*]

JOSEY:

Little Bo Peep has lost her sheep—

CUPID:

But it's not her sheep she is looking for now. [*Laughs gleefully, shoots* SHEPHERD LAD, *who sits on the left, forward. He rises and draws her to him. If he can pipe, he pipes a few notes. He gathers flowers, which are near bench, and puts them in her hair, under her hat, or in her dress. During the following dance they play cat's cradle and other quiet games together.*]

JOSEY:

Now, aren't you sorry to make me get out of those nice, warm blankets for you?

CUPID:

No, I am not; I'm not one little single bit sorry. You really don't think those blankets are nice at all, and you are tired and sick of being wrapped up so warm. You want, most of anything, to explore the valentine box.

JOSEY:

Of course I do, and I am waiting for you to take me.

CUPID:

Come on, then. [*Taking* JOSEY *by the hand he starts to lift the curtain as he would a box lid. The curtain rises or is drawn aside.* CUPID *pushes aside the chair, while the audience is looking at the stage, which represents the inside of the valentine box. Bunches and baskets of real or paper flowers are set about. Large hearts, cupids, quivers, and other emblems cut out of scarlet cardboard or paper may be set about the stage or tacked on the wall to give color to the scene. White cardboard turtle-doves or stuffed birds may also be used. Ornaments, suggestive of valentines, can easily be made out of paper, like that used on the pantry shelf. Several benches large enough for two children are on the stage. They can be made of packing boxes, covered with red crêpe paper.*]

SCENE TWO

[*As the curtain rises, the valentine figures are seen quarreling together in noiseless pantomime.* PASTE *runs distracted from one to another, stopping from time to time in vain efforts to remove his hat.*]

JOSEY:

What is the matter with them, Dan Cupid?

CUPID:

Nothing, except that they are mismated. They are waiting for you and me to straighten out the tangle.

JOSEY:

But could we do it?

CUPID:

Could we? Well, just! [*Winks to* PASTE *who has come near.*] Could we, Paste

PASTE:

Just help me screw this top off, and I'll set them all where they will stay quietly, without pecking at each other like so many angry hens.

JOSEY:

But see that pretty little Colonial Maid all alone over there. I'd like to put her in my valentine for Ted. You see Ted is to have a valentine party to-morrow——

CUPID:

Well, don't I know it!

JOSEY:

Why, were you invited?

CUPID:

Of course. I am guest of honor at all valentine parties. Oh, I'll be there, all right, all right.

JOSEY:

Then give me the Colonial Maid for Ted's valentine.

CUPID:

As you say. [*Shoots* COLONIAL MAID *and then the* COLONIAL BOY. *Minuet music. He steps forward, in a dignified way. He looks about, sees her, and makes low, sweeping bow. She has seen him and waits coyly for him.*]

JOSEY:

How courtly he is!

CUPID:

He is a gallant youth, after the heart of old St. Valentine himself.

[*They dance figures from minuet.* OTHER COUPLES *sit watching them or playing quietly together.*]

JOSEY:

They'll be fine for Ted's valentine. [*Hears something.*] But listen! Here comes Nurse and she'll take me back to bed. Quick, let's line up my valentines and see what a lot I have put together.

[*With the help of* CUPID *she poses them quickly in a semi-circle on the stage.* COLONIAL COUPLE *in centre.* PASTE *rushes from one to another, putting on finishing touches.*]

JOSEY [*standing at the right*]:

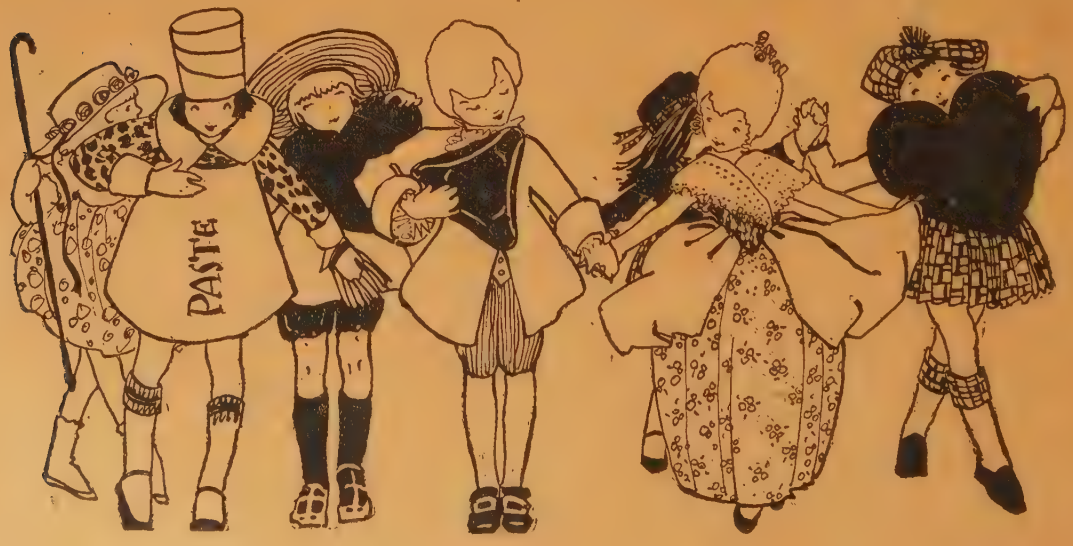
I think they'll do; they are very lovely.

CUPID [*gleefully to figures*]:

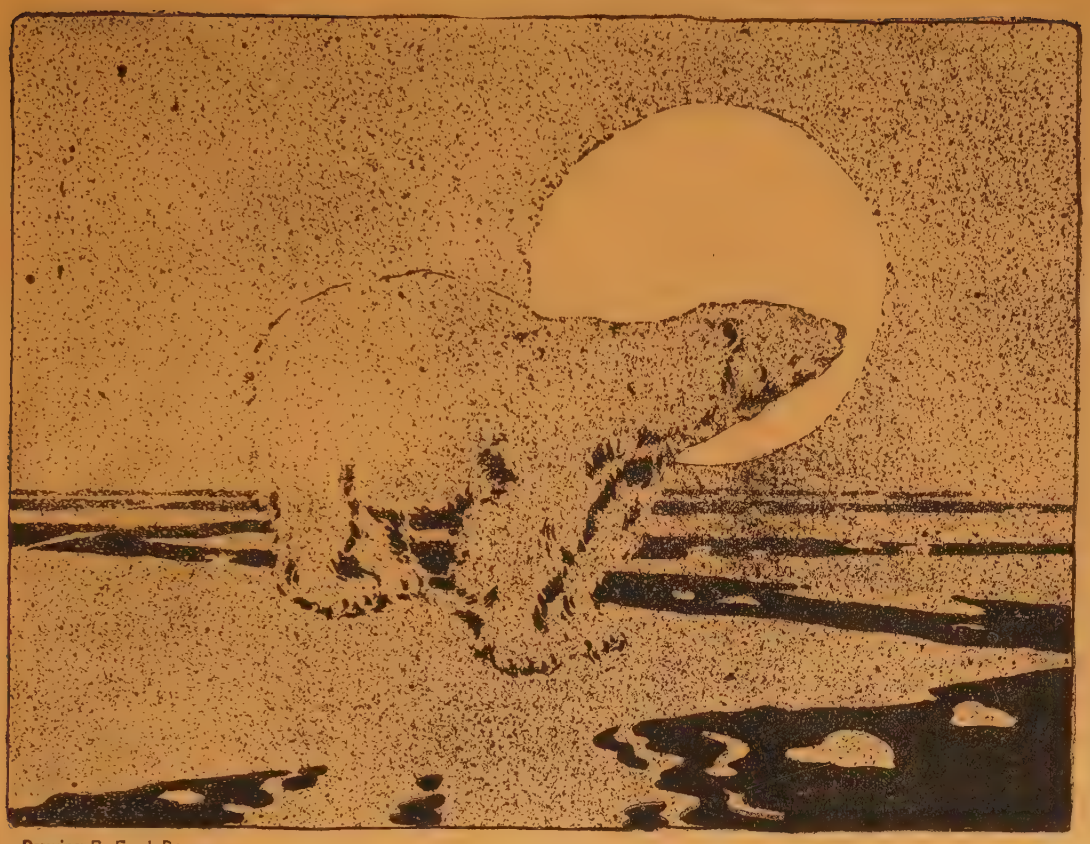
Ha! Ha! She says you are lovely. Make your bow to the lady!

[*They all bow and courtesy in characteristic style to* JOSEY. PASTE *bobs with them. Then they bow and courtesy to audience. As curtain falls, the couples face each other and bow and courtesy to their newly found partners.*]

CURTAIN.



AN ARCTIC SUIT



Drawing By Frank Downey

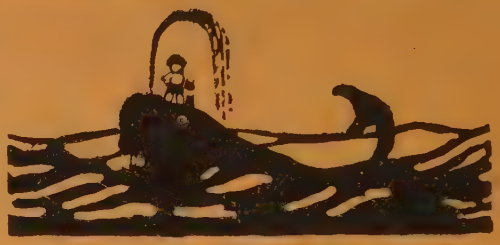
BEHOLD this polar bear and see
A case of Nature's skilled design.
See how this creature's coat and form
With all his habitat* combine.
"But why is this?" I hear you ask.
To hide from natural enemies,
To creep unnoticed and unseen
Upon the prey *he* plainly sees.
He wears *protective coloring*,
Like many creatures, strong and weak.
Oh dear, I wish that I might, too,
When I am playing hide-and-seek!

J. M.

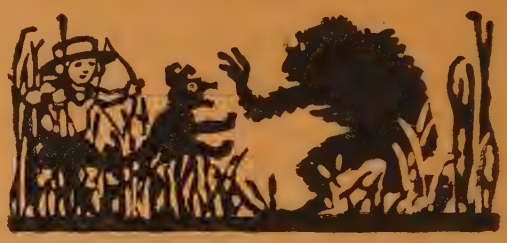
*hab'-i-tat means, *"one's proper home, or abode."*

THE WHALE AND THE PIRATES

YOUNG Tommy on a big sperm whale
Rode forty miles to sea,
And Spaniel Wimpers, lucky brute,
Was asked for company.
For twenty moons they sailed away,
Far off to Noman's Isle,
Then hitched their monster to a stake
And swam to shore, a mile.



For days they lived on jow-jow meat
And spuds and periwinks.
A-hunting in the jungle wild
The lion and the lynx.
Once Wimpers and a big baboon
Began an awful fight,
But Tommy with an arrow swift
Soon put the foe to flight.



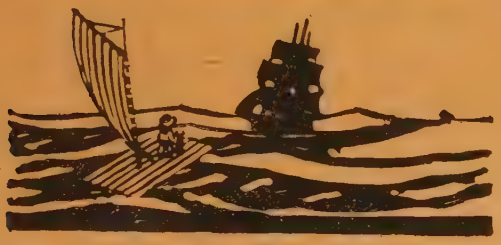
Upon a hill one sunny day
They saw a waterspout.
"It's Mr. Whale!" our Tommy cried.
"He's mad; we left him out."
Then fast they hurried to the shore;
Alas, it was too late;
Away on the horizon swam
The whale at fearful rate.

That crying wouldn't help they knew,
And so the pair just laughed,
And then they set about to build
A fine sea-going raft.
Good Wimpers carried lots of wood
From shipwrecks on the beach;
In fact, he managed anything
That Tommy had to teach.

At last they launched a splendid raft
Upon the billows white,
And in another hour or so
The land was out of sight.
Then all at once the skipper spied
A ship approaching fast;
He piped his gallant crew on deck,
He manned him 'fore the mast.

THE WHALE AND THE PIRATES

"Behold, my noble crew!" cried he.
"The pirate foe is nigh:
"Our fair America expects
"Each dog to do or die!"
So Wimpers wagged his shaggy tail
And barked both loud and long,
And all the while the robber ship
Came rapidly along.

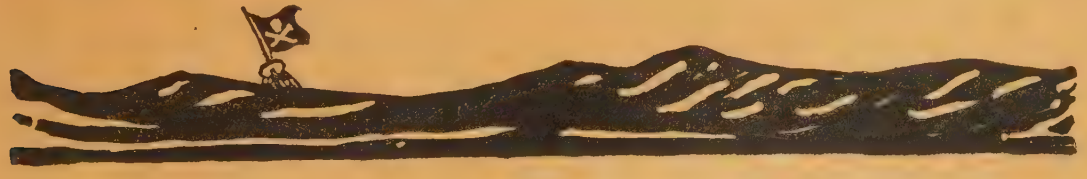


Five minutes passed—the wicked craft
Was but a biscuit's throw.
"Ho! Strike your colors!" came a yell.
"And send your crew below!"
"I'll not!" replied young Tommy bold,
And ordered Wimp to bark,
For far on the horizon showed
A tiny, blackish mark.

"Just keep on barking!" shouted he.
"The speck is growing big;
"I think it is the truant whale—
"I tell her by her rig."
"Then perish!" cried the pirate chief,
His guns aimed at the raft.
He never noticed Mr. Whale
Approaching swiftly aft.

And then the stern command to "Fire!"
But ere the cannon roared,
The whale upset the pirate ship
And all went overboard.
Young Tommy and good Wimpers, too,
Climbed on the friendly back,
And while the pirates sank below,
They played at "High-Low-Jack."

MILES NORTH.



DEAR LITTLE JOHN MARTINERS:

Cock-a-doodle, doodle-doo! Tell me, Children, how are you? Are you glad and are you gay? Are you well this pleasant day? Here's a happy thought and dear: Try each morning of the year just to greet the day with joy. This is good for girl and boy. Say in words that suit you best,—"Thanks, dear Morning, for my rest, Thank you, Morning, for to-day made for thought, and work, and play." That's the proper thing to say. As you stand all happy there, take long breaths of sweet fresh air; breathe so deeply, breathe so long, this will make you well and strong. Sweet fresh air all mixed with sun gives you better work and fun. Add pure thoughts to this, and see just how dear all life will be. I can CROW to greet the day. You can crow another way. Do this every day and see if you don't agree with me.

Your merry Morning Friend
Cock-a-doodle-Rooster.

Verse by
Charlotte Brewster Jordan

LITTLE GRACE

LITTLE Grace, our darling daughter,
Isn't frightened by the water.
It may even splash and wet her,
Grace just loves it all the better.
You should see her wash her face in
LOTS of water in the basin.
You should hear her merry laughter,
She's so clean and sweet thereafter.

THIS Youngster has a certain name,
But I can't make her tell it.
Now see if you, by trying hard,
Can find it out and spell it.

DESIGN BY HARVEY PEAKE

THIS little boy once made a call;
He thought he ought to pay it,
His name was printed on his card;
Now see if you can say it.

DESIGN BY HARVEY PEAKE

WINDMILLS, tulips, wooden shoes,
Trousers, skirts, wide as you choose.
Does it not seem very strange
That their fashions never change?

The Obliging House

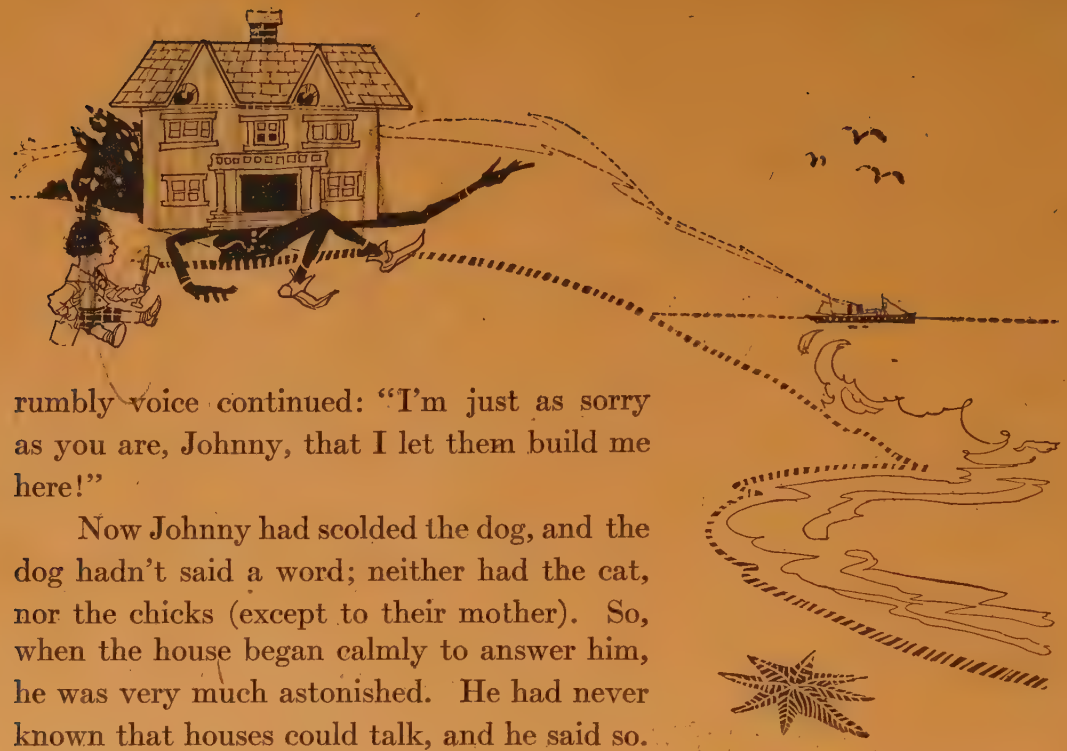
THERE was once a little boy who woke up feeling very cross indeed. He scolded the cat, and he scolded the dog, and he chased the little chicks off the back porch. They were new little chicks, just out of the shell, and it surprised them very much to be grumbled at and chased. They told their mother all about it, and she, too, was rather shocked. She explained that maybe Johnny had eaten something that didn't agree with him.

"You know, my dears," she said gently, "Johnny is a human being, and when human beings don't like their dinners, it often happens that they don't like their friends."

The wee chickens said, "How very funny." Then they began sharpening their little bills so that they could gather up the tiniest crumbs when *their* dinner time should come. Cross little Johnny went around to the front of the lawn, and what do you think he began to scold at now? He began to scold at the house.

"I wish," he said in a crybaby sort of voice, "I wish you were not built at the top of a hill with nothing but stupid trees about you. I wish that you were down at the seaside, and that the big, blue ocean were right in front of you. Then I could sit right here in the hammock and watch the ships go by."

"So you could, Johnny, so you could. And you might build forts in the sand, and at night you could watch the moonlight playing with the little waves. When there was a storm, you could hear the big rollers pounding against the shore." There was silence for a minute, and then the big,



rumbly voice continued: "I'm just as sorry as you are, Johnny, that I let them build me here!"

Now Johnny had scolded the dog, and the dog hadn't said a word; neither had the cat, nor the chicks (except to their mother). So, when the house began calmly to answer him, he was very much astonished. He had never known that houses could talk, and he said so.

But the house said: "Dear me, yes! houses can talk." And then it went on to say something that surprised Johnny very much. It offered to pull itself up from its foundation, and to start off for the seaside. It said that, if they lost no time and began to move at once, they could be down by the big, beautiful sea at four o'clock.

Now you know it sometimes happens that one may want a thing very much, or fancy he does. But when he finally gets his wish, it doesn't seem nearly so fine a thing as it did when it was still in the Land of Wishes. And that was exactly the case with Johnny. He had longed to have his house down by the tumbling ocean, and now, when the house obligingly offered to go there, he was full of excuses on the subject.

"No," he said slowly, "I think you had better not start to-day, Mr. House. My mother is having a tea-party this afternoon, and I don't think she'd like it if the people came and found only the cellar."

'Why couldn't they follow us?" asked the house. "I'm sure I'd leave plenty of tracks. They wouldn't have the slightest trouble in finding the way."

"Then, baby is asleep in her crib. I'm sure you'd wake him, and

he might fall out and hurt himself," said Johnny and his voice sounded as though he was ready to cry.

"I don't think it would hurt baby a bit," said the house. "I'd be very careful, especially at the railroad crossing."

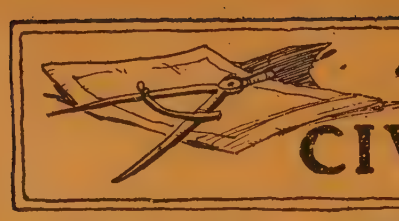
"You might be struck by an electric train," said Johnny, looking very much frightened.

"Nonsense," said the house obstinately. "Why should they hit me? I'm big enough to be seen. Besides, if a train should hit a house, something would happen to the train! Come now, Johnny, decide. Very soon Stefa will close my shutters, and then I shall have to go to sleep. Did you know that houses sleep as soon as their shutters are closed?"

"No, I didn't," said Johnny, "but here comes Stefa now. Better have your nap, Mr. House, and not bother to move on such a hot day."

'That's what I call an ungrateful child," said the house, as Johnny jumped up, and stretching his arms over his head, gave a great yawn, and ran indoors.

MARY DOBBINS PRIOR.



TOMMY CIVIL ENGINEER

TOMMY'S father was an Engineer, the kind of man who plans railroads and bridges. Tommy wanted to be an engineer, too, when he grew to be a man. He was very much interested in Daddy's work, and he liked to call him *Chief Engineer* instead of *Daddy*, but this was usually shortened to *Daddy-Chief*.

His Mother he called *'Vision Engineer*, which was short for Division Engineer. Tommy took his orders from her when Daddy-Chief wasn't around. In return Tommy was called *Resident Engineer*, and the yard was his field for work. Tommy had lots of fun building things and always reported to Daddy-Chief every night. An engineer naturally must take orders from the engineer over him, and Tommy usually was very good about taking orders from his parents.

But, if there was one thing more than another that Tommy disliked to do, it was to wash his neck and ears, and one day the Vision Engineer ordered him to do it. Tommy tried, that is, he whisked the wash-cloth at them, but mother did not like the result, and she told him to do it over. And what do you think Tommy said? Something that no little boy ought to say to his mother and much less a Resident Engineer to the Division Engineer. He said, "I won't!"

So he had to go into the bathroom, and shut the door, and stay there until he was sorry and did what he was told to do.

That night, when Daddy-Chief came home, mother met him at the steps.

"I've had some trouble with Tommy to-day," she said, "and I think that he had better tell you himself."

"All right, where is he?" asked Daddy.

"In the back yard."

So Daddy rounded the house with a cheery, "Hello there, Mr. Resident Engineer, how has the work been going to-day?"

"Oh Daddy-Chief, what do you think? I made a discovery."

"Hmm. That so? What was it?"

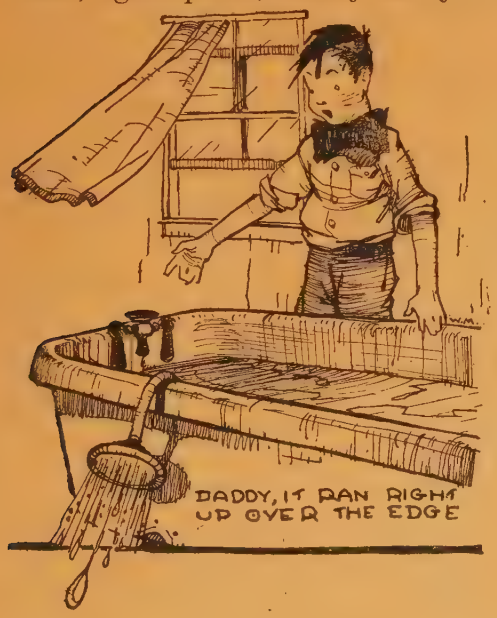
"The Vision Engineer didn't like it much, Daddy. It was something I found out in the bathroom."

"In the bathroom? How did the Resident Engineer happen to be working in there when the weather was so nice for outdoor work?"

"Well, you see, Daddy-Chief, I said something bad. I said 'I won't,' when the Vision Engineer told me to wash my neck, and so I had to stay in the bathroom a long time."

"I see. You forgot that no engineer ever says that to a superior, didn't you? Well, what was the discovery?"

"It was something strange as could be, Daddy. I used that rubber shower spray thing, you know. But first, I filled the bathtub clear up, almost to the top. Then I put the end of the rubber hose in the water, and the spray end was out on the floor. Then, Daddy-Chief, I went to the window to look out, and, when I came back, the water was running out of the hose! Daddy, it ran right up over the edge of the bathtub through that hose, right up-hill, Daddy, and you told me that water always ran down-hill!"



"Hmm," said Daddy.

"Wasn't that a discovery, Daddy-Chief?"

"Yes, for you it was, my son, and Daddy will explain it to you. But first, as Chief Engineer, I must see that you never say that word to the Division Engineer again; so, to be sure that you will not forget, to-morrow you take the water out of the cellar. Some ran in last night from the rain."

The next evening, when Daddy came swinging into the yard, Tommy ran to meet him with a radiant face.

"Oh Daddy, the water is all out of the cellar."

"Well, that's fine. How did you do it?"

"Why, I used my discovery. It worked just the way it did in the bathroom, Daddy-Chief."

"Tell me all about it," said Daddy, seating himself on the porch.

"Well, you see, there was a great deal of water down in the cellar, and I started to carry it out with my little sand bucket, and before long I got tired. Then I saw the hose in the back yard, and I thought I would try my discovery, so I put one end in the water in the cellar, Daddy-Chief, and took the other end out in the alley. At first it didn't work at all, and I was afraid I would have to carry it all out in my bucket. Then I sucked on the hose with my mouth, the end out in the alley, you know. I sucked, and sucked, and sucked, and pretty soon—ugh—I got a great big mouthful of that dirty water, and when I dropped the hose, the water started to run, and it ALL ran out!"

"I see," said Daddy.

"What made it do that, Daddy-Chief? You said you would explain it to me."

"You have been using what we call a SYPHON, Tommy. You see, the end of the hose in the alley was lower than the water in the cellar, and, after you got the water started by sucking, it kept right on running. You know the air presses down on everything. This air pressure is about fourteen pounds on every square inch, so there was fourteen pounds pressing on every inch of that water in the cellar. This pressure was great enough to force the water up over the window-sill and out through the hose after you started it. Some day, after you have been to High School I will explain it more fully. But remember, if you have one end lower than the other and get the water started, it will keep on running."

"It wasn't a discovery after all, was it, Daddy? You knew it all the time?"

"It has been known for a long, long time, Tommy, but it was a discovery for you, and Daddy is mighty proud of his Resident Engineer."

DALE S. COLE.

Dot's Sick-A-Bed FUN

DOTTY and Annabelle Lee, the little girl who lived next door, were chums. They always played together, every afternoon after kindergarten—yes, every single day. They played everything they could think of from store to paper dolls. But one day when it was Dotty's turn to go to see Annabelle Lee, Annabelle Lee was sick in bed! Oh dear!

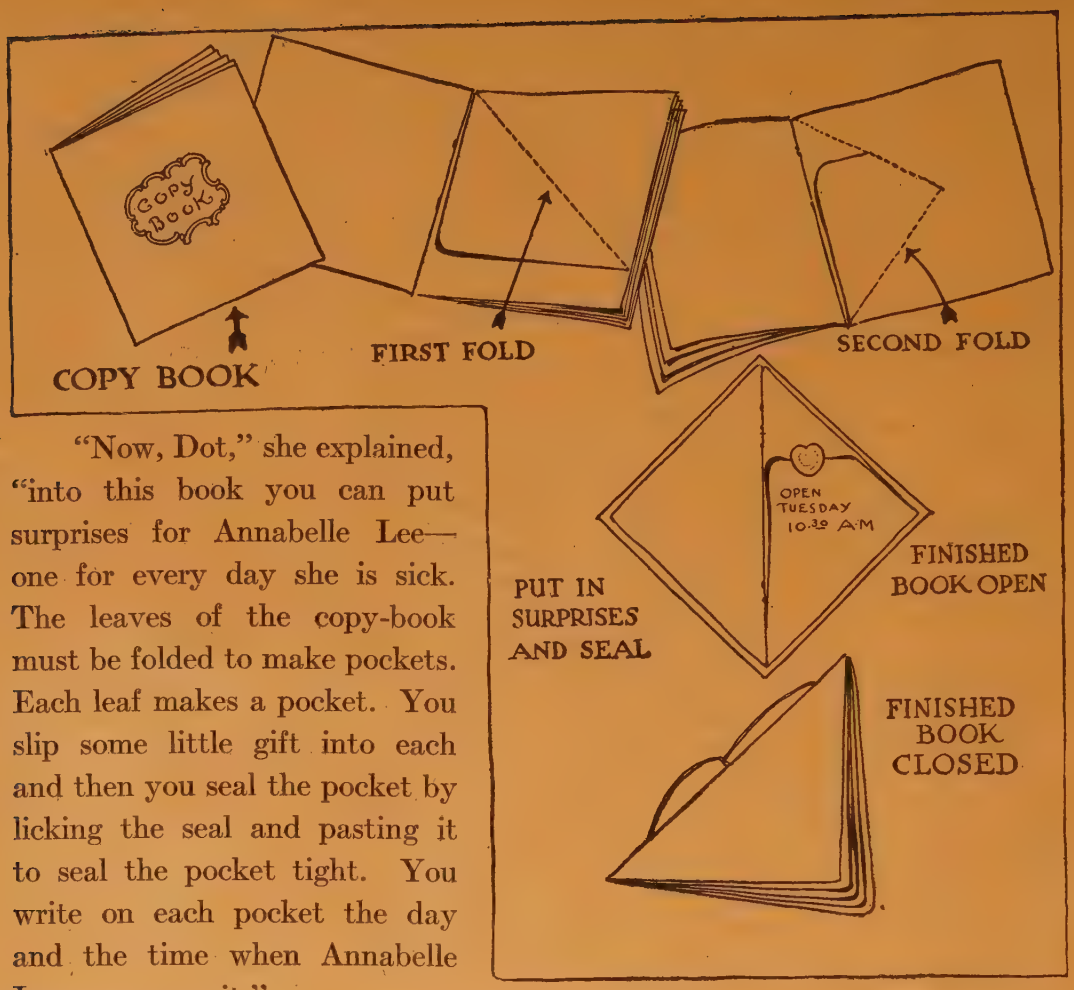
"She isn't very sick, dear," said Annabelle Lee's mother, "but it will be best for you not to come to see her. It will be about ten days before you and Annabelle can play together again."

So Dotty went home all alone. She was so forlorn and so lonesome, she didn't know what to do with herself. And then—what do you suppose happened? Why, it really was something jolly!

Into the room came Dotty's mother and when she heard what the trouble was she said, "Oh, Dot, I know a splendid thing you can do! You can give Annabelle Lee a surprise book and you can make it for her all yourself! And you can make her some surprise jelly, too!"

Dotty danced up and down—up and down! "Oh, how?" she demanded. "I want to start right away."

So mother led Dot into the dining-room and put two big newspapers on the table to cover it. Then she brought Dot a square five-cent copy-book and a package of sticker labels that had flowers and birds printed on them. (They come in little five-cent packages at stationery shops.)

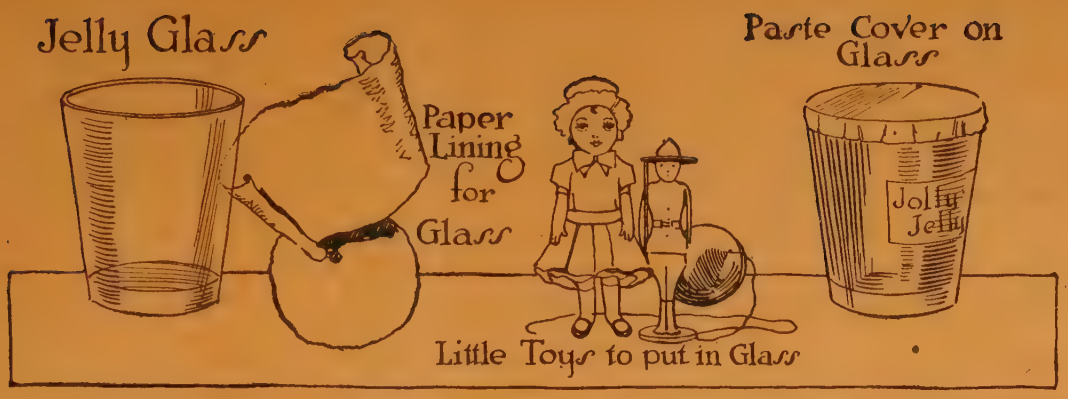


"Now, Dot," she explained, "into this book you can put surprises for Annabelle Lee—one for every day she is sick. The leaves of the copy-book must be folded to make pockets. Each leaf makes a pocket. You slip some little gift into each and then you seal the pocket by licking the seal and pasting it to seal the pocket tight. You write on each pocket the day and the time when Annabelle Lee can open it."

"What fun!" cried Dotty. "I can put stories and little jokes into the pockets, can't I? And I can put a paper doll, maybe—and cut-outs and pretty pictures! Oh, I can think of ever so many things Annabelle can play with in bed, Mother! Oh, I'm going to buy a penny balloon to put in one, a balloon that isn't yet blown! Oh, Oh!"

So Dot began her work. She folded ten leaves of the blank-book: first folding the leaf down with its upper edge close to the binding. Then the lower corner went up and was folded to meet this and make the pocket that was a pointed pocket. Each leaf was folded this way. Then, last of all, Dotty cut the cover of the copy-book to fit the shape of the leaves.

It surely was fun! She cut little stories and jokes for the pockets and sealed them with the other things that were toys Annabelle could play with in bed. The toys had to be flat and small.



When it was all done, there was a lumpy-bumpy jolly book all full of fun!

Then mother told Dot how to make jolly-jelly. That was fun too! You can make it exactly as Dot did for all you need to do is to find two or three empty glass jelly tumblers. Cut a strip of colored tissue and place it inside each glass—a straight, not curved glass, is best; the strip should be just as wide as the glass is high and red or yellow or orange paper is best. Cut a circle for the bottom of the glass and put it in without paste. Then drop into the jar a little doll or a wee toy soldier or something else that is nice.

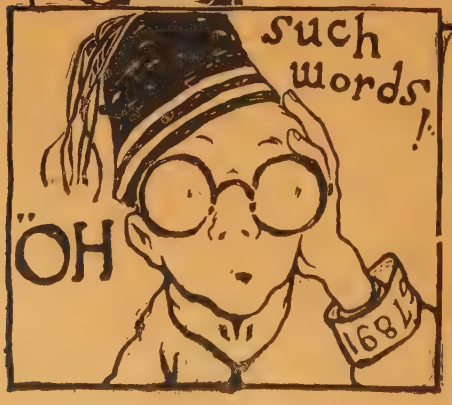
Cut a white paper circle to seal over the top of the jolly-jelly. Fit it over the top and paste its edges tight to the glass as mother seals jelly jars sometimes. Then write a label for the jelly jar.

Dotty wrote a letter and explained to Annabelle that she could have a whole jar of surprise jolly-jelly after taking her bad medicine. Then she put the surprise book into a pretty basket with some flowers and carried them to Annabelle Lee's house. It really was ever so nice! Annabelle Lee's mother said that Annabelle began to get well as soon as she saw all that sick-a-bed fun, and she called it her sick-a-bed party when she opened the jolly-jelly. Maybe you have some little sick friend that you'd like to make a sick-a-bed party for some day. You can make a surprise book and a set of jolly-jelly glasses full of surprises, too.

PATTEN BEARD.

THE HORRID SNIPPY SNAPPY-

ONE day I met a Snippy Snap
And tipped my hat politely.
"Good Morning, Sir," I said to him
In manner kind and sprightly.
Did Snippy Snap return my bow,
Or pass a simple greeting,
Or show a little pleasure in
Our accidental meeting?
Did Snippy Snap look nice to me,
Or even quaint, or funny,
Or give the least impression of
A person sweet and sunny?

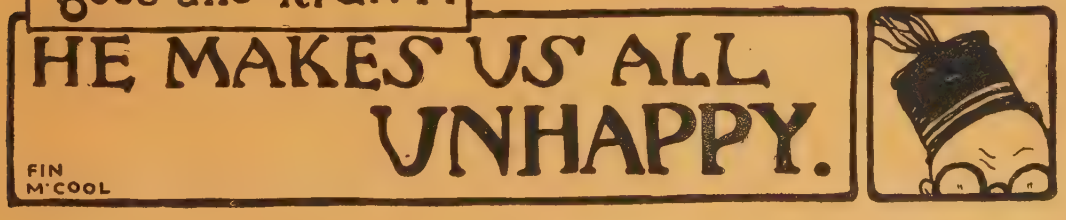


Alack! Alas! Oh, NO indeed!
Contrary to my wishes,
He acted like a pound of tacks
Served up on pickle dishes.
"Go 'way," snapped he with sulky lips,
And looks as black as ink, Sir.
He growled sulky, ugly words
I dare not even *think*, Sir.

He jerked himself, he stamped his heels
With naughty frown and glare, Sir.
He gave a snappy slap at me
And kicked a harmless chair, Sir.
He does not like our sunny days,
He does not play, nor sing,
He does not smile, he cannot laugh,
He snaps at everything.

What do *you* think of Snippy Snap?
'Tis needless to reply.
You have the same opinion of
The Snippy Snap as I.
He isn't any use at all;
He spoils our work and fun;
He has no good to say or think
Of us or any one.
He is a naughty creature who
Makes all of us unhappy.
By name and nature he is just
A horrid *Snippy Snappy*.

JOHN MARTIN.



The WONDERFUL WEAVERS

AMONG the many lovely and beautiful nymphs and maidens who lived in the days of Jupiter and Juno, the ruling king and queen of heaven and earth long ago, there was none more beautiful than a maiden named A-rach-ne.

And oh, how beautifully she could weave and embroider! Not only her friends and companions, but the nymphs of the forests and streams came to look upon her work and to watch her make clever and graceful patterns on her web.

ARACHNE

It was said, surely no mortal ever taught her, for no one save Minerva could think of such beautiful designs.

Minerva was the goddess of spinning, weaving, and needlework, and neither mortal nor immortal possessed her wonderful skill in workmanship. It annoyed Arachne and really made her indignant to hear this, for Minerva had not taught her, and she did not like to be considered a pupil of any one, no, not even of a goddess.

MINERVA

"Indeed!" she said, decidedly irritated. "Minerva has not been my teacher. I am not afraid to try my skill against hers. Just let her come and prove her art. I fear no one in heaven or on earth."

These words reached the ears of Minerva and it greatly displeased her to learn that a mortal dared to challenge a goddess.

And so it came about that an old woman, white-haired and leaning heavily over her cane, one day tottered before Arachne at her spinning and heard her commenting on Minerva's skill.

In a quavering voice she addressed the maiden, softly and gently.

"I am an old woman, my dear, and in my time have learned many things. I would give you advice. Challenge any one, but do not, I pray you, challenge a goddess, and above all, Minerva. Do not try your skill against hers, for you will fail in your attempt, and you will be punished. Rather ask Minerva's pardon for your boldness, and, as she is good and just, she will, no doubt, forgive you."

"Keep your advice, old woman," Arachne retorted in a tone of scorn. "I do not need it. I am not afraid of Minerva. Let her come, if she dare."

"Then behold her before you!" said her visitor, in a clear, strong voice, and throwing off her disguise of an old woman, Minerva rose straight and tall before her, queenly in bearing, her eyes flashing with pride and power.

Every nymph and mortal present bowed low before the regal presence while Arachne, flushed and embarrassed, regarded her with genuine surprise and astonishment. Then Minerva challenged Arachne, who, with mouth set grimly tight, accepted the challenge.

Two looms were set up and the rivals, curiously and eagerly watched by every one, began to weave. Both worked so delicately and so swiftly that very soon gorgeous colors appeared,—gold, crimson, royal purple,—shades and tints of all colors of the rainbow blending perfectly,—and were woven in marvelous designs.

Minerva chose for her pattern her contest with Neptune, King of the Sea. It had been proclaimed by the gods that the great city of Athens should be awarded to the one who would produce the best gift to man. Neptune gave the horse and Minerva brought forth the olive tree. The gods decided in favor of Minerva, for besides being very useful, the olive tree was considered the emblem of Peace.

This was the scene she wove on her canvas. In the center, the great gods were placed, Jupiter royally and grandly enthroned in the middle. With his trident, a three pronged spear, Neptune seemed to strike the earth from which the horse had sprung. Herself, Minerva showed with her helmet on her head and with her breastplate of goat skin, making the olive tree grow. Among its green leaves she made a butterfly, wondrously vivid,—beautiful in coloring, its velvety wings, smooth silken back, even its little horns and eyes so remarkably well woven that Arachne stared and was lost in a trance of wonderment. Here and there, too, Minerva made designs showing how mortals had been punished for displeasing and daring to offend the gods. All around she made a lovely border of olive leaves which proved whose handiwork it was.

It was a wonderful piece of weaving, and still Arachne was bold enough to think she could do better and eclipse the work of a goddess. She selected for her pattern, however, designs that were not noble or inspired by noble ideas. She showed the greatest of all the gods, Jupiter, disguised in various forms, bent upon evil intent. Before the maiden Leda, he appeared as a swan and Arachne showed her caressing the swan. In the disguise of a bull, he came to Europa, the princess, after whom tradition says the great continent of Europe was named. Arachne represented him coming into the field as she and her playmates were gathering red roses, and as his tameness and gentleness prompted her to mount his back for a ride, he suddenly leaped up, sped through the seas, and brought her to the far off island of Crete to live. In an underground room where she had been imprisoned by her father to guard her from all danger, Jupiter appeared as a shower of gold to

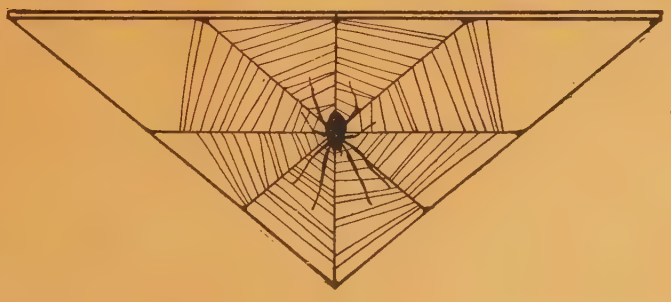
Danae, a goddess of wondrous beauty, upon whom he brought trouble and misfortune.

Other scenes Arachne pictured, showing the gods as brutal and stupid with drunkenness, or conveying the idea of things evil, mean, and sordid. Her patterns were woven with such great skill that Minerva could not help admiring them, but she was furious at the implied insults to the gods, and turning to her, exclaimed,

"You wicked woman, how dare you!"

She dashed at the canvas, struck it roughly and then tore it into pieces. And, in her rage, she even showered blows upon Arachne, which so mortified and shamed the maiden that she disappeared forever. At the very moment of her vanishing, a little animal gradually appeared, weaving a fine web and spinning the slender, delicate thread by which it might hang. This little animal we know as the spider, but, in the Greek language, it is called Arachne.

BARBARA ARDEN.



BIG BEAR

OH Bear, big Bear
What do you see
From high up there
Beneath the tree?

I see the brook
Far, far below,
The valley red
With evening's glow.
I see the rocks,
And silent meadows
Turn purple in
The creeping shadows.

Oh Bear, big Bear
Whom do you love
As you stand there
So far above
The meadow and
The giant trees?
Whom do you *love?*
Oh, tell me please!

I love my life
And pleasant food.
I love the sun,
And cliffs and wood.
I love sweet smells
And mountains tall.
I love my *babies*
Best of all.

SILEM

CHRIST *and the* LITTLE ONES

"THE Master has come over Jordan,"
Said Hannah the mother one day;
"He is healing the people who throng Him,
With a touch of His finger, they say.

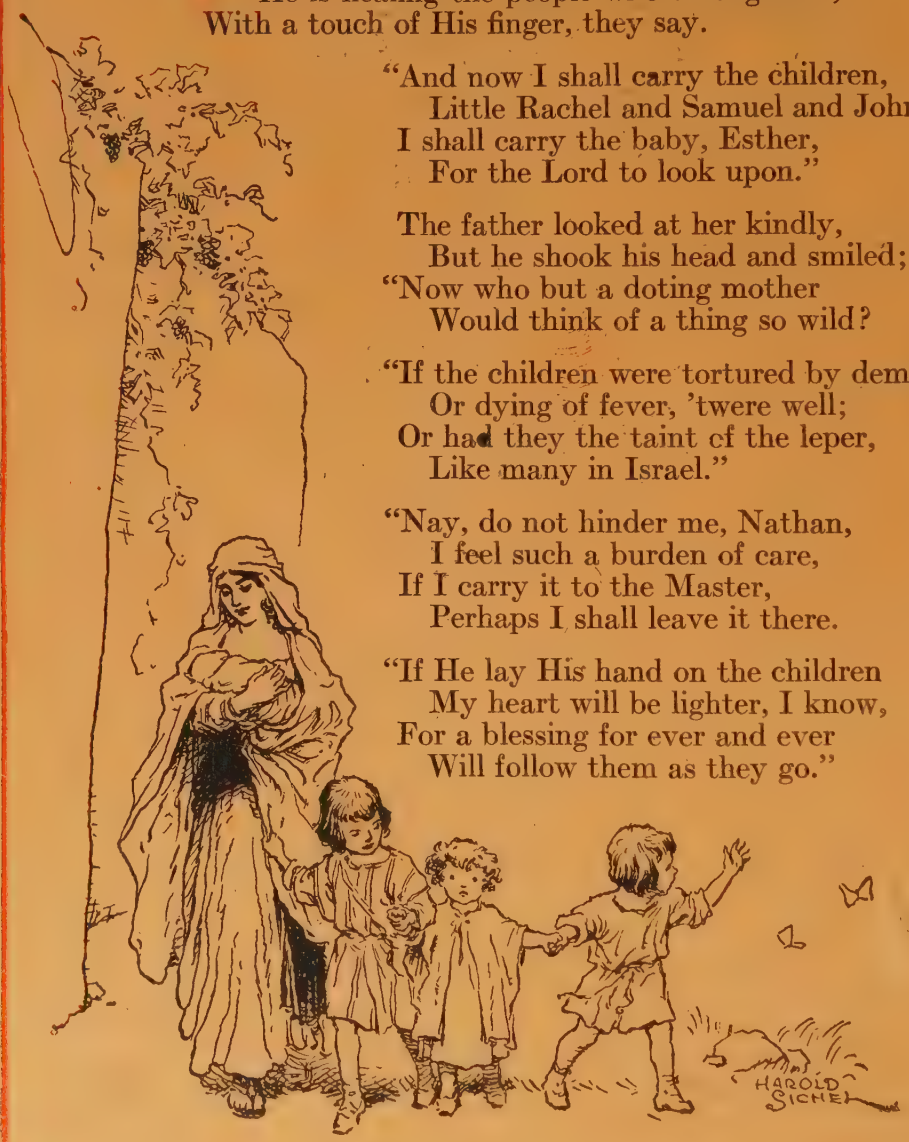
"And now I shall carry the children,
Little Rachel and Samuel and John,
I shall carry the baby, Esther,
For the Lord to look upon."

The father looked at her kindly,
But he shook his head and smiled;
"Now who but a doting mother
Would think of a thing so wild?

"If the children were tortured by demons,
Or dying of fever, 'twere well;
Or had they the taint of the leper,
Like many in Israel."

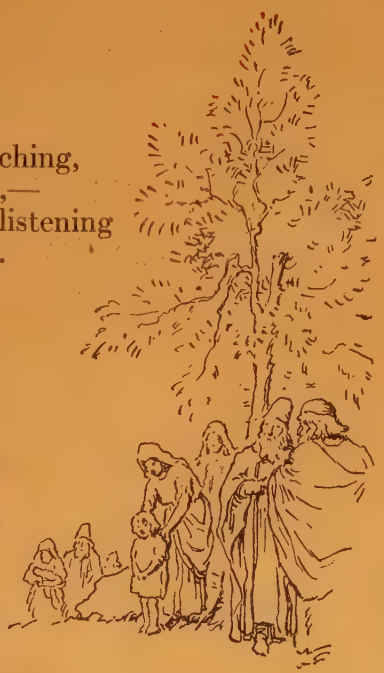
"Nay, do not hinder me, Nathan,
I feel such a burden of care,
If I carry it to the Master,
Perhaps I shall leave it there.

"If He lay His hand on the children
My heart will be lighter, I know,
For a blessing for ever and ever
Will follow them as they go."



So over the hills of Judah,
Along by the vine-rows green,
With Esther asleep on her bosom,
And Rachel her brothers between;

'Mid the people who hung on His teaching,
Or waited His touch and His word,—
Through the row of proud Pharisees listening
She pressed to the feet of the Lord.



"Now why shouldst thou hinder the Master,"
Said Peter, "with children like these?
Seest not how from morning to evening
He teacheth and healeth disease?"

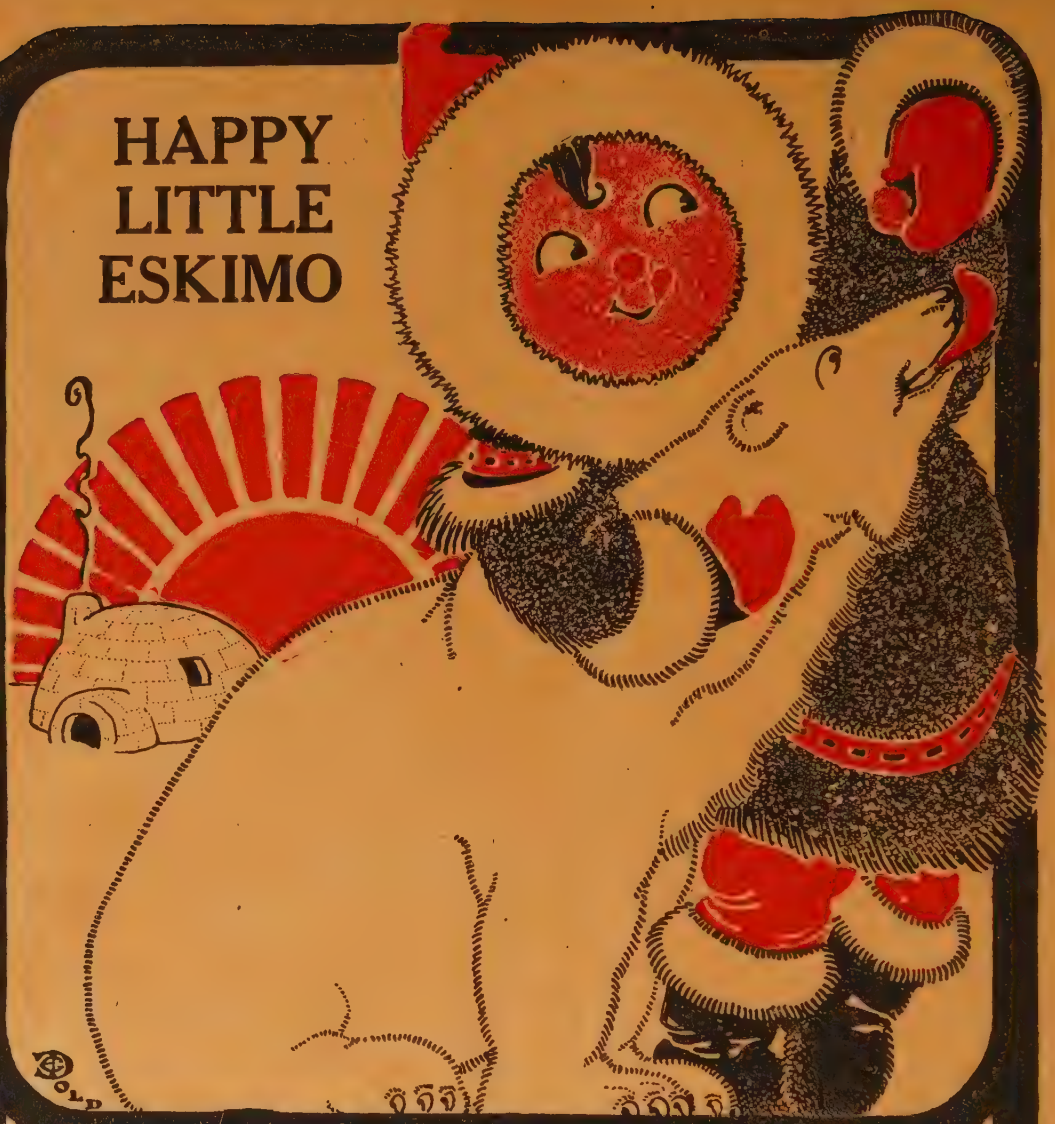
Then Christ said, "Forbid not the children,
Permit them to come unto me!"
And He took in His arms little Esther,
And Rachel He set on His knee;

And the heavy heart of the mother
Was lifted all earth-care above,
As He laid His hand on the brothers,
And blest them with tenderest love;

As He said of the babes in His bosom,
"Of such are the kingdom of heaven"—
And strength for all duty and trial,
That hour to her spirit were given.

JULIA GILL.

HAPPY LITTLE ESKIMO



HAPPY little Eskimo
With his big white Polar Bear,
By his house of ice and snow,
See them eating gumdrops rare.
Pudgy nose and furry clothes,
Always in a nice warm glow,
Jack Frost cannot nip his toes,
Happy little Eskimo.

ELLIOT DOLD, JR.

KOOLA KOOLA HOTTENTOT

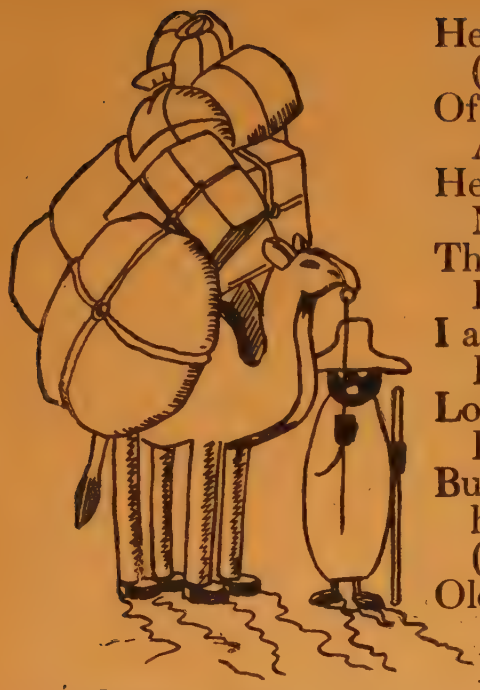
FUNNY little Hottentot,
See the way he smiles and smiles,
All his teeth are shiny white,
You can see them shine for miles.
Koola Koola is his name,
From a habitation hot,
For that name just who can blame
Funny little Hottentot?

ELLIOT DOLD, JR.

THE CAMEL

WITH PICTURES FROM ANDRE HALLE'S "DROLL BEASTS."

IT'S hard to write poetic things
Of Camel Beast for he
Can't seem to stir up pretty words
In poet men like me.
It's not exactly Camel's *looks*
That make him commonplace,
But that expression Camel has
On his peculiar face.

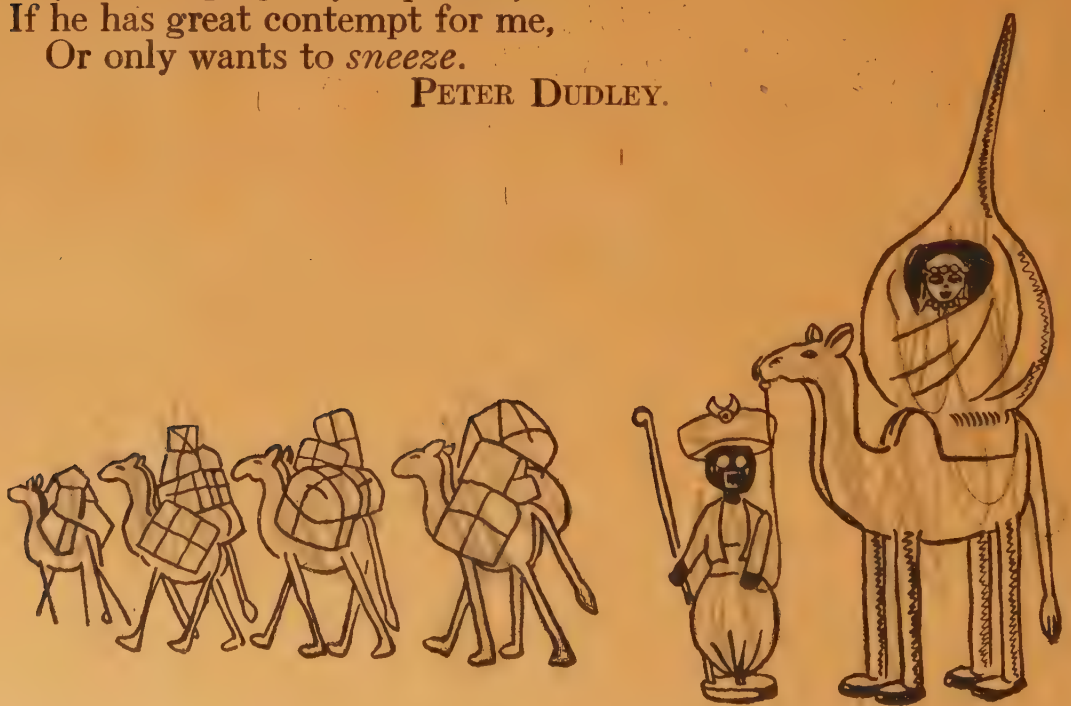


He has a most contemptuous way—
(Quite harmless I suppose,)
Of looking at me haughtily
Along his Roman nose.
He doesn't look quite comfortable,
Nor act quite at his ease.
The strange expression of his nose
Looks like a smothered *sneeze.*
I always think a *Camel* thinks
Peculiar things for he
Looks just as if he thought the most
Peculiar things of *me.*
But, "handsome is that
handsome does,"
(As kindly people say,)
Old Camel does a *lot* of things
In quite a handsome way.
He carries burdens all day long
In desert sands and heat.
He doesn't cry nor fuss because
He hasn't much to eat.
And he can live for days and days
Without a drink, and *smile;*
For *one* good drink will satisfy
Old Camel quite a while.
The Camel of Arabia has
But *one* big hump and it's
Where all the things are packed on him,
And where his driver sits.
The Camel of more Northern lands
Has *two* humps—just like saddles;
As he's the Desert Ship that's where
His captain steers and paddles.
A Camel's food lies in his hump.
When it is good and fat
You know a Camel is well-fed
And you are glad of *that.*
That *hump* supplies his nourishment;
For many days, and serves
To give the proper nutriment
The *rest* of him deserves.

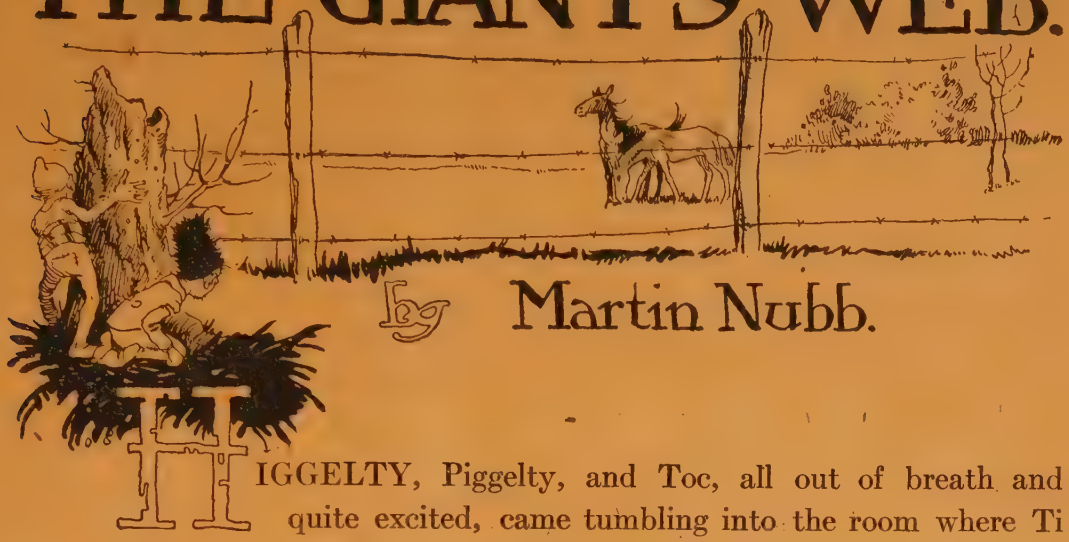
The Arabs think the Camel is
  An *almost* sacred beast,
And don't allow the poet man
  To disagree the least.
'Tis said that Punchinello smiles
  When Camel passes by.
He thinks *his* hump is handsomer,
  So that's the reason why.
Then Punchinello grins a grin,
  And says with pride, says he,—
"But I won't let a Arab man
  Sit up on top of *me*."

The Camel humps along his way;
  He asks no reasons why,
And does his duty as it comes
  With neither smile nor sigh.
I wonder if he loves his work.
  I wonder if he knows
How queer he looks when gazing down
  Along his Roman nose.
I wonder, when he looks at *me*,
  (So *strangely* if you please.)
If he has great contempt for me,
  Or only wants to *sneeze*.

PETER DUDLEY.



THE GIANT'S WEB.



by Martin Nubb.

HIGGELTY, Piggelty, and Toc, all out of breath and quite excited, came tumbling into the room where Ti Poo, the master, was at work one fine spring morning.

"A great big web has been spun around a meadow over on the edge of Flubb," gasped Higgelty.

"It's made of the whoppingest big threads you ever saw," cried Piggelty. "They have big sharp thorns on them, and Toc was caught on one when he crawled under."

"We pulled and pulled to get him loose," Higgelty went on.

"And it tore my coat-tail!" roared Toc. "It's a horrid thing. What do you think made it?"

"A spider, of course," answered Ti Poo, at once. "Only spiders spin webs. But a web with thorns—That's very strange. We must look into this. I shall go and consult Michael about it."

Ti Poo put on his hat and coat, and after learning exactly where the web was located, set out for Michael's house.

Michael was the oldest and wisest spider in Flubb, and a great friend of the gnomes. He had studied web building under the most famous instructors, and was looked on as a master craftsman. When Ti Poo arrived at his house, he found Michael busily engaged in giving lessons to a group of young caterpillars, who had come to him to learn how to build cocoons, so that, when fall came, they would know how to make good, tight homes for the winter.

"How do you do," said Michael, quite pleased at receiving a call from the

Michael scratched his head and said, "H-m-m-m!"

master gnome. "Come right in. I'll call my wife. She's at work pickling young spring flies that I've caught for next winter."

"Oh, don't disturb her," replied Ti Poo. "I've not come to make a social call, but to see if I can engage your valuable services as a consulting expert."

"I shall be most happy to give you any advice I can," answered Michael, bowing gravely. "What is the matter that troubles you?"

Ti Poo related all that had been told him about the strange web, and Michael listened very carefully, while the young caterpillars looked on with wide open eyes.

"H—m—m—m—," said Michael, after Ti Poo had finished. "Very

practising the slip-knot.

unusual indeed. We shall have to go and look it over—though you couldn't have caught me at a busier time," he added.

"Oh, but we want to pay you for your time and advice," Ti Poo said quickly. "I'll send you two dozen young bluebottle flies."

"Very good," agreed Michael. "Just let me tell my wife where I'm going. And you young fellows," he added, turning to the caterpillars, "while I'm away can be practising that slip knot I showed you for fastening your threads to leaf stems. Mind you have something to show when I get back."

It was a long tramp to the meadow where the strange web had been seen, and it was late in the afternoon when Ti Poo and Michael reached it. They walked up and stood side by side, looking at the web. Ti Poo had never in his life been more puzzled by anything. But as he did not want to appear so, he kept very quiet, watching Michael out of the corner of his eye and waiting for the spider to speak. After a long time Michael scratched his head, and said, "H—m—m—m."

Now, it is very likely that you already have guessed what the strange web was,—nothing but a barbed wire fence that had just been built. But as there was no need for fences in the Kingdom of Flubb, it was only natural that Michael and Ti Poo were puzzled by it.

Michael gave the bottom wire a tug, examined one of the sharp barbs, crawled up one of the posts, looked along the fence, and then came down again, mumbling to himself, all the while.

"Very strange job," he muttered, scratching his head again. "Very strange. I don't understand this kind of building

at all. It isn't done according to any plans I've ever studied. These ropes seem to be strung fast enough—but there are no ground moorings."

"Ah, I was just about to observe that," said Ti Poo, nodding wisely, though, as a matter of fact, he had not the faintest idea of what a ground mooring was, and to tell the truth, neither have I.

"And where are the flying ballustrades, and the leg grapples, and the left and right side weed supports, and the bramble brackets?" Michael went on.

"Where, indeed?" echoed Ti Poo. "You voice my very thoughts."

"But what puzzles me most," Michael began again, "is that there's no observation center. I have to keep all my eight eyes open and watch very sharply when I sit in the center of my webs, in order to see every fly the minute he's caught, and so catch and bind him before he gets away. How could any one watch this big straggley affair?"

"That's exactly what had just occurred to me!" exclaimed Ti Poo.

"Well, there's so much about it," Michael concluded, after thinking a few moments longer, "I'll have to stay and study this thing for a while. I'll come and make my report to you to-morrow when I've learned all about it. And if you're going by my house, I wish you would stop and tell my wife that I'll be late getting home to-night."

Ti Poo promised, and started off for home, shaking his head and wondering what this terrible web could have been built for.

He was rather surprised when Michael failed to appear the next day, and a little worried when he did not show up on the day following. On the third day, Ti Poo was just starting to send one of the gnomes over to the spider's house when there was a knock on the door, and, as he opened it, in came Michael's wife. She was dressed in a sun-bonnet and a gingham apron, and held a handkerchief to her eyes with two hands while she wrung another pair in grief. She had on two pairs of rubbers, and was crying so hard that a moment after she entered she was standing in a puddle of tears.

"Oh, Master Ti Poo," she sobbed. "My poor husband—where is he?"

"Do you mean that he hasn't come home?" exclaimed Ti Poo.

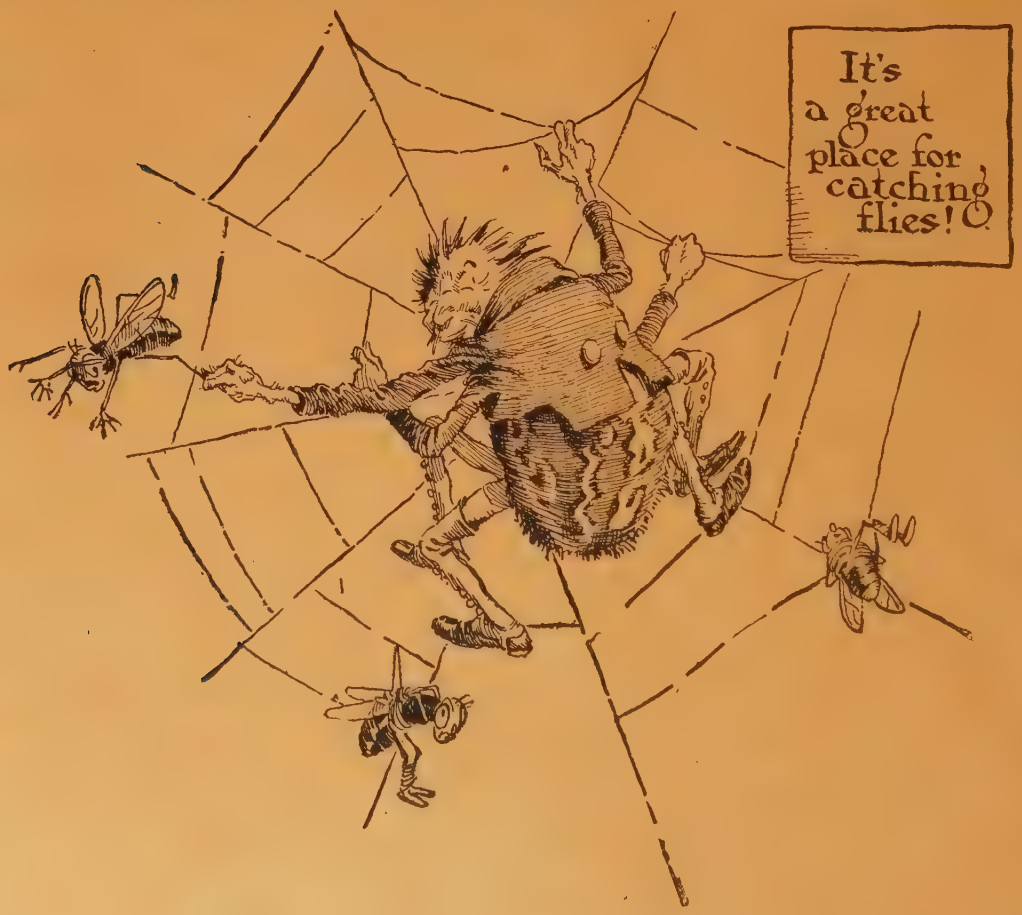
She shook her head. "He has never been away over night before, and here it is, going on three days. I'd have come to you sooner, but what with all the housework, and the canning, and taking care of the children—we've a hundred and eighty-three, you know——"

"I'll send out a searching party this minute," interrupted Ti Poo. "And I'll go myself! Now you go right home and don't worry. We'll find him for you."

Michael's wife thanked the gnome and hurried away leaving a trail of tears, while Ti Poo called in all the other gnomes and directed them to start a general search for Michael. He himself, with Tic and Toc, started at once for the big web.

They approached the meadow on a different side than they had before, and Ti Poo saw that the shortest way to reach the place where he had left Michael was to crawl under the fence and to cut across the field. As they neared the spot where Michael had last been seen, they heard a terrible sound of galloping behind them, and looking around they saw some huge animals charging toward them.

Quick as a flash the gnomes took to their heels, but the sound grew louder and louder—closer and closer behind them. They were running as



fast as they could, expecting every minute to be trampled under foot, when all at once, they came to the fence, and as they scrambled under it, rolling over and over, they could see the huge animals turn and trot away toward another corner of the meadow.

"Hello," exclaimed a voice from overhead, and looking up, whom should they see but Michael, hard at work fastening down a fly he had just caught in a big web he had stretched across the fence wires.

"You're a nice one," cried Ti Poo. "What do you mean by staying away from home so long? Your wife was so worried that we had to come and look for you."

"Oh, that's too bad," answered Michael, as he finished fastening the fly and scrambled down to the ground. "You see, it was this way. I thought that while I was studying this big web I might as well build one of my own, and see what luck I had here. Say, it's a great place for catching flies! I've caught more in three days here than I could in two weeks at home, and I think I'll talk to the wife about moving down here for the summer. I was simply too busy to leave. I've been too busy even to find out what the big web is for."

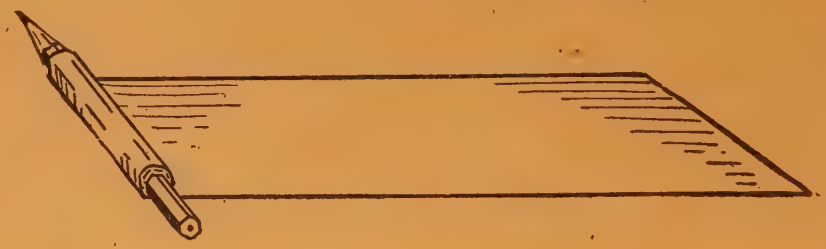
"But I've found out," Ti Poo answered, as they started back. "It's to keep those great beasts from running loose and trampling on people. And I've decided it's a very good thing."

MAKING A JACOB'S LADDER

DID you ever make a Jacob's Ladder? It is lots of fun, and so easy any bright little boy or girl can make it. Then, too, it can be made from an old newspaper, and there are always plenty of those to be had. I will tell you how to do it.

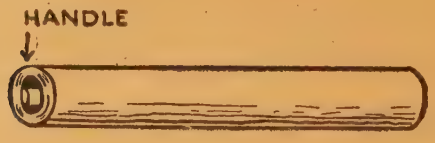
Open the newspaper and cut a strip about four inches wide way across both sheets. If you will cut along the line of printing, you will find it easier to make a straight cut. Then fold one end over in a narrow fold (very narrow), and fold it on that fold about five times. This makes the "handle" which you will need later to open your Ladder.

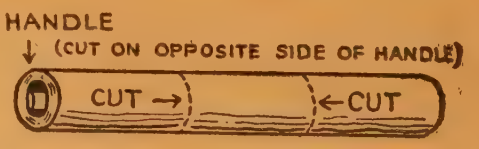
After you have done this, either fold or roll on a pencil the entire strip of paper, being careful to have it very even and not too tight or it will not open well.



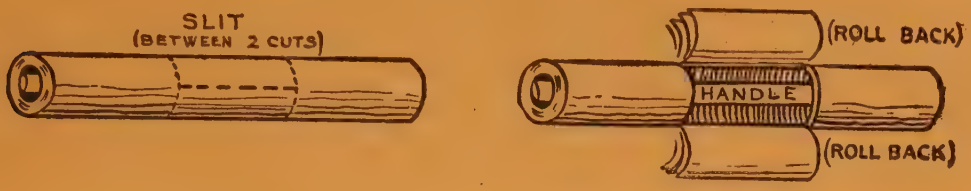
It is well to paste the edge down about an inch from each end, leaving the center free; but this is not absolutely necessary if you have no paste at hand; it only makes it more firm and easier to handle.

When it is all rolled, then pull the pencil out and peep inside to find where the "handle" is, for we are to cut the roll on the OPPOSITE side! Take sharp scissors and cut two deep cuts into the roll about *half way* through it; and have the cuts about an inch and a half from the end. Be sure the cut is on the *opposite* side from the handle!

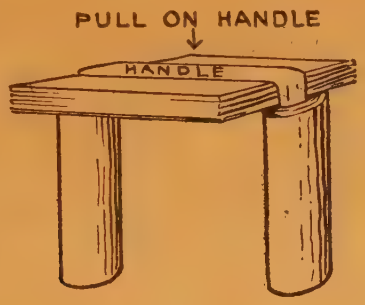




You may find it hard to cut, but you can squeeze your roll as flat as you please and just "saw away." Then slit your middle section lengthwise in the center, and turn back the leaves until you come to the handle. One little boy said it looked like a "busted firecracker," and I think you will think so, too.

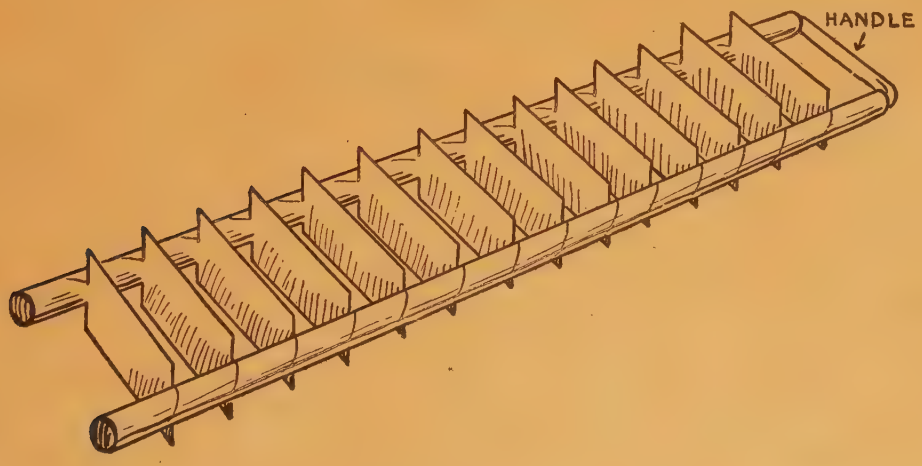


Then bend the roll over your finger, and pull gently at the handle which now will be in plain sight.



Your Jacob's Ladder will rise in all its glory. If you wish a higher ladder and have a sharp knife to cut it with, you may piece on another strip of paper after you have rolled your first piece on the pencil.

MAUD WRIGHT O'LEARY.



LOUISA MAY ALCOTT

WOULD you like to live on plain boiled rice without sugar, or graham meal without butter or molasses? If you did, could you be happy and make your own good times? Perhaps so, if you had parents such as the Alcott children had and a sister like Louisa to keep things lively.

Mr. Alcott was a very wise, kind man who did not know how to make a living. His wife was strong, loving, full of fun, and *did* know how to make a living. They had four girls; Anna, quiet and gentle; Louisa, like her mother; then came good little Lizzie and talented Abba May. Louisa is the one in whom we are most interested because she grew up to write books that are more loved to-day than when she wrote them.

Louisa May Alcott was born in Germantown, Pennsylvania, November 29, 1832. Two years later when the family went back to Boston by steamer, little Louisa was missing for a while, but they found her in the engine-room happy in "plenty of dirt." She wanted to be doing something all the time. She loved to run and to be outdoors and did not want to stay in even when it stormed. She was fond of animals, especially cats, and she proved that even a rat could be made a friend. She liked to act out plays, and the sisters wrote their own as soon as they were big enough.

The family loved books and had many of them. As a very little girl Louisa played with the books in her father's library; "building towers and

bridges of the big dictionaries, looking at pictures, pretending to read and scribbling on blank pages whenever a pen or pencil could be found."

Mr. Alcott taught his children at home, and made up many of the lessons he used, sometimes putting in little pictures. They read, and wrote on their slates, and studied many things other children did but they learned some lessons about being kind and good not found in books.

One of the delights of Louisa's childhood was to run away. Once she and her hoop fell into the Frog Pond on Boston Common and were rescued by a black boy, which seemed to make her a devoted life-time friend to the whole race. Another time, she got lost and was found asleep on a door-step with her head pillowed on a big Newfoundland dog. Next day her mother tied her to the leg of the sofa for punishment.

When Louisa was seven, her mother gave her a doll for her birthday and wrote her a dear little letter. They were always writing things in that family, letters and diaries, and little notes when the children had been naughty. Louisa had her "Imagination Book" in which she loved to write, and, at eight, she made up a poem to a robin she found half-frozen in the garden of their Concord home.

She learned to sew and helped in the family mending; she even set up as a doll's dressmaker and milliner at ten, doing especially well with hats until downy feathers gave out on the neighbor's hens.

We read in the diary kept when she was ten that she got up at five and loved cold water; she washed the breakfast dishes then ran on the hill until nine. On December tenth she writes: "*In the evening, father, mother, Anna and I had a long talk. I was very unhappy and we all cried.*" This shows us how early Louisa began to feel the family burdens and how the family talked things over with the children. They did everything together and shared

everything, good or bad. The Alcotts were the most generous family that ever were poor. They would give away half their firewood on Saturday night when they had only enough to last over Sunday. Motherless girls were sheltered, hungry travellers fed, and fugitive slaves given a lodging under their roof. They trusted the Lord to provide and were never disappointed.

Writing and thinking so much, the little girl longed for a room to herself, and her desire was fulfilled at Fruitlands when she was thirteen. This was where Mr. Alcott took them all to live with some of his friends in one big family to do the way they thought was right. They did not eat meat, they wondered what they should do when shoes were worn out as they could not "cruelly deprive any cow of her skin," and they knew nothing about farming. Mrs. Alcott had nearly all the housework to do and had to see her children go without things they needed. Yet, she was brave and cheerful always, and she helped the children to be. The Alcott girls reverenced their father but they adored their mother. Louisa longed to grow up and help so that her mother might be comfortable and some day have a chance to rest.

The Fruitlands experiment failed, then for a time the family occupied a house they bought in Concord, described in "Little Women." Here Louisa spent the happiest hours of her life. One day she went to her favorite retreat for a "good think." This was an old cartwheel in the long grass under a tree. She firmly resolved to *"do something by and by, don't care what; teach, sew, act, write; anything to help the family, and I'll be rich and famous and happy before I die, see if I don't!"*

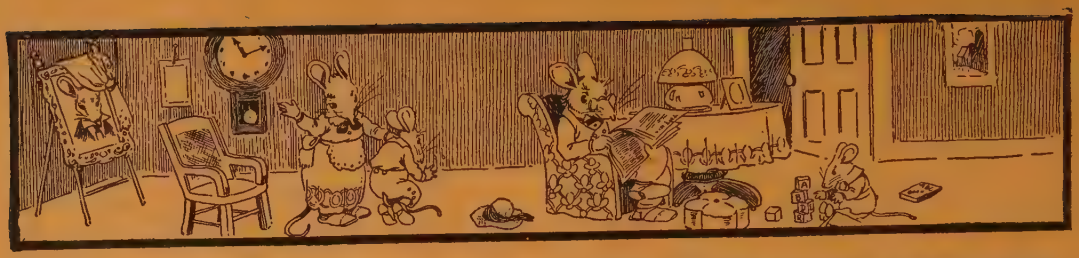
The Alcotts moved to Boston in 1848 where there was more chance to earn a living. They missed the free country life and the many famous people who had been near neighbors in Concord, like the Emersons and Hawthorne. Louisa writes: *"My father went to his classes at his room down town, mother to her all-absorbing poor, the little girls to school, and I was left to keep house feeling like a caged gull as I washed dishes and cooked in the basement kitchen."*

She wasn't really a little girl any longer and you will be glad to know she did do something to make herself famous before her death in 1888. She wrote a great deal, selling what she could, but for a long time sewing and teaching paid better than writing. Many of her stories are about things she and her sisters did at home; "Little Women" tells about the four sisters.

"My Boys" describes two lads she met on a visit to Providence when she was seven. "Poppy's Pranks" is a description of her own, and "Seven Black Cats" in "Aunt Jo's Scrap Bag" recalls to memory some of her own pets. "Transcendental Wild Oats" is a grown up story about life at Fruitlands.

"Little Women," "Little Men," and "Under the Lilacs" are considered her best books. I hope you will some day read all her books and some of the interesting volumes that have been written about her life as well as the delightful letters the members of this devoted family wrote to each other.

EDNA S. KNAPP.



MY ENGINEER

OUR Locomotive Engineer went on a strike and so
There was nobody in our yard to make our engine go.
My Soldier Man, my blocks, and trees, and lots of things beside
Were tired waiting for the train on which they like to ride.
So then we saw a little Mouse; he said *he'd* like to be
The Engineer to run our train as fast as fast could be.
So Mousie *was* the Engineer. His train went like a "streak".
He blew the whistle, rang the bell, and squeaked a noisy *squeak*.

MARY TATE

FROM A DRAWING BY
H. WILLEBEEK LE MAIR

MY THREE SHIPS

1

I SENT three Ships a-sailing
Out on the ocean sea.
My ships were very stalwart Ships,
And all belonged to me.

2

My First Good Ship was laden
With LOVE for everyone;
But as for fear and malice, O,
That good ship carried *none*.

3

The Second Ship bore Honor
And Purpose well begun;
But as for priggish pride of self,
That good ship carried *none*.

4

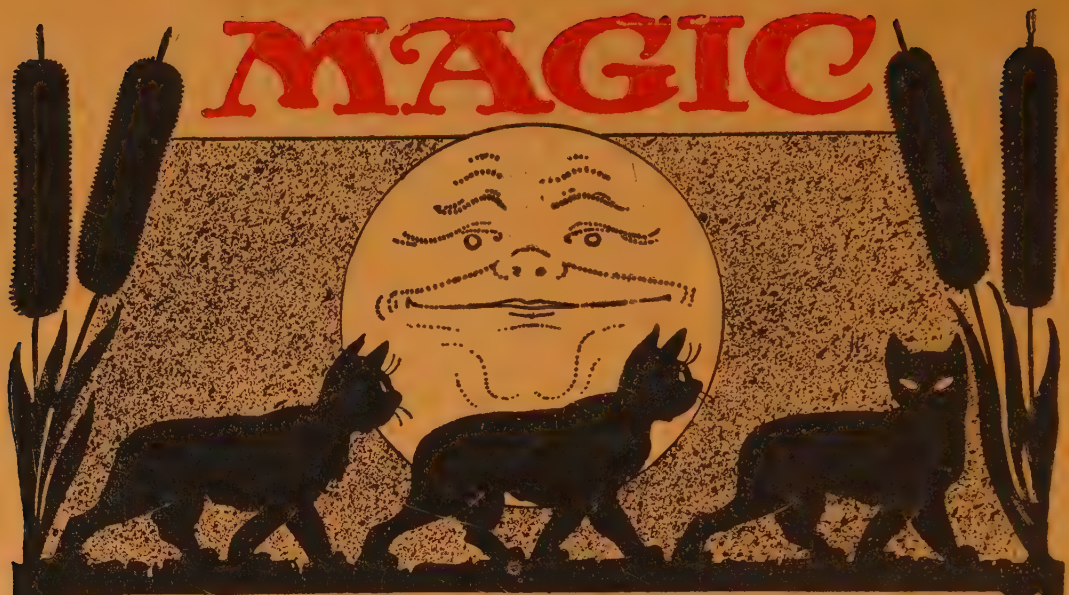
My Third Good Ship was freighted
With Smiles and Laughs and Fun;
But as for moods and sulky fits,
That good ship carried *none*.

5

I sent three Ships a-sailing
Across the ocean sea,
And I believe they'll all come back
With all good things for me.

NOTE.—The above drawing is taken from a group of Nursery post cards by H. Willbeek Le Mair.

MAGIC



THREE pussy cats who had no tails, (as may be very plainly seen)
Went for a walk and little talk one magic Hallowe'en.
Alas, alack! 'Twas very sad and most unfortunate, I ween
To have no tails to wave about on magic Hallowe'en.

They walked a bit and talked a bit o'er little meadows nice and green
Until they came where cat-tails grow on magic Hallowe'en.
They wished for tails with all their might, with very patient sighs between
When suddenly they got some tails on magic Hallowe'en.

When happy wishes come to you
. And merry hopes that mean
Much to your blessed little hearts,
Just wish on Hallowe'en

It seems so very strange to me,

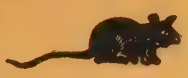
When Margie stubs her toe

She never cries out T or Z

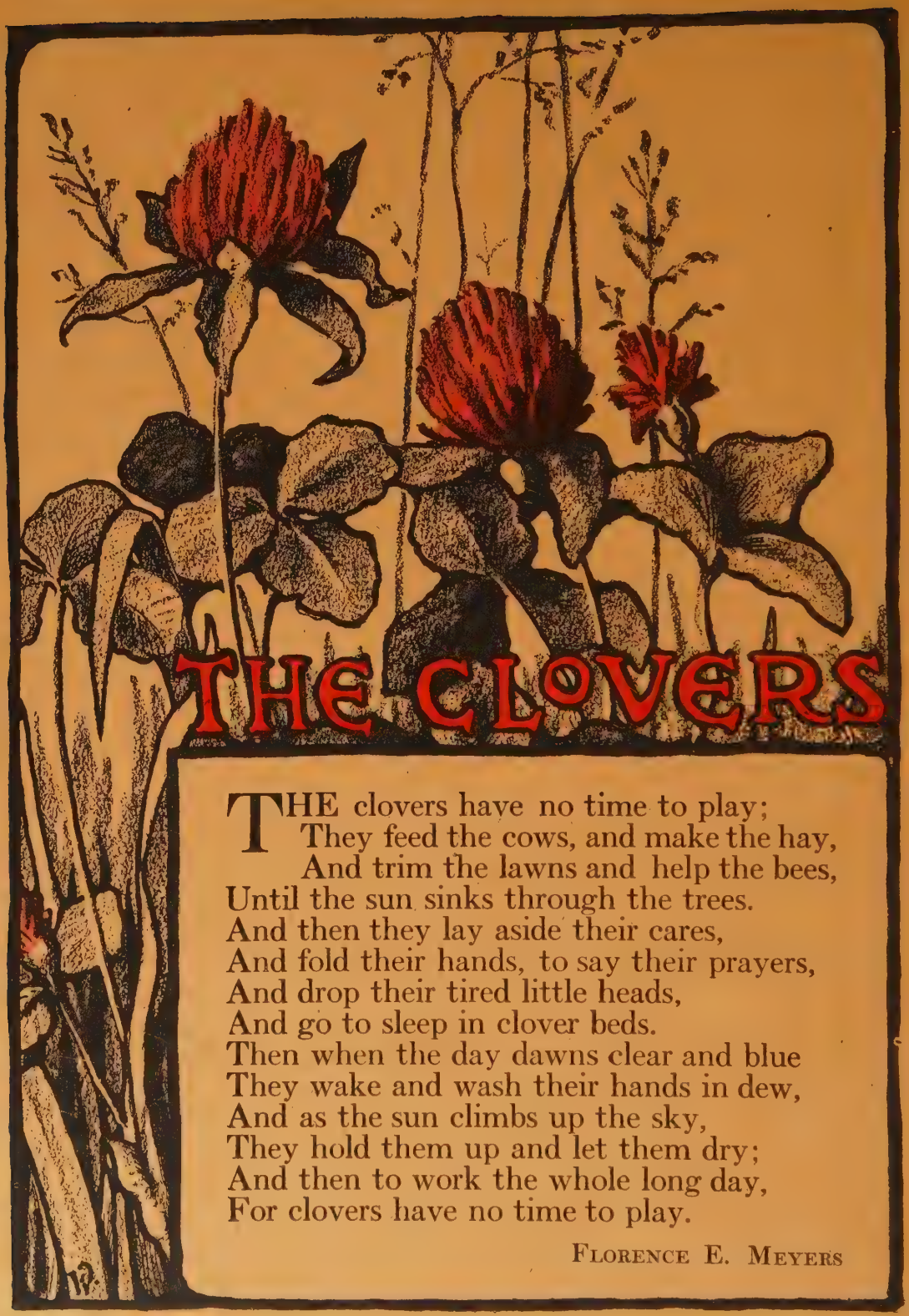
But always hollers O!

WHO CAN READ THIS ?

First came a fat and then a black Then came Peter ie, a and a Along came a and a three-fingered Then proud Mr. and thin Mr. Behind them came and slow Silas. . Then followed closely behind Mrs Then and a and Then and

Then followed an a
and Two black rubber
and a big pudding
Along came a with a
and a And stout
Mr. and short Mrs.
Then came a large and
a nice little with yellow
and shy Molly  At last
came a and a dear little
So and the others
are waiting for **U**

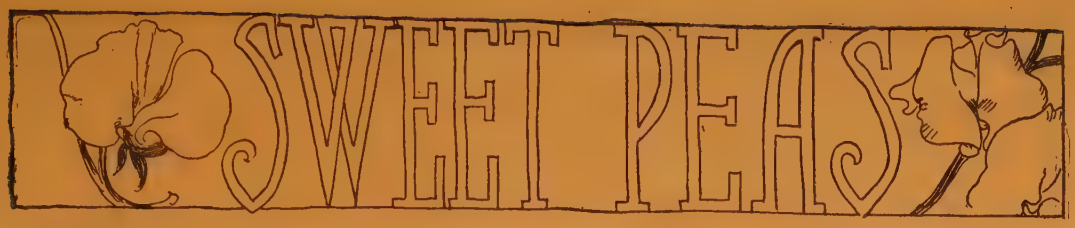
John Martin



THE CLOVERS

THE clovers have no time to play;
They feed the cows, and make the hay,
And trim the lawns and help the bees,
Until the sun sinks through the trees.
And then they lay aside their cares,
And fold their hands, to say their prayers,
And drop their tired little heads,
And go to sleep in clover beds.
Then when the day dawns clear and blue
They wake and wash their hands in dew,
And as the sun climbs up the sky,
They hold them up and let them dry;
And then to work the whole long day,
For clovers have no time to play.

FLORENCE E. MEYERS



THE Queen of the fairies had to travel into a far country on business. All night she flew, and the next day and the next night. When she had done her business, she flew home again, very weary and hungry, for she had had nothing to eat all the time she was gone.

As she drew near home she became so faint and weak from hunger that she could go no farther, but sank down exhausted in the corner of a clover meadow. The tall grass waved over her head and fanned her cheeks so that she did not faint, and after a moment's rest, when she had found voice to speak, she called out feebly: "Thank you, kind grass, but have you anything to eat?"

The grass murmured that it was sorry but it had nothing to eat to offer her, nor even anything to drink, for the morning dew had long since been dried up by the bright sun.

A little bird sitting on the rail fence near by heard her inquiry and immediately hunted up a nice fat worm for her, and brought it in his beak, but the queen, while of course too polite to hurt his feelings by refusing it, could not eat the worm, and as soon as the bird's back was turned she let it escape into the grass.

Just then a bumble bee buzzed near by and the queen called out to him to know if he had any honey to spare. Now the bee had been working hard and was heavily laden. When he learned the queen's plight he gladly unloaded his store and piled it on a green leaf at her feet, and she thanked him graciously for it as he buzzed off about his business.

The queen smacked her lips over the feast spread before her, but she had been so many days without eating a morsel of anything that it did not take long for the pile to be exhausted, and still she was hungry. She saw a group of white butterflies clustered on a vine that straggled its way up the fence, and she called out to them: "Ho good people, fetch me some honey from the clover field and receive my thanks for it, as did your cousin the bee."

But the butterflies were lazy and would not go for the honey. They answered: "Our cousin the bee may be a slave and do slave's work if he

pleases, but we are ladies and run errands for no one," and they fluttered their wings and tilted backward and forward on the swaying vine, very much pleased with themselves, not knowing that it was the queen of the fairies to whom they were speaking.

"Do you not see that I am fainting for lack of food?" exclaimed the queen.

"The clover field is there, and you can gather for yourself," replied the butterflies. "Our cousin the bee may work for strangers if he pleases, but we are not so foolish."

The queen stamped her foot and gazed at them in anger. "Your wings are larger and prettier than the bee's," said she, "but may they nevermore be of use to you. Stay where you are until I call on you again for aid, and remember that a queen does not sue in vain without requiting it."

She waved her wand in the air and the butterflies were filled with fear,

but only for a moment. When the queen walked away leaving them feeling much the same as ever they thought she must have been making idle threats and that nothing had really happened.

For a few moments they swung idly in the breeze that swayed the vine. Then one of them exclaimed: "Heigh ho, it's a sleepy afternoon! Let's go over to the rose garden and play."

All tried to lift their wings and go, but behold, their wings would not obey them. Their bodies had grown fast to the stalk of the vine, and so, though they could sway in the breeze as the vine swayed, they could not leave it.

"It is the curse!" cried one and another.

Two little girls came strolling through the meadow, picking clover blossoms. "Oh Edna, see the white sweet peas growing on the fence!" cried one. "I didn't know there were any here."

"They must have just come up," said the other. "Let's leave them though, so that they may cover the ugly old fence and make it beautiful."

So they left the lazy butterflies alone on their vine, and there they probably are to this day.

ELIZABETH PERKINS.

THE · BIG · SHOW

TO-DAY'S a happy day for us! The Big Show's come to town!
With everything that's wonderful from elephant to clown.
Our Daddy has a half day off; as Mother says we may,
Most all of us are going to the great big show to-day.
Just see the monstrous circus tent! Oh, hear the "barkers" yelling
About the grand performance and the tickets they are selling.

We've lots of time before the show to go and see the "freaks"—
The fat girl and the tattooed man, the spotted ape that "speaks."
It's very hard to leave this place, there is so much to see—
The wild man and the bearded girl, the giant, nine feet three!
But now the show's about to start. Just hear the cowboy band!
Why, there's a horn so big that on the ground it has to stand.

LET'S • ALL • GO

The base drum is the largest that a drum could ever be;
It's big enough to hold a lot of little boys like me.
Oh, there's the funny farmer clown! He's sitting very near.
He'll say a lot of funny things I wish that we could hear.
Here comes the very grand parade led by a sort of king
Who lived a thousand years ago and owned most everything.

Next we will see the chariot race, then dancing elephants,
Then strong men and the juggling Japs and clowns with baggy pants.
Then bare back riders riding past and tight rope walkers walking,
And tumblers tumbling everywhere and seals and birds a-squalking.
At last the show is over, but we hope with might and main
The Monster Show will very soon come to our town again.

DON. DICKERMAN.

IF AND ! ? ¡ ¿ ! ¿ ¡

If roosters barked and wagged their tails,

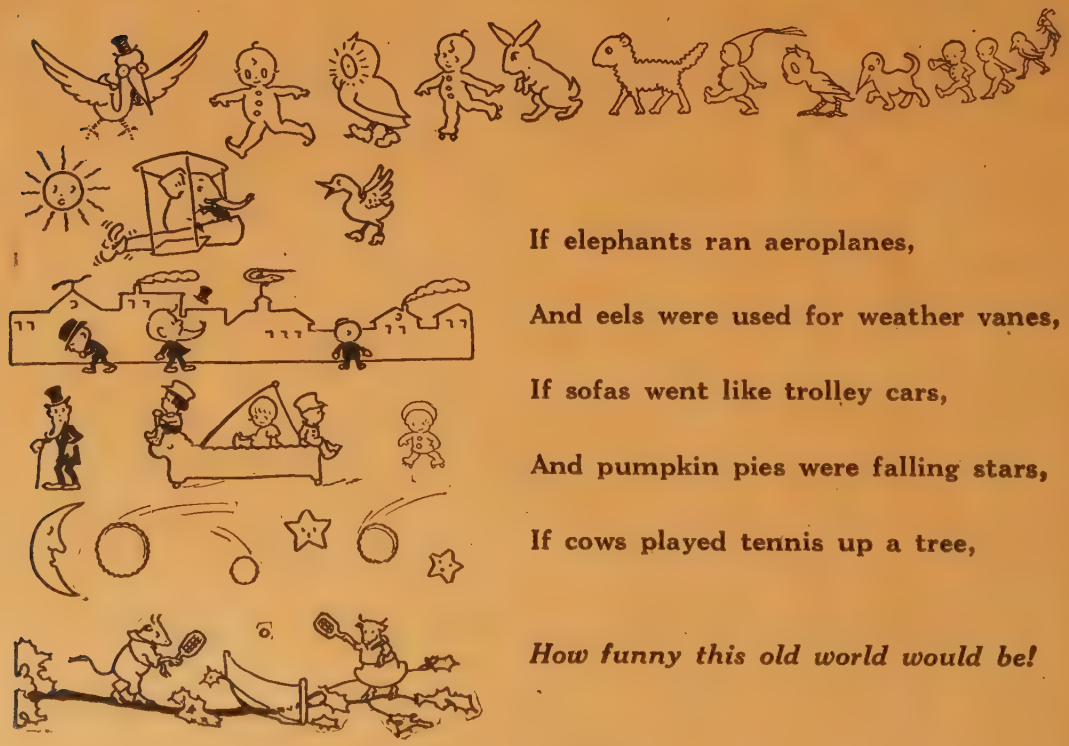
And sheep wore leg-o'mutton sails,

If clams could sing and oysters skate,

And hats were served upon a plate,

If pigs could fly and clocks drank tea,

How funny this old world would be!



If elephants ran aeroplanes,

And eels were used for weather vanes,

If sofas went like trolley cars,

And pumpkin pies were falling stars,

If cows played tennis up a tree,

How funny this old world would be!

If horses mewed and purred liked cats,

And sausages were baseball bats,

If tumblers tumbled on the tables,

And houses stood upon their gables.

If churches sailed upon the sea,

How funny this old world would be!

If eyes were ears and feet were hands,

And big parades had rubber bands,

If black was white, and red was blue,

And forty-one was forty, too,

If I were you and you were me,

How funny this old world would be!

CORNELIA MORGAN.

The O. T. Fairies

THE wounded Corporal felt very cross. He had pitched and rolled in an uncomfortable ship across the sea. He had bumped in a railroad train half way across the United States. He had rattled from the station in an ambulance to the fort hospital. And here he was, in the fort hospital. The wound in his leg hurt. His hip hurt. His whole side hurt. Long ago he had forgotten how to smile. So, his face almost hurt.

He did not want to think. He had nothing to think about, only guns, guns, guns, and the pain in his leg. He closed his tired eyes to keep back the tears.

When he opened them, some one, all smiling and blue and white, stood looking down at him.

"Good morning," said the smiling face.

"Good morning," answered the wounded Corporal politely.

"See what I've brought!" said the blue and white person with the smiling face.

She unrolled a piece of rose and purple cloth.

"Buddy, upstairs, has just finished weaving this with one arm. But he can't tie the knots on the ends so the cloth won't fray. You tie the knots, will you?" asked the smiling face.

"Who are you?" asked the wounded Corporal.

"I'm the Aide in this ward," answered the smiling face.

"Our blue and white Aide, our blue and white Aide," repeated the Corporal softly. But he did not offer to tie the knots.

"Won't you tie the knots for the one-armed boy?" repeated the blue and white Aide.

"I don't know how," said the tired Corporal, frowning.

"Just like this," said the Aide. And she made a single knot with the first two threads.

"Tie one and see the O. T. fairies come," coaxed the blue and white Aide.

"Fairies, pooh!" sneered the Corporal. But he tied one knot very slowly, very awkwardly, in the beautiful woven cloth.

"If you'll sit right here and tie all the knots in one end, I'll tie the other," conceded the Corporal, settling on his pillows.

So the blue and white Aide seated herself beside the soldier's bed and began tying knots.

Two, three, four, five, half a dozen knots, tied the Corporal, without saying a word.

"See the O. T. fairies?" ventured the blue and white Aide.

"What *are* O. T. fairies?" inquired the Corporal.

"O. T. is short for Oc-cu-pa-tion-al The-ra-py," explained the Aide.

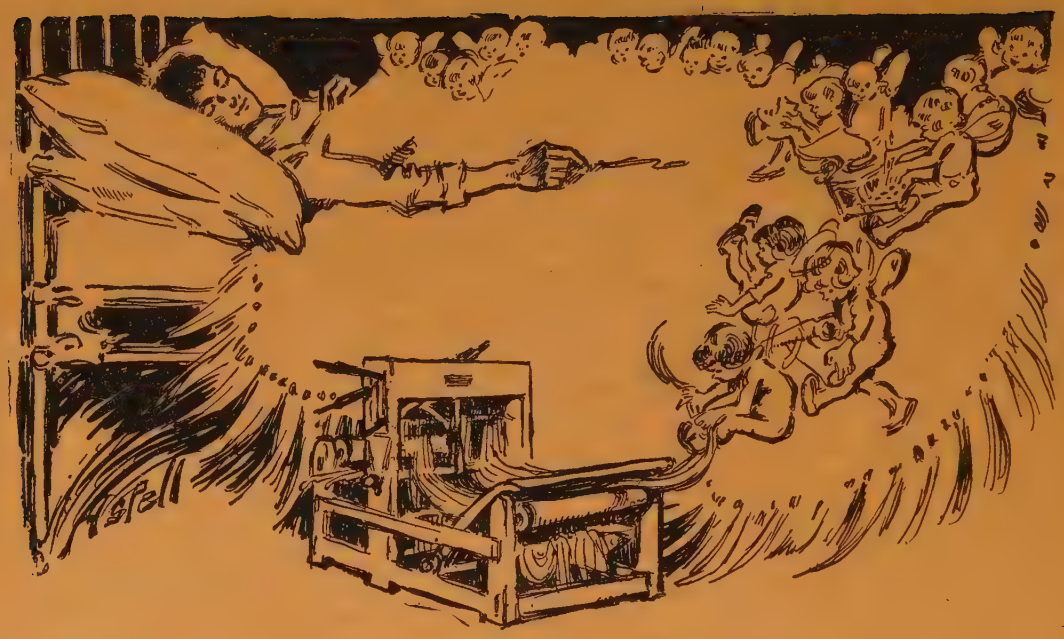
"Who ever heard of Occupational Therapy Fairies!" scoffed the wounded Corporal.

"Not many, before the Great War," replied the Aide. "But hundreds of disabled soldiers have been glad to find them out. Occupational Therapy means GET-WELL-BY-WORK."

The Corporal said nothing. On went his fingers haltingly, now half way across the silky cloth.

"You're beating me," he said at length.

"That's because the fairies are on my side," laughed the Aide.



Then for a long while they worked in silence.

"I'd like to see how Buddy wove this cloth," said the Corporal.

Whisk! The Aide was gone and back in a jiffy with the loom. She set it on the bed beside the soldier and showed him how it worked. With curious fingers the Corporal touched the little machine.

"I believe," he whispered slowly, "I'd like to weave something. Do you suppose I could?"

"Of course you can," beamed the Aide. She shook her finger playfully at her patient. "An O. T. fairy has found you out, already!"

Then she set the loom on the floor and they went back to their knotting. As they worked they planned a beautiful bag for the Corporal's mother. The Aide would get the material that very evening, and the wounded Corporal would weave it on the little bedside loom. Maybe it would be ready for Christmas, a long time off.

Before he knew it, O. T. fairies were kissing the Corporal's eyes and he saw beautiful silken patterns and lustrous colors weaving themselves into gifts for those he loved. O. T. fairies tickled his lips and he smiled. O. T. fairies hastened his weakened fingers until the last knot on Buddy's cloth was tied. Then, worn out, he fell asleep and a beautiful rose and purple cloth covered the hurt in his leg and his hip, and his side. And O. T. fairies danced all over the shining coverlet.

After that, every day the O. T. fairies played about. With each new project they brought new cheer-up thoughts. The Corporal no longer dreamed of the guns and the ache in his leg.

The weeks slipped by into months and the Corporal kept growing steadily better. On Christmas Eve the O. T. fairies came with the most welcome gift of all, the Corporal's discharge from the army and the blue and white Aide sewed the flaming chevron on his sleeve.

"I'll take the O. T. fairies with me wherever I go," smiled the Corporal as he said good-bye. "Thank you for making us friends."

The Aide shook his hand and he was gone from the ward. He limped bravely across the parade ground to the Post gate and on toward loved ones, home, and a jolly Christmas dinner.

MARY J. J. WRINN.

Three Welshmen

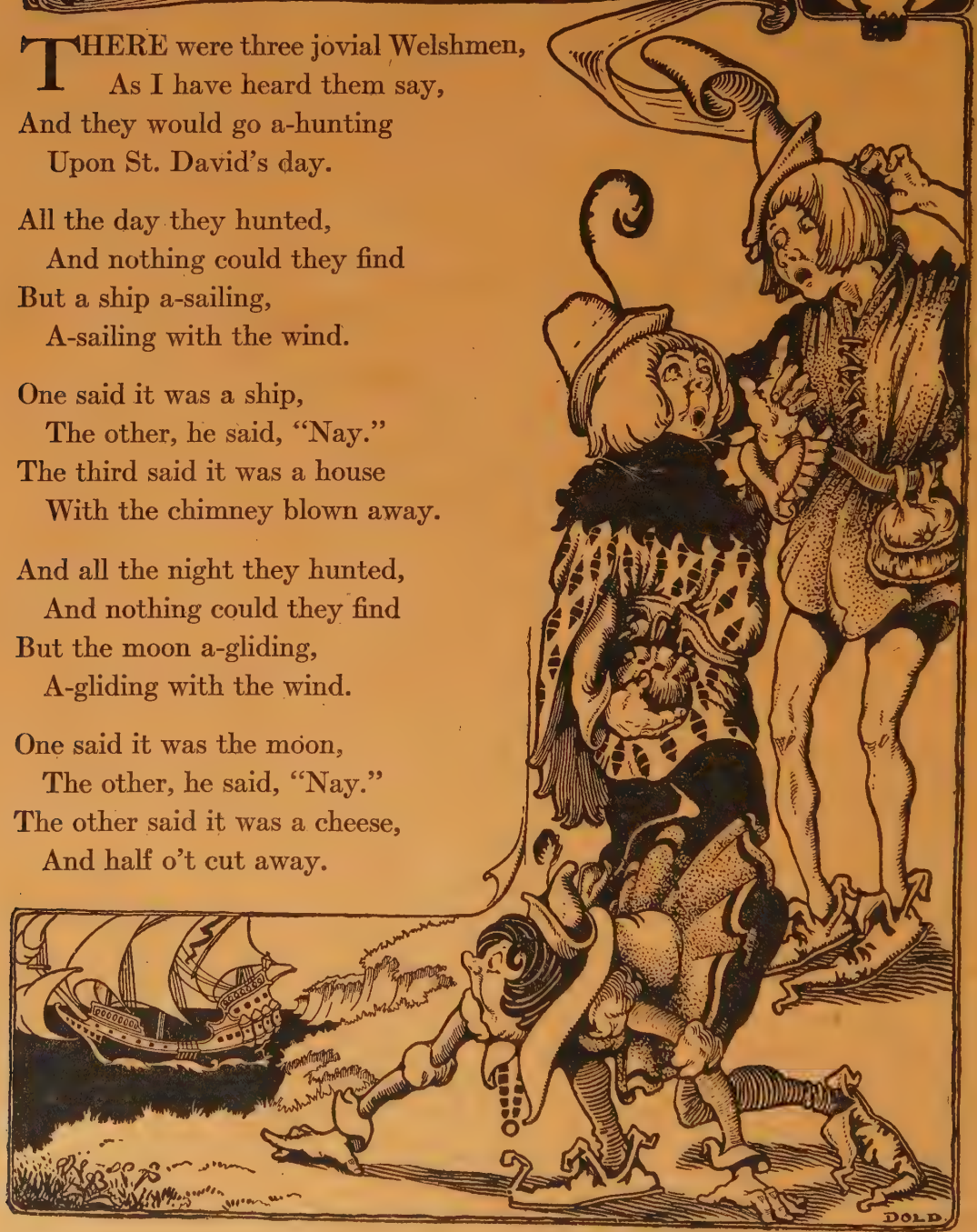
THERE were three jovial Welshmen,
As I have heard them say,
And they would go a-hunting
Upon St. David's day.

All the day they hunted,
And nothing could they find
But a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing with the wind.

One said it was a ship,
The other, he said, "Nay."
The third said it was a house
With the chimney blown away.

And all the night they hunted,
And nothing could they find
But the moon a-gliding,
A-gliding with the wind.

One said it was the moon,
The other, he said, "Nay."
The other said it was a cheese,
And half o't cut away.



And all the day they hunted,
  And nothing could they find
But a hedgehog in a bramble-bush,
  And that they left behind.

The first said it was a hedgehog,
  The second he said, "Nay."
The third, it was a pin-cushion,
  And the pins stuck in wrong way.

And all the night they hunted,
  And nothing could they find
But a hare in a turnip field,
  And that they left behind:

The first said it was a hare,
  The second he said, "Nay."
The third said it was a calf,
  And the cow had run away.

And all the day they hunted,
  And nothing could they find
But an owl in a holly-tree,
  And that they left behind.

One said it was an owl,
  The other he said, "Nay."
The third said 'twas an old man,
  And his beard growing gray.

MOTHER GOOSE.

ONCE upon a time there was a big brown, woolly mother bear, and two little brown, woolly baby bears. Their names were Jimmy Bear and Johnny Bear. They lived in the woods.

All day long they used to play together and hunt berries. The mother bear showed the baby bears where to find them, and taught them which were best to eat.

But one day she found something else in the woods. She found a little blue coat and a little red cap hanging on a berry bush!

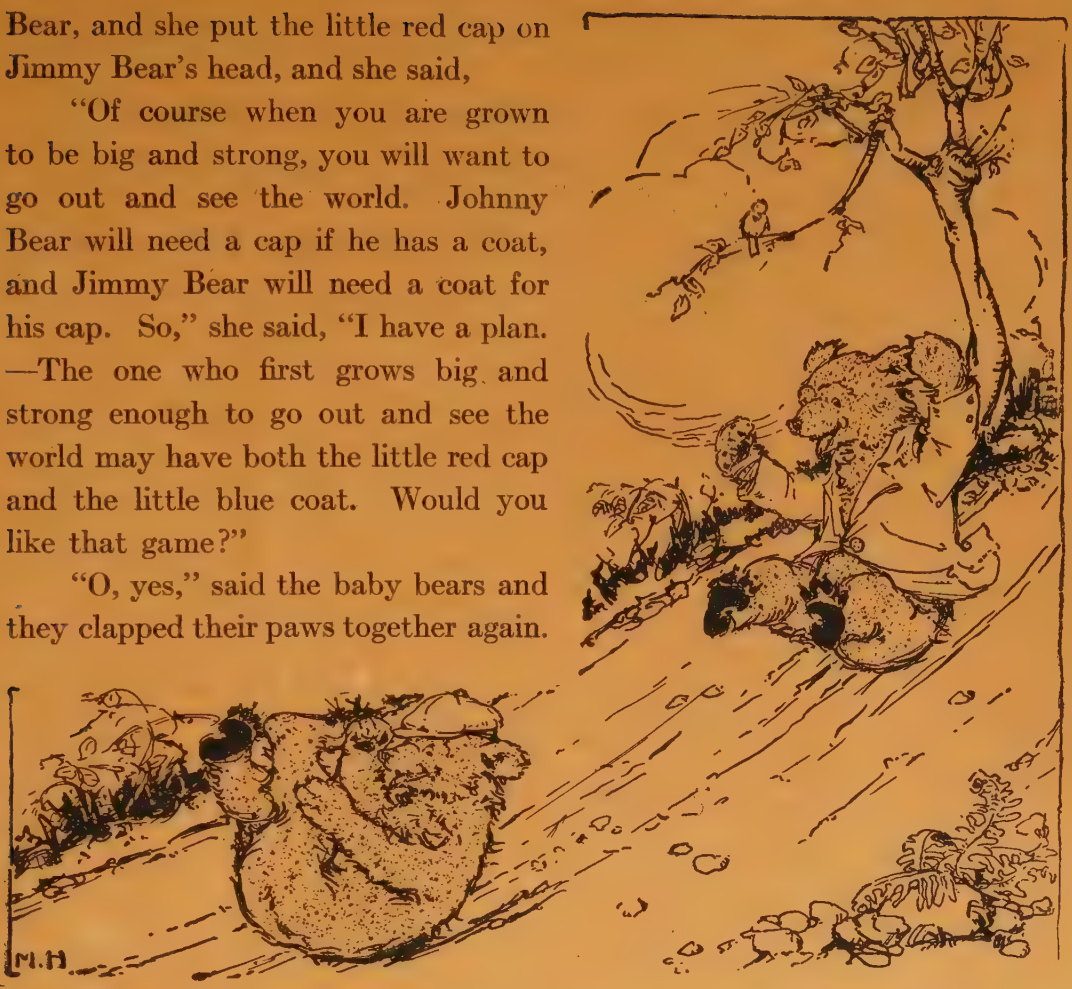
"Come quick, children!" she called. And the little baby bears came scrambling toward her, through the bushes.

When they saw the little red cap and little blue coat, they clapped their paws together. Then the mother bear put the little blue coat on Johnny

Bear, and she put the little red cap on Jimmy Bear's head, and she said,

"Of course when you are grown to be big and strong, you will want to go out and see the world. Johnny Bear will need a cap if he has a coat, and Jimmy Bear will need a coat for his cap. So," she said, "I have a plan. —The one who first grows big and strong enough to go out and see the world may have both the little red cap and the little blue coat. Would you like that game?"

"O, yes," said the baby bears and they clapped their paws together again.



So, each day after that when they played together, Johnny wore his little blue coat and Jimmy wore his little red cap. And Jimmy Bear thought he surely would grow big first and have the little blue coat, too.

But it didn't happen so. Johnny Bear began to grow faster. He grew faster and faster, until, one day, he was as big and strong as his mother. It was time for him to go out and see the world, and it was time for Jimmy Bear to give up the little red cap. For that was the game.

But Jimmy Bear didn't want to give that cap to his brother. He wanted it for himself. *He ran into the woods and hid.* He scampered far into the woods where the trees and bushes were thickest, and where he thought no one could find him. There he sat down under a tree to rest.

He felt of his head to be sure the cap was still there. It was—but it began to feel hot.

"It is because I ran so fast," said Jimmy Bear. He took off the cap and placed it on the ground beside him. And then a strange thing happened,—the cap had no sooner touched the ground, than up it jumped and settled on his head again!

It grew hotter and hotter and soon it began to burn him, and Johnny Bear was frightened. He threw the cap far into the woods and started to run toward home, scrambling through the bushes.

O, how his head burned!

He stumbled once and fell, and as he looked behind him, there, rolling along after him, came the little red cap, faster and faster. Jimmy Bear tried to run faster, but closer came that little red cap. Soon it was just behind him. Soon it touched his hind leg. And then—it rolled up his back and settled on his head again.

He shook his head as he ran, but the cap never moved. And oh, how it burned! How glad that little bear was when he saw his mother and brother and his own home!

"Take it off, quick, mother," he called, "take it off quick." He came crashing through the bushes toward her, shaking his head from side to side.

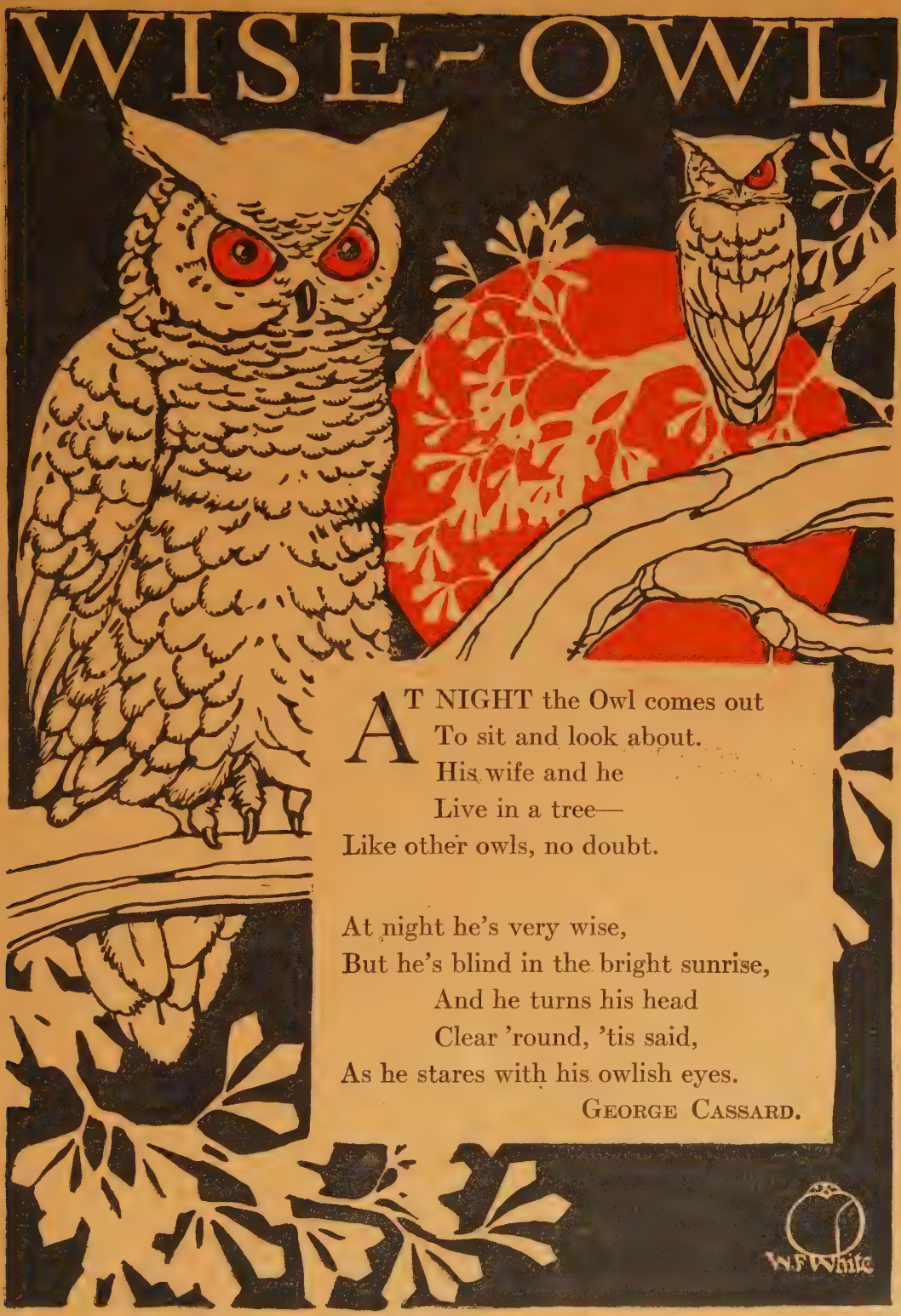
As Mother Bear lifted the cap from his head, immediately it was like any other little red cap, and immediately Jimmy Bear was the happiest little bear that ever lived in those woods.

Then Johnny Bear put the little red cap on his head, said good-bye to his mother and Jimmy Bear, and started off to see the world.

And everybody was happy, but little Jimmy Bear was the happiest one of all.

MARGARET LARWILL DAVIS.

WISE OWL



AT NIGHT the Owl comes out
To sit and look about.
His wife and he
Live in a tree—
Like other owls, no doubt.

At night he's very wise,
But he's blind in the bright sunrise,
And he turns his head
Clear 'round, 'tis said,
As he stares with his owlish eyes.

GEORGE CASSARD.

W.F.White

THREE LITTLE MONKEYS

SEE-NO-EVIL HEAR-NO-EVIL SPEAK-NO-EVIL

Verses by
Lonella Keeney

Music by
Alberta N. Burton

Out

mf f mf

in Jap-an are monkeys three, Who teach a les-son need-ful; 'Twill

prove a help to you and me, If you and I are heed-ful!

1. One little monkey sits like me, And closes both his eyes; If there's
2. One little monkey sits just so, One hand upon each ear; If there's
3. One little monkey, mind him well, Has fin-gers on his lip; If there's

p cresc. poco a poco

a-ny-thing he should not see, He won't, and
a-ny-thing he should not know He won't, he
a-ny-thing he should not tell, He won't, it

allarg. f

so he's wise..
will not hear.
can not slip.

poco rit. a tempo

THE ARMADILLO

A MIGHTY lucky animal
I think the Armadillo,
For, when it's time to go to bed,
He rolls up in a ball instead
And winds himself around his head,
Which serves him as a pillow.

And when the morning comes again,
They never call and shake him.
He never gapes, and grunts, and groans,
And hears them say in startling tones:
"Get up, you awful lazy bones!"
They never *try* to wake him.

GEORGE CASSARD.

Good Morning

"GOOD morning to you, Teacher!"
Said Dan and Sister Sue.
"Good morning," answered Teacher,
So she was pleasant, too.
This really *truly* happened,
For Biff, the doggie, saw them.
Now let us see how nicely we
Can really *truly* draw them.

Miss Quacky

to a circus went.
She saw these things within the tent;

a tiger and a lion or two,

an elephant, a kangaroo,

some clowns that dance and laugh and sing.

some Indians riding round the ring,

a strong man with some tumblers quick,

a tight-rope walker with a stick,

a funny man with big false-face,

a juggler and a chariot race.
She saw some girls on horseback, too,
and then, alas, the show was through.

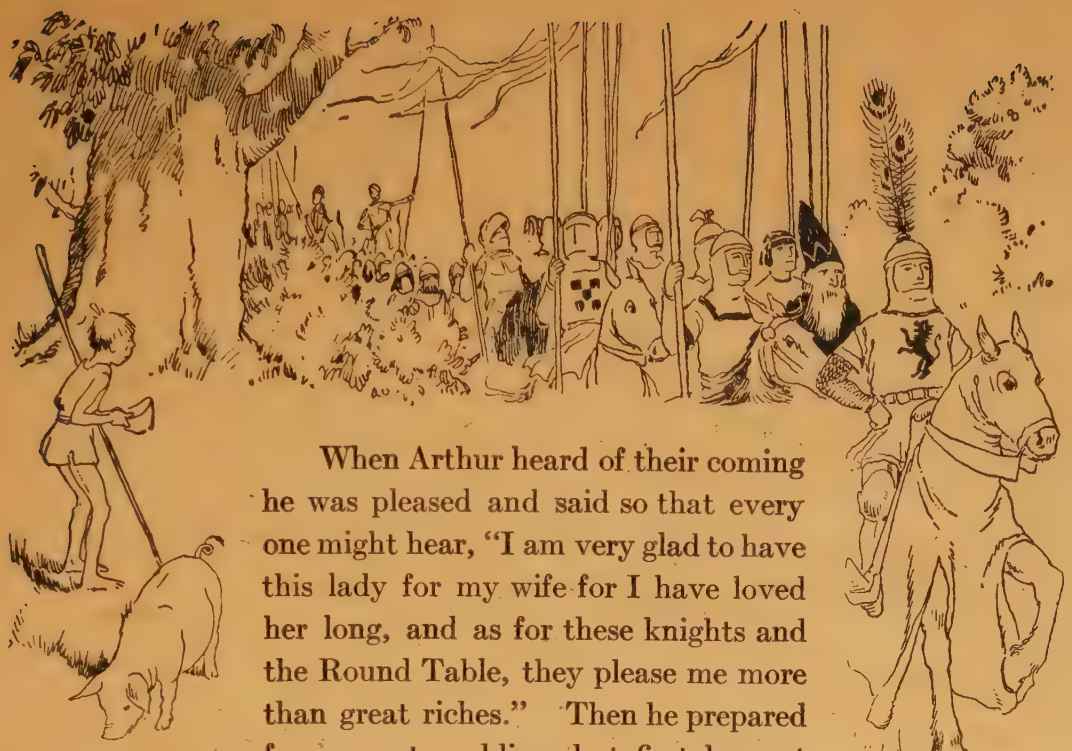
The Founding of the Order of the Round Table

IN Cameliard, in the days when King Arthur ruled England, there lived the fairest of maidens, Guinevere, daughter of King Leodogrance of that land. Eyes, blue as flax flowers and hair as yellow and shining as ripe wheat, together with a great sweetness and kindness, made her the most beautiful woman in many lands. Arthur had seen her but once, but since that time he had loved her and now when his land was at peace, he sent Merlin, the magician, with a great company of knights to ask Leodogrance for the hand of Guinevere.

King Leodogrance was glad when he heard that Arthur wished to make his daughter queen of England.

"He shall have my Guinevere," he said, "and I will give him a wedding gift, not of lands, nor of riches, for he has these, but I will give him the Round Table which his father, Uther Pendragon gave to me, and also a company of my most honorable knights. About the Round Table are seats for one hundred and fifty knights, but alas! I have only one hundred whom I can send, but these I gladly give."

So Merlin and the knights of King Arthur's court rode back to London town, followed by the hundred knights whom King Leodogrance sent, bearing the Round Table. And after them rode, in a great procession, the beautiful Guinevere, with ladies-in-waiting to serve her, and knights and men-at-arms to guard her, and many servants carrying chests of silken dresses and fine linen garments fit for a queen to wear.



When Arthur heard of their coming he was pleased and said so that every one might hear, "I am very glad to have this lady for my wife for I have loved her long, and as for these knights and the Round Table, they please me more than great riches." Then he prepared for a great wedding, but first he sent Merlin throughout the land to find fifty of the bravest, most honorable knights in the kingdom that the Round Table, which was set in the banqueting hall at Camelot, might be filled. Merlin searched far and wide but only twenty-eight knights could be found worthy to sit at the King's Round Table, which, with the men Leodogrance had sent, made one hundred and twenty-eight knights.

Then, one day, the knights were seated in their places, and the Archbishop of Canterbury had blessed them.

"Now arise," he said.

As they rose it was seen that over each seat the knight's name had appeared, written in letters of gold. But a stranger thing than this had also happened. Over nineteen of the seats which had not been filled were the names of the knights who would sit there, come the right day. Moreover in three places there were no names but over one of these was written, "This is the Seat Perilous."

"Why is this?" King Arthur asked Merlin, "that two places have no names and another one is called the 'Seat Perilous'?"

"Sir," answered Merlin, wisely, "the knights who shall sit in these

many knights came.

nameless places shall be of all the bravest, but in the Seat Perilous only one man shall ever sit, and he shall be the purest knight." Thus Merlin foretold the coming of Sir Galahad, called the purest knight, and of Sir Percivale and one other.

On a certain day, when the bright noon sun gleamed through red and blue and gold stained windows in the great church of St. Stephen's at Camelot, Guinevere, the beautiful, was wedded to King Arthur before the great altar, and afterward a feast was held at which all sat about the Round Table.

Now strange things came to pass that day for the story of the Round Table and the search for worthy knights had spread throughout the land and many knights came adventuring, hoping to join the goodly order of the Round Table. But only three were chosen and these were Sir Pellinore, Sir Tor, and Sir Gawaine, the last of which was King Arthur's nephew.

This was the beginning of the Order of the Round Table and every knight who became a member swore: To do no murder, to be true to his kind, to serve his queen, to be ever kind and just, to give mercy when asked, to help women and children and the sick and needy, to take part in no unjust quarrel, nor strive for further riches, but always to honor God, their king, and the right, in all things.

Each year at Pentecost time the Knights of the Round Table gathered at Camelot to take again this oath, and each year the fame of King Arthur's Court spread and the bravery and honor and goodness of his knights was known.

All of these things can be read in the book called Morte d'Arthur.

ELEANOR FAIRCHILD PEASE.

SONNY BOY AND THE YESTERDAYS

IT was a very queer dream that woke Sonny Boy. It looked like a policeman with wings, and a wreath of pink roses around his neck. Maybe you have seen dreams like that. But Sonny Boy never had.

"Come along with me," said Policeman Dream, growling and taking Sonny Boy by one blue and white checked pajama arm. "Come along with me."

Sonny Boy sat up in bed, and tried to shake his head. He remembered that there were exactly seven thousand, seven hundred and seven reasons why he did not want to go, but he couldn't think of the first one. And, of course, you can't say the second thing until you have said the first. So Sonny Boy got out of bed, put on his slippers, and got a clean handkerchief, then he took the Policeman Dream's hand. They went sailing out of the window, over the tops of the apple-trees, and the maple-sugar trees, and the willow whistle trees, until they came to the end of the world. And there was the sun with a face just like a clock, and a lot of little men turning a key in its back.

"They are winding up to-morrow," said Policeman Dream. He pulled Sonny Boy up some steps, and knocked crossly at the door at the top.

"If you please, sir," said Sonny Boy, "where are we going?"

"This is where we store all the old, worn-out yesterdays," said Policeman Dream. "Yours are in here, and your father's, and the President of the United States's. Come in."

Sonny Boy remembered that there were six thousand, six hundred and six reasons why he did not want to go in, but he had forgotten all but one of them. The one he remembered made his ears feel red and uncomfortable. And this was the reason Sonny Boy remembered. He had been a naughty boy all yesterday. He did not like to tell Policeman Dream this reason, so, when the door opened, in he went.

What I'm telling you is as real as the Man in the Moon. As soon as Sonny Boy stepped inside that door, fourteen hundred and forty little creatures came running and flying to meet him. They each had a black, black face, and green, green eyes, and a turned down nose, and turn-in toes, and they stood in a long row, and pointed their fingers.

"Why have they such dirty faces?" asked Sonny Boy, scornfully.

"Because they belong in Yesterday," answered Policeman Dream, "*You* can't wash *your* face yesterday, can you?"

"Who are they?" asked Sonny Boy, hastily. He did not want to be reminded of yesterday.

"They are the minutes of *your day*," said Policeman Dream. "Don't you know them?"

An ugly little creature with a long tail flew out of the line.

"I'm the minute when you pulled the pussy's tail," he said, sneeringly. "I'm sure you remember *me*, Sonny Boy. Poor pussy yowled nicely, didn't she? It was great fun, wasn't it? We like to pull pussy's tail, don't we?"

"And I'm the minute when you pinched Sister," cried another. He had a red thumb and a red forefinger. Sonny Boy thought he had never seen such an ugly creature. "Didn't she squeal, though!"

At this, all the little, black minutes joined hands and tails, and went buzzing and dancing around Sonny Boy.

"I'm a frown, I'm a scowl,
I'm a kick, I'm a howl!"

they sang. Their voices sounded like needles, and vinegar, and bumble bees.

"I'm a pout, I'm a bear,
I'm a sulk, I don't care!"

"Stop! stop!" begged Sonny Boy, putting his hands over his ears. "I'll be good, I *will* be good," he cried.

"Ha! Ha!" laughed the little black minutes scornfully. "You can't be good yesterday, can you?"

"No, but he can to-day!" said a pleasant voice, like molasses candies, and mother's kisses, and ice-cream sodas! "Go away, unkind little black imps, for it is almost cockcrow, and you can't come into to-day, you know."

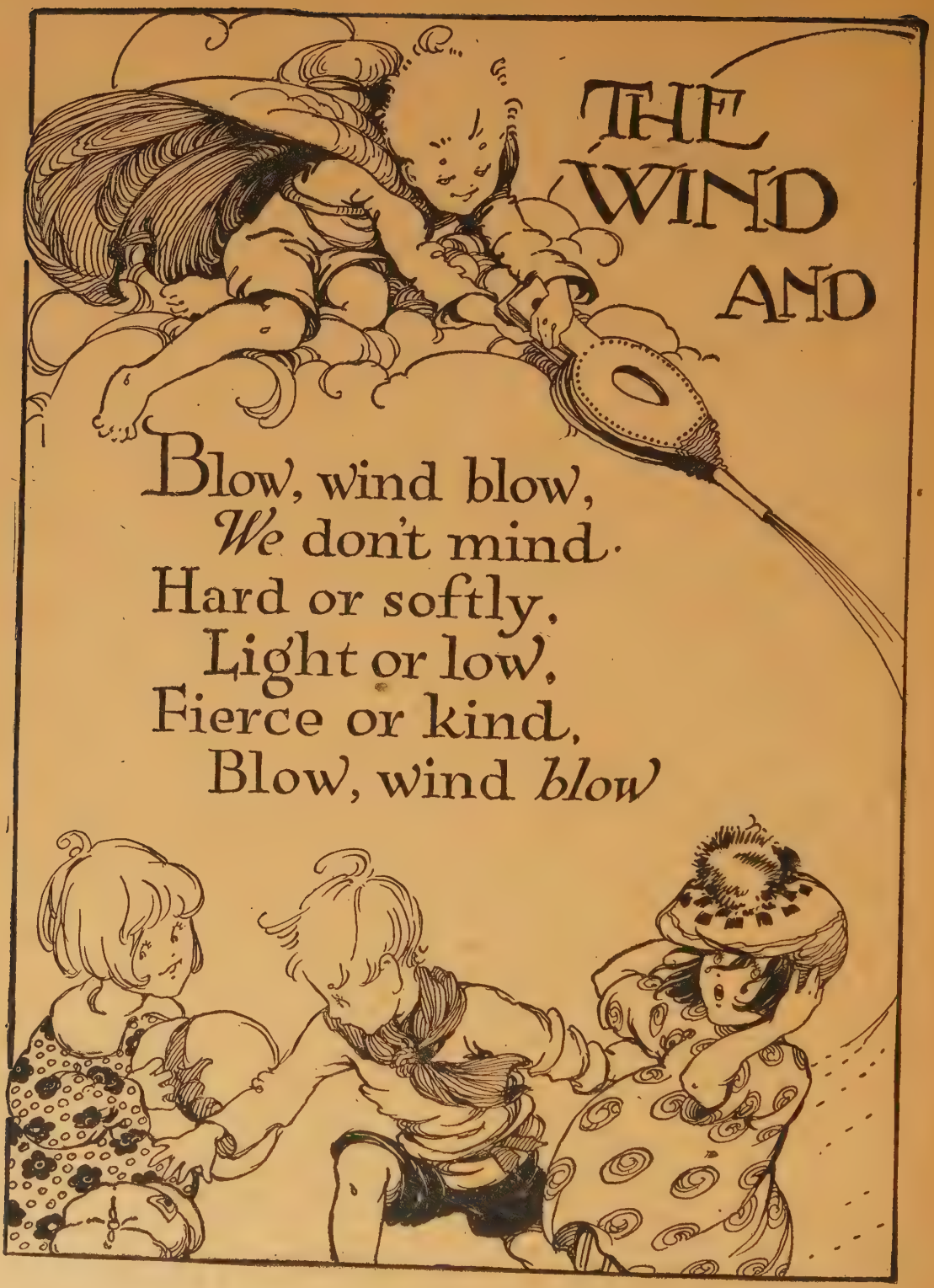
A lovely Lady Dream, with hair the color of sunrise, stood beside Sonny Boy. Behind her were fourteen hundred and forty pretty little white creatures, with clean, clean faces, and bright, bright eyes, and smoothly brushed hair. The Lady Dream pointed to them.

"These are the minutes you are going to live to-day," she said to Sonny Boy. "Don't you want to keep them as nice and clean as they are now?"

Sonny Boy remembered five thousand, five hundred and five things he wanted to say. But he only snuggled up to the lovely Dream Lady, and whispered one of them very low, so that only she, and maybe his mother in her sleep, could hear what he said.

"I'm going to be good every minute to-day!" promised Sonny Boy.

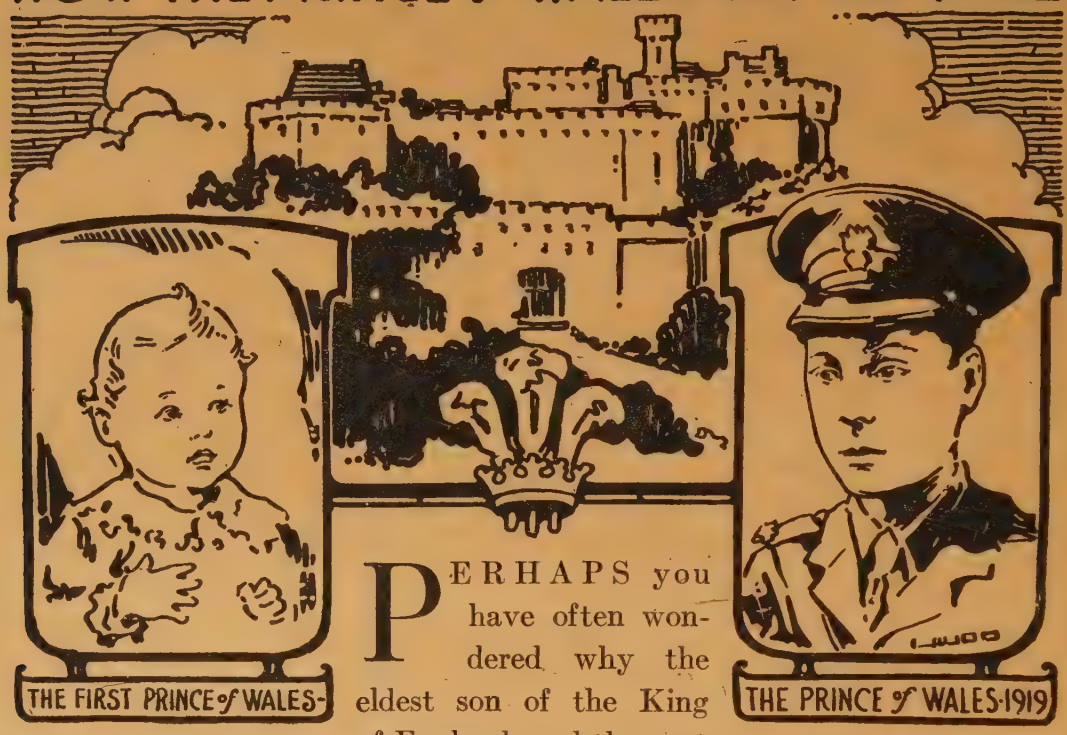
DOROTHY D. CALHOUN.


THE WIND AND
Blow, wind blow,
We don't mind.
Hard or softly,
Light or low,
Fierce or kind,
Blow, wind blow

THE RAIN

Rain, rain, rain;
Go away:
Sun will come out
Soon again.
Then we'll play
Rain, rain, rain.

HOW THE PRINCE of WALES GOT HIS TITLE



PERHAPS you have often wondered why the eldest son of the King of England, and the next heir to the throne, should be called the Prince of Wales. History and legend tell us this story of how it happened:

The people who lived in the mountain fastnesses of Wales were always very proud of their own Welsh race and keenly anxious to keep independent of the English king. But Edward the First, who was King of England in the last part of the 13th Century, and who was the conquerer of Scotland, was determined that Wales, too, should be brought under his power.

At the head of his army he rode to the Welsh border and demanded to be acknowledged as king of that country. This the Welsh refused to do and a great deal of fighting followed.

On the border between England and Wales Edward built some castles to serve as fortresses during the struggle. To the strongest and most beautiful of them all, Carnarvon Castle, he brought his queen and made this his home for several years. Her baggage, so the old accounts tell us, was brought in carts each one of which was drawn by four horses.

Great square towers defended the entrance to the castle, and three angular towers commanded every point where the walls might be under-

mined. These walls, which are still standing to-day, are eighteen feet thick.

During one of the battles the brave Welsh prince, Llewellyn, was killed. His warriors, still undefeated, clamored at the gates of the castle, declaring a new leader must be chosen, a leader born on Welsh soil, and speaking the Welsh, not the English, language.

"On my honor as a king and a knight, I will give you what you ask," Edward is said to have answered.

Then he appeared at the gate of the castle holding in his arms his little baby son who had recently been born in that very castle.

"Behold your prince!" he called to the people. "He was born on Welsh soil and cannot speak a word of English."

This first Prince of Wales later became King Edward the Second. In 1301, when he was seventeen years old, he was crowned Prince of Wales and this title has belonged to the crown prince ever since.

In 1911, when Charles Albert, the present crown prince, was seventeen, he was proclaimed Prince of Wales at Carnarvon Castle with much the same ceremony that was used the first time in that historic place. His own flag flew from the massive towers. The King crowned him with a filet of Welsh gold, and put a crimson cloak on his shoulders. On his finger was slipped a ring bearing the famous dragons of Wales, and in his hand was placed a sword and golden wand.

Then the King called to the crowds surrounding the castle just as Edward had done six hundred years before, "Behold your prince!"

C. L. Pray.

TOMMY TUCKER'S WOODEN SHOES

THE bishop had christened him Thomas Williston Tuckerman, but his mother and his daddy called him "Tommy Tucker," and they loved him better than anything else on earth.

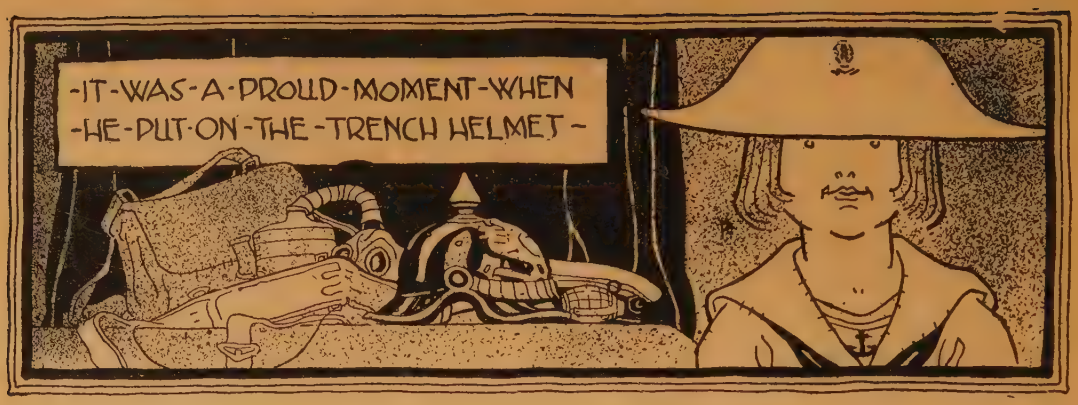
When his daddy went away to the war, Tommy Tucker was just getting over being a baby. But the war lasted a long time, and Tommy Tucker's legs grew longer, he lost his little fat tummy, and, before his mother realized it, he had had a birthday and a cake with four candles. Tommy Tucker was wearing rompers when his daddy went away with the soldiers, but after the cake with the four candles came sailor suits, with real pockets in the trousers.

When Tommy Tucker's daddy was not in the trenches in France, he lived in a house,— the soldiers called it a "billet",— that was small and low and had a slate roof. It was the home of the Voyeaux, Georges and his wife, Marie, and their little son. When Georges was called to the colors, he left Marie to keep the home and take care of little Georges. Marie kept the house as clean as a new pin, cooked for little Georges, washed and mended his clothes, and made uniforms for the French soldiers. There was no time for her to play with him, so small Georges learned to amuse himself quietly with a few blocks of wood, some strips of cloth from the blue uniforms, and a small wooden doll with both arms gone, which, long ago, his father had carved from a piece of soft wood.

When the big American major came to stay at their house, little Georges used to creep upstairs, as softly as he could in his wooden shoes, and peep in at the door to watch the stranger write on a little machine that made a

queer clicking noise and then sign the letters with a pen that never had to be dipped in the ink. It was not long before the bright eyes had seen Tommy Tucker's picture on the mantel-piece,— Tommy Tucker with a furry Teddy bear in his arms,— and, before a week had passed, little Georges would slip into the room and climb up on the lap of the big soldier. He would sit there and nibble American chocolate while he looked at the dozens of kodak pictures which Tommy Tucker's daddy kept in a black leather case. All of these pictures were taken at the seashore and in every one of them Tommy Tucker was barefooted. Georges had never seen American shoes; had never seen any shoes for children except the wooden shoes with the big turned-up toes which his mother used to stuff with straw, to keep his feet warm and to make them fit, for they were very big.

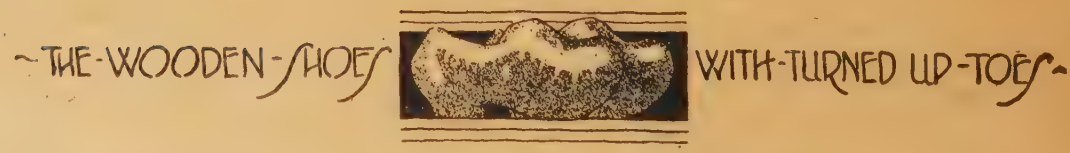
One day a soldier came to pack the trunk for Tommy Tucker's daddy, and Tommy Tucker's pictures were taken down from the mantel-piece to go into the big travelling bag. Little Georges thought long and hard. He thought of the American chocolate but he thought more than anything else of the smile and the pat that had always been waiting for him. He had nothing to give, though he looked for a long time at the wooden doll. Then he remembered the American boy's bare feet and the thought came — shoes! He had only one pair, and the winter would be cold. But when his big friend came in at twilight, Georges was waiting at the door and, ducking his curly head shyly, he laid the shoes on the table, with a whispered sentence about the "garcon," and fled downstairs to the kitchen.



IT was great fun for Tommy Tucker to watch the khaki-colored trunk and his daddy's bedding roll being unpacked. It was a proud moment when he was allowed to put on the trench helmet and sling the gas mask over his shoulder. And very often at night, when he had been a good boy all day, he would climb up in his daddy's arms, and hold the bronze medal in his warm little hands, and touch the palm on the green and red striped ribbon with curious fingers, while his daddy told him once more about the big fight.

But best of all he loved the wooden shoes. He and his mother talked long and earnestly to Major Tuckerman who nodded and smiled at everything they said. Then Tommy Tucker's mother wrote a long letter to France and Tommy Tucker's fat knees grew red and tired from kneeling beside the big box in which his mother packed sailor suits, real American boy shoes, dozens of lead soldiers, a Teddy bear, and other things that made Tommy think of Christmas morning. Tommy Tucker held fast to the card addressed to Mme. Voyeux, and when the box was full and the card tacked down on the lid, he drew a deep breath and said, "Oh, Mother, *now* he'll know I liked those shoes!"

ALBERTA REGESTER DUFFEY.



An Old Song of Hospitality

I saw a Stranger yestreen;
I put food in the eating place,
Drink in the drinking place,
Music in the listening place;
And in the blessed name of the Triune
He blessed myself and my house,
My cattle and my dear ones,
And the lark said in her song,—
"Often, often, often
Goes the Christ in Stranger's guise.
Often, often, often,
Goes the Christ in Stranger's guise."

WITH Yule Tide Greetings to our children and their parents from those who have had a loving hand in making this page.

Drawing by Jack B. Yeats. The verse is an old Gaelic "Rune of Hospitality," recovered by Kenneth Macleod, printed by courtesy of The CUALA PRESS, Dundrum, Ireland.

To Children who have enjoyed this

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But, good thoughts live forever;
So every thought of my Book Friend
Will fade from memory never.
Oh, may *my good* books hold for me
Great joy in all their pages;
And may their living friendship be
A blessing to all ages.
Signed

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